

OUR POLICE GUARDIANS



by
OFFICER "787"
John J. Hickey

RETIRED

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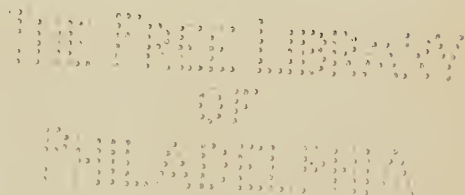
OUR POLICE GUARDIANS

HISTORY OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
AND THE POLICING OF SAME FOR THE PAST ONE HUNDRED YEARS

ALSO

AN ACCOUNT OF MY TRAVELS THROUGH EUROPE AND AMERICA,
VISITING ALL OF THE LARGEST CITIES, COVERING SOME SIXTY-
FIVE THOUSAND MILES AS A POLICE PROPAGANDIST

WITH REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST FORTY YEARS, THIRTY-TWO PAGES
OF ILLUSTRATIONS, AND TEN PAGES OF REPRODUCTION OF HISTOR-
ICAL LETTERS AND MUCH OTHER INTERESTING INFORMATION
"TOUCHING ON AN' APPERTAINING TO" THIS HISTORY



Compiled and Written by
OFFICER "787"
JOHN J. HICKEY, *Retired*
N. Y. POLICE DEPARTMENT

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JOHN J. HICKEY

WASHER, THE
IN
AMERICAN, 1925

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Clinton Rogers Woodruff. Eng. 3/287

THIS LITTLE WORK IS
MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO
THE HON. RICHARD E. ENRIGHT
POLICE COMMISSIONER OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

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ANNOUNCEMENT

Ten per cent of the proceeds of this work is
to be devoted to two most worthy charities,
to wit:

St. Vincent's Home for Poor and Friendless Boys
and

St. Charles Hospital for Blind and Crippled
Children

THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD

My views and deductions may not agree with yours; I hope they do not, for then there will be something to quarrel about, for it is well known that we of the Irish race love a good fight, and that when we have no one else to fight we fight each other.

I have spoken pretty freely in these pages, but not always quite as freely as I would like to do. The law forbids, but the truth must and will be spoken of it in all cases.

My life's training as a policeman has hardened me in many ways and consequently if I were to let loose often the verdict would be against me, for the great majority of people allow their feelings to influence them.

I have tried to keep within the law by writing nothing but cold facts, backed up with proof, for all I have said or done, and in conclusion I hold out to all the right hand of good fellowship, for "he that would be free, himself shall strike the blow."

A policeman's life is told in two words, "dangerous duty," and if kind fortune favors him and he arrives at the time when he can retire he is lucky indeed, for only fourteen years is the average life of a retired policeman. The "statistics" of the police department will and do verify this statement.

I THANK YOU.

But before closing, permit me to say that I shall never forget the kind words of the late Inspector Henry V. Steers to myself and my classmates on the day of our appointment to the force. Inspector Steers stood outside the Commissioner's office in 300 Mulberry Street and greeted us all with a word of cheer, addressing us as follows: "Boys, you are just starting off to make clean records for yourselves, and I wish to you all the best of good luck. But there is one thing that I would like to advise you against and that is, 'women and wine,' for they have caused the downfall of many good men in the past; in fact they are the ruination of the world."

And turning to me, the Inspector noticed that I was wearing on my uniform coat Shield No. 787, and he said, "Mr. Hickey, I congratulate you as you are wearing my old shield. It was lucky for me, may it be so for you." Unfortunately this grand old man while living in retirement became blind, and until his death he would welcome us men of the force at all times. Our very presence seemed to cheer the old Inspector very much. I earnestly hope that he is at rest, for he has the prayers and the good wishes of every man, woman and child who knew him. Peace be to our dear old friend and adviser, "gone but not forgotten."

ROLL OF HONOR

The citizens of New York are proud, and well they may be so, of our fellow citizens, the following named business men of this city who gladly gave up both time and pleasure and, without pay, rallied to the assistance of Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, to assist him in his successful efforts in making our grand old city both clean and wholesome to live in, and today are the talk of the world:

HONORARY POLICE COMMISSIONERS

COL. HERMAN A. METZ	R. A. C. SMITH
JOHN F. BIRMINGHAM	WILLIAM H. TODD
GEORGE MACDONALD	COL. WALTER SCOTT

SPECIAL DEPUTY COMMISSIONERS

JOHN M. SHAW	BARRON COLLIER
DR. JOHN A. HARRISS	RODMAN WANAMAKER
T. COLEMAN DU PONT	DR. CARLETON SIMON
EDMOND A. GUGGENHEIM	DOUGLAS I. MCKAY

ALSO

SIR THOMAS LIPTON, Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE W. LOFT, JUDGE WILLIAM McADOO, ADAM A. CROSS, and COL. RHINELANDER WALDO, former Police Commissioner.

THE AUTHOR.

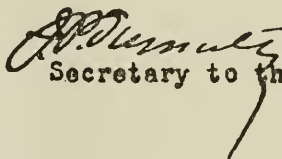
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 8, 1916

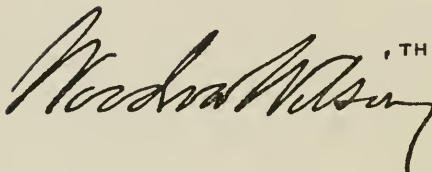
My dear Sir:

The President deeply appreciates the friendly words of your letter of March 7th, and he asks me to thank you cordially for having written him, as well as for the good will which you manifest.

Sincerely yours,


Secretary to the President

Mr. John J. Hickey,
New York City.

 , THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

METROPOLITAN
432 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

December 27th, 1917.

My dear Brother Hickey:

Three cheers for you and yours
sons! I am so pressed for time I can only send you
this line of acknowledgment.

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Mr. J. J. Hickey,
243 East 19th Street, City.

This was the reply that I received from the Colonel, after my annual New Year's and Christmas greetings of 1917 and 1918.

JOHN J. HICKEY.

*Many thanks for
your birthday greetings.*

GENERAL PERSHING

John J. Pershing

This card came to me from the General, in reply to a letter that I had forwarded to him on his birthday, Sept. 14, 1918.

And in December I also forwarded to the General a card of Christmas greetings, and stating that all America was proud of him, and to return to home and motherland to become our President, when our present beloved President choosed to lay down the reins of office.

And on my application for the General's autograph, this card followed.

J. J. HICKEY.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

The Private Secretary is
commanded by The King to
thank *Mr. John J. Hickey*
for his letter.

7th March 1919.

On the afternoon of Washington's Birthday, of February 22nd, 1919, I sat and pondered on what bloodshed has been lost by our brave sons and daughters, also that of our Allies in the past four and one-half years.

So I forwarded letters of congratulation to the principals taking part in the great war, among whom was His Majesty, King George of England, who I am pleased to state follows his father and grandmother, who were noted for the fact that they did all things right, that is they knew when to do things, and how to do them right, so it is with the King of to-day. I wrote to His Majesty, congratulating him on the return safely of his hero son, the young Prince of Wales, and his brave Generals who fought with their backs to the wall, General Sir Douglas Haig, and General Byng, holding the enemy, until our brave American boys went over the top, and cleaned up the German dogs and I received the following reply, unexpectedly.

J. J. HICKEY.



Palais de Bruxelles.
le 1er mai 1919.

Monsieur,

La chaleureuse expression de vos sentiments de sympathie pour Lui-même et pour la Belgique a beaucoup touché le Roi.

Sa Majesté m'a chargé d'avoir l'honneur de vous transmettre Ses vifs remerciements pour votre gracieuse attention et de vous féliciter du patriotisme dont vos fils ont donné une si belle preuve.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.

Le Chef du Cabinet du Roi,

A Monsieur
Monsieur John.J.HICKEY,
& & &
New-York.

Ch. d'aveschoot



S.Y. ERIN.
Southampton.
24th April 1914.

John J. Hickey Esq.,
306. Washington Avenue.
Parkville.
Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Mr. Hickey,

A thousand thanks for your very kind
wishes and I hope they will be realised.

I much appreciate the trouble you have
taken in sending me the clippings, which were
most interesting and I am very grateful for them.

Hoping that I may have the pleasure of
being able to thank you personally for them
when I come across to America, and with all
good wishes,

Yours truly
Thomas Winton

City Road.
London, E.C. 17th April 1917.

Mr. W. H. Hickey,
243, East 19th Street,
New York City.-

Dear Mr. Hickey,

Very many thanks for your kind letter of the 17th March - St. Patrick's Day - and for all the sentiments which you express, as also for the interesting papers which you so kindly sent. I am always interested in any American news and the American papers for the last week or two must, I am sure, have been worth reading. Anyhow, I am sure you are feeling better now that America is "all in" with the Allies.

I do not know yet when I can get over to your side; I have been hoping for this for a very long time now, but circumstances have always been too strong for me. I shall, however, no doubt surprise you by appearing in New York one of these days and shall hope to find you in the best of health and spirits.

With renewed thanks for your kind thoughtfulness and wishing you the best of luck,

Yours faithfully,

Thomas Stirling

AUGHAVANAGH,
AUGHRIM,
CO. WICKLOW.

~~Private.~~

January 6th, 1918

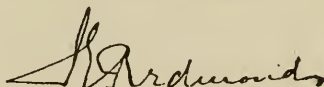
Dear Mr. Hickey,-

I am much obliged for your letter of the 22nd December, which reached me in due course, and which I have read with great interest. In Ireland, the people are united almost as one man in support of the Irish Party and its attitude in regard to the war, and I have felt all along that the Party could count upon the continued and unwavering support of the overwhelming majority of the Irish in America. Your letter is most encouraging, and I am delighted to know that you are taking an active part in counteracting the machinations of the enemies of Ireland in the United States.

With best regards, Believe me,

Very truly yours,

Hon. John J. Hickey, —



I replied to this letter, saying that I was delighted to have the distinguished pleasure of being a life long follower of such a noble leader, and that all Irishmen the world over should rejoice at the fact, also that he could call on me at any time that I could be of any service to his leadership, or the party in general, also that I would continue to do my bit.

JOHN J. HICKEY.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,

BRITISH ARMIES IN FRANCE.

With heart felt good
wishes to the New York
Veteran Police Assocⁿ

W. Haig. Jnr.

16 March 1919

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STATE OF NEW YORK—EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

ALBANY

ALFRED E. SMITH, Governor

April 10, 1919.

MR. JOHN J. HICKEY,
New York Veteran Police Assn.,
23 Duane Street,
New York City.

Dear John:

I note that you are the author of a book entitled, "The Travels of an Old New York Policeman."

It must be all right because you certainly have had the experience. With kind regards and best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) ALFRED E. SMITH.

CITY OF NEW YORK—POLICE DEPARTMENT
OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER

April 5th, 1919.

MR. JOHN J. HICKEY,
No. 23 Duane Street,
New York.

My dear Mr. Hickey:

It has never been my good fortune to read a more interesting text than is comprised in the manuscript of your book, which, I understand, is shortly to be put in the hands of the publishers.

Besides your vast experience in the Police Department, in which you made a very honorable and permanent niche for yourself, the journeys which you have undertaken and the variety of interesting and historical places that you have visited qualify you, in a most unusual manner, to write such a work.

With the return of peace, the interest of the public at large will be centered, to a considerable extent, upon the business of travelling and the conditions in other lands, and to those who make such trips your volume will particularly appeal. It is splendidly compiled and a great credit to its author, and will meet, I am sure, with the approval of the public at large.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) R. E. ENRIGHT,
Police Commissioner.

CITY OF NEW YORK—CITY MAGISTRATES' COURT

No. 300 Mulberry Street

HENRY H. CURRAN, City Magistrate

December 8.

Dear John:

It is a pleasure to know that your "Reminiscences of the Police Department" are soon to be published and I wish to you and the book the best of luck. You are so well qualified to write a book on this subject that it will be interesting to everybody and I feel certain of your great success.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) HENRY H. CURRAN.

JOHN J. HICKEY, ESQ.,
103 E. 20th Street,
New York City.



CITY OF NEW YORK
Board of Aldermen
CITY HALL

THE COMMITTEE ON FINANCE
HENRY H. CURRAN, CHAIRMAN

February 6th, 1915 t

Dear John:

Just to tell you I am reading
your manuscript as fast as I can find time,
and it is very interesting. In a week
or two I hope to have finished it.

Hope you had a good talk with
Commissioner Dunham

Sincerely yours,

Henry H. Curran

Mr. John J. Hickey
305 Washington Avenue
Parkville, Brooklyn, New York

OUR POLICE GUARDIANS

CHAPTER I OF PART I

HIGH CONSTABLE JACOB HAYS, HIS REMARKABLE AND SUCCESSFUL CAREER—HOW HE SUPPRESSED CRIME AND SCOURGED THE CRIMINAL, ORGANIZING THE "WATCH SYSTEM" FOR THE PURPOSE OF PREVENTING AND DETECTING CRIME, AND PUNISHING THE EVILDOER. CHIEF OF POLICE GEORGE W. MATSELL, A MAN WHO PLAYED AN ALL-IMPORTANT PART IN POLICE AFFAIRS BY THE REORGANIZATION OF THE WATCH SYSTEM, AND BRINGING ABOUT THE ORGANIZATION OF A MUNICIPAL POLICE SYSTEM, THEREBY LAYING THE FOUNDATION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF TODAY, THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

Every historical narrative relating to the city of New York must of necessity be a history of progress. Whether the broad course of general events be followed, or some particular phase of the city's life be made the theme, the result is the same. Growth, development, and progress underlie every change, and give a splendid vitality to every event.

It is the purpose of the writer of this little work to lay before my readers some historical and interesting short stories and reminiscences connected with the police department of this great city. But I am fully aware that in writing up this history, I cannot do our great city the justice that it so fully deserves, but I will try to the best of my ability to give you the facts and statistics relating to the same.

It is but fair to those of you that have had the good fortune of being born in New York, and to those of us who can only claim New York as our adopted city, that we should learn at least some of its early and present-day history, hence this writing. It is also my purpose to lay before you the laws relating to the first organization of a police force in this great city, under the supervision of Chief of Police George W. Matsell, in 1844 and 1845, thereby laying the foundation stone of this the greatest police department the world over, in 1924. Giving a brief account of the system by which the public protects itself against its natural enemies, this narrative will indeed be one of progress.

Starting from beginnings as humble as those of the infant city itself it will be an unbroken series of steps, arriving at a breadth and perfection of system commensurate with the modern glories of this great American metropolis, the empire city of the world. This will be the most remarkable feature of the story, that, speaking broadly, there is neither defeat, failure, nor stagnation to be chronicled.

New York City was growing and the population increasing so that something had to be done to banish the crooks who were coming here from all over to get some of the fine pickings of little old New York. Finally a grand old man, Jacob Hays, came to town, and he was asked to look the town over and give an opinion as to whether he would be able to drive this thieving element out of the city, and he said, "Yes, I will undertake the job," and he was then and there sworn in as high constable and given his insignia of office by Mayor Livingstone in 1803.

Jacob Hays was not altogether a stranger in New York, having been appointed a marshal by Mayor Varick in 1798. The new police commander, Mr. Hays, started right in to clean up, and having picked out some good men, he appointed them watchmen, and they patrolled the streets both night and day. The men were separated into two companies or platoons, one did duty at night and the other did duty during the day, changing off every second week or whenever the occasion required. These watchmen did good work considering the small pay they received, about one shilling and sixpence a night or day, with a small bonus for every arrest made by them.

It may amuse my readers to know how these men patrolled the city at night: they carried lanterns, and every hour it was their duty to chant off the following:

"Hark ye neighbors, and hear me tell, ten now strikes on the balfry bell.
Ten were the Holy Commandments given, to men below, by God in Heaven.
Human watch from harm can ward us, yet God will guide, watch and guard us.
May He, through His heavenly light, give us all a blessed night."

I have often thought what would become of us cops patrolling Cherry Hill, Washington Street, and other thickly populated Irish neighborhoods in my time on the force (I can just see a brick flying down at us), if we dared sing a rhyme of this or any other character, every hour. Good night!

On the night of December 16, 1835, the city was visited by a great fire, yes, a terrible conflagration. There were seven hundred houses, the district embracing thirteen acres, and every one of them was destroyed, costing the city over seventeen millions of dollars. This was some fire, oh, boys.

I remember turning in the alarm for the great million dollar fire of the Morton Building on Nassau Street on a very cold February night about 1896, so cold that the water froze as it left the hose. This was some blaze. The three nines were turned in that night, I am not quite sure but I think it was by old Chief Hugh Bonner, a grand old firefighter, with a good noble physique and character. This call brought every machine down from 59th Street south and the same night a fire in the Metropolitan Casino was just as great, causing a call to be sent in, bringing every fire machine in the city north of 59th Street. Heavenly Father, but it was cold that night. I got my ears frostbitten, and was glad to get relieved at midnight.

The year 1834 may be called with propriety the year of riots. The civil authorities were utterly unable to handle the mobs and were forced to call upon the state militia to help put down the riotous siege and assist in maintaining peace in the city. This was the first time that New York City ever had to call upon the state for assistance, but it was absolutely necessary.

In this same year a mayor was elected for the first time; up to then the mayor of New York City was appointed by the governor of the state and the common council. This new order of things brought serious trouble. It introduced the despicable ward heeler riots and murder followed. After every yearly election the city would be wild with excitement and turbulence. The old gangs of the "Bowery Boys" and the "Dead Rabbits" kept up their fighting and murdering, but of course they were not known as the above named gangs until after years, but they were all of the same type nevertheless.

Three months after the election riots, the state militia were called upon to quell a riot much more formidable in character. The Abolitionists were at this time the object of the fury of the mob. The mob would break up their meetings and assault them until Colonel Stephens, Commander of the 27th Regiment, sailed right into the mob, driving it helter skelter in all directions, breaking up the riot without firing a single shot. Mayor Lawrence ordered several of the aldermen to go to the scene of trouble to act as magistrates, backed by Colonel Stephens, but when they saw the big crowd of rioters they became alarmed and requested Colonel Stephens to retreat to the city hall. But Colonel Stephens was not that kind of a man, and he positively refused, saying, "I will break up this mob and drive it to hell, or die in the attempt," and he gave the order to charge, and his men sailed into the mob with the butt end of their rifles first, and on that order they broke up this illegal gathering.

Then followed the stonecutters' riots, and this was followed by other riots and troubles that concerned the O'Connell Guards, and the

Chatham Square riots, in fact there were nothing but riots and troubles all that year.

Mayor Lawrence in his message to the people in July, 1836, suggested the reorganization of the police force, and for what purpose: simply to drive the good men out, replacing them by his own friends.

The population of New York in 1840 was four hundred thousand, and the city was filling up with crimesters giving Chief Constable Hays and his men lots of trouble; but old man Hays continued to jail many of them and to drive many others away from the city, and it would take a big book to tell all that this famous old High Constable did in these few years.

The necessity for a new departure for policing the city had for a long time been forcing itself on the minds of the public. But however apparent this might have been to the politicians, that body of enlightened citizens had no inclination to make any changes, but to keep right on in the same old business way. Things went along in the same old way until the year 1840, and at that time the city was in the full tide of its mercantile prosperity.

George W. Matsell, the son of an English bookseller and a very able young lawyer, was then appointed a police magistrate. He was full of ambition, with energy and nerve to back him up in all of his undertakings, yes, he was a second edition of High Constable Hays, whom he succeeded later on.

The Police system was changed in 1844, and one of the first acts was to bring about a uniformed police in this city. And with that end in view Mayor James Harper ordered that on and after a certain date the men going out on patrol should wear a uniform, then being designed, but this order brought about an awful rumpus among the policemen.

It so happened that a Mr. James W. Gerard, the grandfather of our great American Ambassador to the Court of Berlin, also the James W. who wrote that very interesting story of "My Four Years in Berlin," during the World War, had just returned from a visit to London, England, and while he was there, Sir Robert Peel, the head of the police force of London, had just introduced a police uniform for the men on patrol. Mr. Gerard thought so well of this uniform that he called upon Mayor Harper, and explained the uniform story from London, England, and while he was there, Sir Robert Peel, the head from this conversation came our beautiful police uniform, I mean of the past. I don't care for the uniform of today.

The uniform in question was nothing more or less than a frock coat of blue cloth, single breasted, with a stiff upright collar and the letters M. P. on the collar. After wearing this so-called uniform for some

time the men got tired of having the people call them the Harper's police, or the M. P.'s. They refused to wear the uniform any longer as they did not want to be a second edition of the London Bobby, or a butler in some household. Police Inspector Thorne, a very fine man and a favorite among the men, was instructed to use his influence with them, but to no avail. The men were holding meetings of protest, in Military Hall, 193 Bowery, and elsewhere.

But after some three or more weeks, Inspector Thorne told the men that if they would not wear the uniform on the next tour of duty, then he would withdraw from the case and the men would be dismissed. But before leaving the good old Inspector said to them, "My good men, we have worked in harmony for a long while, and it will hurt me to see you lose your jobs, so for my sake and the sake of your families consider your positions," and they took a vote then and there and concluded to take Inspector Thorne's advice and again don the uniform. The letters M. P. were removed and a star sewed on the collar of the coats, and they were then known as the "Star police." The star of hope I presume? The force consisted of seventy-two sergeants, and seven hundred and seventy-three patrolmen.

Things were going along very fine when lo and behold the "Astor Place Riots" broke out, and for what? Just because the followers of that great American actor, Edwin Forrest, were sore on that great English actor, James McCready. The militia was called and they shot down those poor fools like rats in a trap, causing a state of siege in the city for many weeks. There was no necessity for this, as there was lots of room for two good actors like Forrest and McCready, and many more, at that time.

In 1844, William F. Havemeyer was then elected mayor, and old man Jacob Hays who had grown old in the service asked to be retired, and George W. Matsell was appointed to succeed him. Mr. Hays lived in retirement but a short time, taking sick and dying in his 78th year, having been born in 1772.

George W. Matsell, born in England in 1806, came here with his parents, his father keeping a bookstand in the lobby of the old Metropolitan Hotel, adjoining Niblo's Garden, a great show house on Broadway and Prince Street.

This locality was well known to the writer, for we used to go to the Garden to see the Karffly Brothers in the "Black Crook," and the good old Theatre Comique, the show house of Harrigan and Hart, was not far away, almost facing old "Stanwix Hall," the meeting place of big Bill Poole and his "Knownothing Party" of that time. It was in this same hall that Poole was shot dead, supposedly by one of the John Morrissey, or Catholic party, but that was never proven. It was in one

of the free-for-all fights that often took place when these rival factions met, that Poole was killed.

George W. Matsell held the position of chief of police for twelve years, every one of which was cursed with riots, among them the "Astor Place Riots," the "Doctor's Riots," and the "Bowery Boys" and the "Dead Rabbits" were constantly fighting, with crime rampant everywhere about the city. Chief Matsell appointed several able lieutenants to assist him, among whom were George W. Walling, Robert Brownson, and W. Stephens, and after they had conferred and mapped out a course of action determined to take a decisive step in the right direction and go after the crimesters.

The city was visited with another big fire like that of 1835.

From 1845 to 1853, the board of aldermen held the power of appointment of all members of the police force, but they found it impossible to discipline the patrol force for any and all infractions of the rules and regulations then in force so that an appeal was taken to the Legislature and it at once took the necessary action, and passed a law making the Mayor, the Recorder, and the City Judge trial commissioners.

In 1857, the State Legislature passed a law known as the Metropolitan Police Act. This act did not satisfy Mayor Fernando Wood nor Chief Matsell. They were of the opinion that the Legislature had exceeded its authority, deeming this act unconstitutional and an infringement on the Home Rule of the city. Chief Matsell took his orders from Mayor Wood only, and many of the patrolmen did likewise, refusing point blank to recognize the police commissioners appointed under the Metropolitan Police Act. This state of affairs brought about an awful conflict between Mayor Wood and the state authorities, also the question of who had the right to appoint a street cleaning commissioner to succeed Commissioner Taylor, who had just died.

After exhausting all the resources of the law to evade obedience to the act, the Mayor and the municipal government finally caused it to be referred to the Court of Appeals. But before the final decision came more blood was spilled. On the 16th of June matters were brought to a crisis by the forcible ejection of Commissioner Daniel D. Conover from the City Hall, who had been appointed street cleaning commissioner by Governor King to fill a vacancy caused by the death of the former incumbent. Several men were named for the office by both parties, but nothing being done the fighting was renewed, and open to all, Irishmen or Dutchman, everybody was welcome, but there is a finish to everything.

Mr. Conover at once applied for and was given a warrant to serve

on Mayor Wood by the recorder charging Mayor Wood with inciting a riot, and he also applied to Judge Hoffman for another warrant charging the Mayor with causing him to be personally assaulted. After arming himself with the two warrants he was escorted back to the city hall by fifty members of the metropolitan police. The captain in charge of the metropolitan police, George Washington Walling, one of the greatest policemen that ever drew the breath of life, a man of sterling ability, and one who would not take water from a "Finn McCool," the celebrated strong man of Ireland. I will write a few of Captain Walling's escapades later on, just to verify my previous remarks.

Captain Walling tried very hard to get into the city hall to serve the warrant on Mayor Wood, and being a man of peace he did not want to use force if it could be prevented. Captain Walling held one warrant while Mr. Conover held the other and tried to serve it on the other side of the city hall, with the same success as Captain Walling.

Mayor Wood with an armed force knocked down every newcomer, and soon there was a hurry call sent out for every doctor in the city, but did they get them? Why, no, for while the police forces were fighting each other the "Atlantic Guard" or "Bowery Boys" and the "Dead Rabbits" were fighting for supremacy on Bayard Street near the Bowery, with the result that there were six persons murdered and over a hundred wounded. This was a sorry day for this grand old city. Captain Isaac Rynders was trying to prevent the notorious Dead Rabbits from Murderers' Row, in the five points district of the old sixth ward, from committing depredations. Old Captain Rynders was the captain of the Bowery Boys or "Atlantic Guard" who, organized as a police reserve as it were, did pretty good work in their time.

In the meantime, the police commissioners called Mr. Conover and Captain Walling into consultation, at the end of which they called upon Captain Walling to go and serve the warrants alone. Good old Captain Washington Walling, nothing daunted, said, "Give me the warrants, I will serve them or my life will pay the forfeit," and off he went and made good, for this grand old man was never known to do otherwise. He left his men standing at ease out in City Hall Park, and alone walked right up to the entrance of the city hall, and demanded to be admitted, and he was admitted all right, for Mayor Wood and his men knew Wash Walling, and they dared not refuse his request. Of course this made Captain Walling a hero in the eyes of all, and he was forever after obeyed and respected accordingly.

Early in the morning Colonel Stephens of the Seventh Regiment was on his way to Boston, and as they were marching down Broadway, were called on to quell the riot around the city hall. This was

the thickest fight of all; and the Captain gave the order to his men—left turn, forward march! and when they were within ten feet of the fighting cops, he gave the order to charge and use your muskets. They did charge, and soon put an end to the Donnybrook Fair then raging, and after driving Mayor Wood and his men into the city hall, Colonel Stephens gave the order of aboutface and on to Boston.

The Metropolitan Police Act being declared constitutional, Mayor Wood at once quit the fighting game, and everything was at peace among the police forces, but Heavenly Father, what a state of siege the city was in that day!

The year 1857 was a disastrous one for old New York, a year of mob rule, beginning with civil strife and ending with financial ruin. In the spring of that year the State Legislature passed several bills relating to the city, and amended the charter in several important particulars. The charter and state elections which had always been held on the same day were separated. The first Tuesday in December was fixed for the charter elections. But the most important innovation was the transferring of the police department from the city to state government. By the Metropolitan Police Act, a police district was created comprising the counties of New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond; and a board of police commissioners was instituted to be appointed for a term of five years by the governor of the state, and to have sole control of the police administration of the above-named counties. Prior to this act the city was governed by a municipal police force which, on the whole, was inadequate for the duties that it was called upon to perform, and did not give general satisfaction.

The Metropolitan Police Act of 1857 provided for the establishment of a Police Life and Health Insurance Fund for the benefit of policemen disabled in the performance of duty, or if killed to go to the support of their wives and families. In 1857, the time of the conflict of authority between Mayor Fernando Wood and the newly appointed police commissioners, the police headquarters was removed from the city hall to 88 White Street, and six months later to 413 Broome Street.

Chief Matsell, who sided with Mayor Wood all through the conflict, was ordered to appear before the police commissioners, and show cause, but this he refused to do, and was forthwith dismissed from the force by the board.

By the provisions of the Act of 1857, establishing a police board of five members to govern the police department, the mayors of New York and of Brooklyn who had been performing the duties of police commissioners were relieved of these duties forthwith. The police board consisted of a commissioner from each county. This change was not

without its advantages, for it secured harmony of action, and the constant attention of the board at all times.

Mayor Wood appealed to the Board of Police Commissioners to reinstate ex-Chief Matsell, stating that Mr. Matsell was doing nothing but his duty as he saw it. But this request was denied.

In 1858, the population of the city was 820,000. Police headquarters was at 413 Broome Street, and the police force numbered 1,430 of all ranks. The arrests for the year ending December 31, 1858, was New York, 61,445, Brooklyn, 13,918. Superintendent Daniel Carpenter, in his quarterly report, stated that, "In submitting my report I am sorry to say that there were on January 31, 1859, seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-nine places open for the purpose of selling liquor at retail." From the reports of police captains of nineteen precincts, it appears that there were four hundred and ninety-six houses of prostitution and eighty-four houses of assignation. These included one hundred and seventy lager beer and drinking saloons, combined with houses of ill-fame; one hundred and eighty-five low grogeries, where well-known thieves and fallen women daily and nightly resorted, but a strict police surveillance was kept over them, thereby keeping them from committing depredations that they otherwise would have done.

I will ask my readers to please compare this report with the police report of January, 1924, not a house of prostitution in this big city, with its wonderful population, thanks to the present police administration? No, not in the last four years has there been a house of that nature open knowingly, to the contrary notwithstanding. The board of supervisors shortly before had increased the force to one thousand two hundred and fifty men.

In November, 1859, there were including the entire district one thousand six hundred and ninety-nine members of the metropolitan police force, to wit: A superintendent and two deputy superintendents, a chief clerk, a deputy chief clerk, a property clerk, and six assistants, police surgeons, five captains, thirty-two sergeants, and one hundred and thirty-five patrolmen on patrol duty, one thousand three hundred and twenty-four; policemen on detail duty, one hundred and eighteen; and doormen seventy-three.

April 10, 1860, the Metropolitan Police Act was amended by the Legislature. The metropolitan police districts were then changed to comprise the counties of New York, Kings, Westchester, and Richmond, and the towns of Newtown, Flushing, and Jamaica, Queens County. The governor then appointed the following-named citizens as police commissioners to fill vacancies: John G. Bergen, Amos Pillsbury, and James Brown. Mr. Pillsbury resigned and Thomas G. Acton was appointed to succeed him.

May 23, 1860, the Board of Police Commissioners appointed to the position of superintendent, Police Captain John A. Kennedy to succeed Amos Pillsbury, he being appointed police commissioner. The office of deputy superintendent was then abolished. The following were appointed police inspectors: Daniel Carpenter, James S. Folk, George W. Dilks, and James Leonard.

The Police Board then increased the salary of all members of the force—not much, but every little bit helps, and the men were happy and thankful for same. In this same year the grand jury of New York requested the police board to supervise the cleaning of the streets.

Old police headquarters at 300 Mulberry Street was built in 1863, and it cost some two hundred and thirty thousand dollars to build, including the land and additions of later years, namely 1868-1869. The money to build was taken from a fund accumulated by careful economy from the annual appropriations for the maintenance of the police department of New York, with the assistance of contributions from the pocketbooks of many of our good citizens and visitors who are and have ever been willing to aid and assist their public servants.

We have them today, thanks to Police Commissioner Enright. We have the following good men who have done wonders for the rank and file of this great police department of ours. I speak of the Hon. Rodman Wanamaker, John Harriss, Coleman Du Pont, R. A. C. Smith, Col. Waldo, Col. Herman Metz, Col. Walter Scott, William H. Todd, John M. Shaw, Edmond A. Guggenheim, Barron Collier, George McDonald, John F. Birmingham and Charles G. Young. All of these good men have given both time and money to make possible the Police Recreation Camp. The Police Hospital, that was to be built and provided for by those good men but some foolish policemen stood in their own light and this matter is laid aside for the present.

Yes, dear readers, there are many things that I could add to the above wonderful things done by these good men, and on behalf of the rank and file of the police department of New York, we thank each and every one of them from the bottom of our hearts for their many kindnesses of the past.

“Many can help one, where one cannot help the many.”

That famous old white building on Mulberry Street is a landmark which will never be forgotten by many of us old timers, for we received our appointments, our promotions, our demotions, yes, and fines, in that good old Castle of Joys and Sorrows, and they were many.

Gee, I would like if I could, to tell you at this time of the many things that I know about this grand old building. I was told many years ago that the Police Commissioners borrowed some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the funds of the Police Life Insurance

Fund, the Police Pension Fund of today, to help finish 300 Mulberry Street, but they forgot to pay it back. Your humble servant don't know the particulars. Do you?

When old police headquarters of 300 Mulberry Street was thrown open for business in 1863, everybody was happy, the city was doing well, the population at this time was one million four hundred thousand, and the police force numbered one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, the city was then as now divided into precincts comprising all territory lying south of 152d Street.

And like the cursed World War, along came the Civil War, that also carried ruin and destruction, death and misery, in its wake, when conscription was forced upon our citizens, bringing about the terrible "Draft Riots" of 1863.

Among those of our good friends of the past, our Japanese friends did us a very fine compliment. I will try to the best of my ability to tell my readers this very interesting story. The Ambassador from the Government of Japan visited New York in June, 1860, and being carried away with the good treatment received from the members of the force, he contributed the sum of thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, with the recommendation that it be set aside to constitute a fund to be known as the Japanese Merit Fund, the interest of which was to be used as follows: To the members of the police department performing the best police duty, for the preceding year—captains, two hundred dollars; sergeants, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; and to the five patrolmen best performing their duty for the preceding year, one hundred dollars.

To my mind the Japanese deserved great thanks for instituting a fund of that character, for it brought about among the men a spirit of inspiration, for the sums allowed meant an awful lot to the winners either at that time or the present, for one could buy a whole lot of kiddies' shoes and other household wants for a hundred bucks. But let me ask, what on earth ever became of that grand fund? Was it, too, allowed to die, like other good police organizations until Lieutenant Richard E. Enright came into being as a police promoter and life saver? Maybe some of my good readers can answer the question, for I can't. It is very hard for me to know or surmise how both the interest and principal of such a fund could all be swallowed up in twenty-nine or thirty years, as I never heard of the fund in my time on the force.

But I do remember that we had a Chinese visitor here who the policemen of the day, but not I, had to carry around; I think they called him Le Hi Hung Chang. I never heard of his creating a fund of that good and comforting spirit. Maybe it was the case of the Chief send-

ing his man Friday along to do the collecting, as was done in a certain case in which the writer was interested. Of course, the cover is that he goes along to represent the police department, as it were.

In all of my connections with the force I never saw anybody running to give a fellow a hundred dollars to do proper police duty; the commissioners would much rather take away a hundred or so from a poor devil of a man, it made no difference if he was married and blessed with a big family or not, but that made no difference, a man is a man for all of that. Why glory be, I remember a police commissioner ordering a roundsman to make fifteen or more complaints a year or be demoted. What did that mean? But believe me there were not a one demoted, for we old cops thought too much of a good boss who's motto was, "Live and let live." We made sacrifices even to the extent of harming our records, that worked against us looking for promotion.

CHAPTER II OF PART I

"THE DRAFT RIOTS" OF 1863

THE CITY IN THE HANDS OF A FRENZIED MOB—AN EMERGENCY IN WHICH THE POLICE FORCE COVERED WITH GLORY AND GORE. POPULAR DISCONTENT GROWING OUT OF A LATENT SYMPATHY WITH THE SOUTHERN CAUSE. THE METHOD ADOPTED FOR THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE DRAFT, AND WHAT IT LED UP TO. (NOT THE MOST JUDICIOUS ONE.) SUPERINTENDENT KENNEDY'S ARRANGEMENTS IN ANTICIPATION OF THE COMING TROUBLE, AND HOW THE MOBS GOT SQUARE WITH HIM LATER ON, BY ASSAULTING HIM WHEN ALONE, LEAVING HIM LYING OF THE SIDEWALK ALL BUT DEAD. POLICE COMMISSIONER ACTON ASSUMES COMMAND OF THE FORCE, ORDERING INSPECTOR CARPENTER TO TAKE HIS MEN AND FACE THE RIOTERS. AND THE INSPECTOR LOSING NO TIME GAVE THE ORDER, "BY THE RIGHT FLANK, COMPANY, CHARGE!"

You see I have been leading up to the next chapter of this little work, which to my mind is one of the most interesting and historical of all, as I want you to read and know of the police "Heroes" of the past, and what they did and how they acted under the severest of fire of the "Draft Riots of 1863," days that should never be forgotten by us New Yorkers. For after the draft riots, the people who formerly despised the men of the police force, learned to love and respect their brave defenders. They saw their work, and were carried away with their bravery, while the riot was in its worst form, these good men fought and won. The people then learned for the first time the true worth of a policeman, because New York would have been destroyed, but for the heroism displayed by the small handful of policemen facing long odds. They sailed into the oncoming crowds in face of, and regardless of all personal danger, and upheld those famous words, "Faithful unto Death."

Yes, dear readers, this story will show you how one policeman alone was forced to fight off whole mobs until assistance arrived, not a man flinching in the face of such terrible odds. Many of the poor hard-worked policemen, hungry and bleeding, were seen lying on the streets kicked and trampled on by the wild roaring mobs, who with

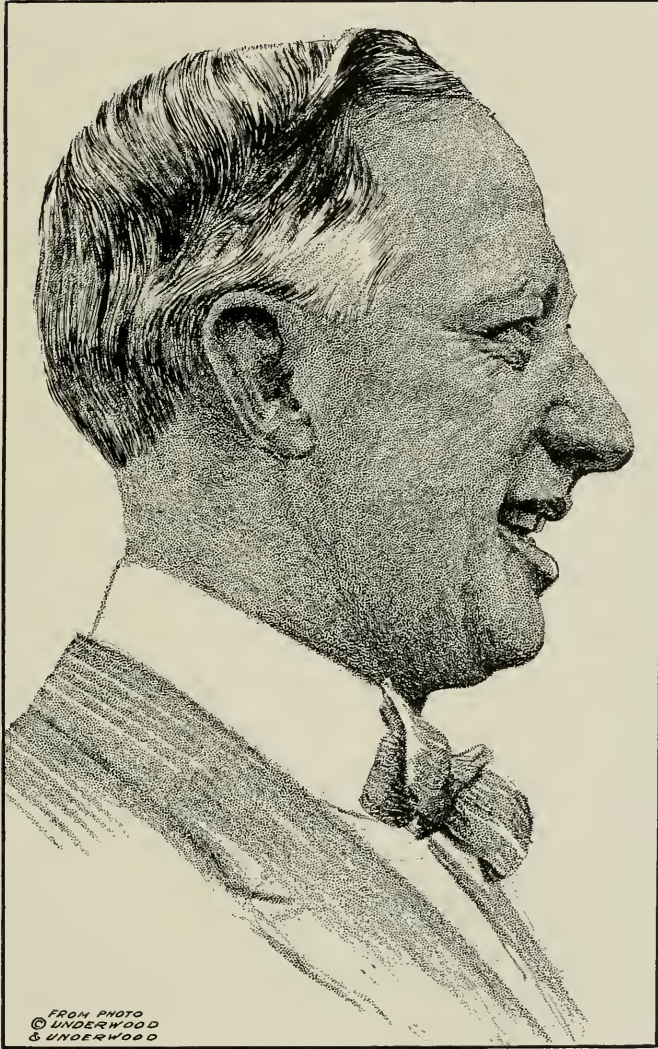
knife and pistol came rushing into the ranks of the unfortunate men of the force, who met the onrush in defiance. But peace be to them, they never said die, and by their bulldog courage drove the vagabonds into the sea and saved the city from destruction.

"THE DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863"

On the morning of July 9, 1863, the Police Commissioners, acting on an appeal from the Federal Government, began to recruit for volunteers to serve in the armies of the United States. And to defray the expenses of their recruiting the members of the police force and others subscribed the sum of twenty-eight thousand six hundred and sixty-nine dollars, much of which was given to the families of the recruits. The police board, with the means thus afforded it, was enabled to place five regiments of infantry and four companies of one hundred men each of cavalry in the field.

The police force for the year 1862, consisted of one superintendent, thirty captains, one hundred and twenty-nine sergeants, sixty-four roundsmen, one thousand four hundred patrolmen, one hundred and seven special duty men in the precincts, and one hundred and seventy-four special duty men out of the precincts, and sixty-seven doormen.

On the morning of July 13, 1863, the city was startled by the lawless acts of a formidable mob, which had entered on a career of murder, robbery, and arson, that was not completely checked until the morning of the seventeenth, and those days were bloody times for the police. However admirably they may have behaved in other emergencies, there has been no occasion on which our police protectors covered themselves with more honor than through the terrible draft riots which convulsed the city for an entire week. At this period, too, they assumed a higher rôle than is generally allotted to them. They became not only the defenders of lives and property of their fellow citizens, but also the vindicators of the national honor. They fought for the Union in the streets of New York, just as truly as the soldiers of the Republic were doing on the banks of the Potomac. Day after day they went out to combat forces greatly superior to their number; day after day they imperilled life and limb; they left their own homes, wives, and children unprotected to obey the call of duty. Nothing more honorable can be said of them, as a body, than that in the face of every difficulty there was no faltering. It is not recorded that any one man failed to respond to the demands of the hour; it is not on record that any man shirked duty, however dangerous or unpleasant it might be. And it is also recorded that the utmost bravery, energy,



Courtesy of Underwood & Underwood

HON. ALFRED E. SMITH,
GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.



Courtesy of Police Magazine

HON. JOHN F. HYLAN,
MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.

and good judgment were displayed by both the commanders and their men.

July, 1863, the tide of war turned against the Confederacy, but the fearful mortality and the wearying effects of the long-continued strife had at last compelled the Federal Government to resort to conscription to recruit and strengthen the armies of the Union. This proceeding was authorized by an act of Congress passed in March, 1863. President Lincoln's Proclamation, ordering the levying of three hundred thousand men, was dated April 8th, but July was the time appointed for the Draft. At this juncture the enemy had invaded Pennsylvania, and the Governor entreated assistance from the adjoining states.

Governor Seymour of New York responded by directing General Sanford, commander of the city militia, to forward at once every available regiment at his disposal to the seat of war for thirty days' service. While the troops were absent, the United States authorities attempted to enforce the draft, and this order brought about the terrible insurrection. The elements of disorder and crime united their forces, and were then joined by thousands of frenzied workingmen and idlers. "For three days and three nights," says a chronicler of these events, "the rioters maintained a reign of terror." Houses were plundered and the torch set to them, as also was the office of the Provost Marshal, the mob then marched to the colored orphan asylum, and they set fire to the building also. It was then that the police rushed in on them, and there was a hand-to-hand fight, yes, a free-for-all that lasted many hours.

The mob was frantic, and it made no difference who was against them, man, woman, or child, they attacked them, particularly the colored people—women, and children even—it made no difference. This was a bloody day's work of hanging the negroes to a lamp-post, and fighting the police.

"They tore down our National flag and trampled it underfoot, robbed stores and searched every place to get firearms, and all this in daylight, which goes to show the state of mind that existed."

Here the police again showed wonderful courage, only a handful of them, but what damage they did do to the mob! They were lying crippled and bleeding on all sides, and after the mob had been driven off, the policemen had to remain and attend to the dead and wounded. Thomas C. Acton, President of the Board of Police Commissioners, took entire charge, and he issued his orders with the coolness and skill of a trained military officer, a veteran.

The drafting met with the bitterest of opposition. There were many persons who conscientiously believed that as a method of raising soldiers conscription was contrary to the spirit of all American institutions—

entirely forgetting that the first necessity with governments, as with individuals, is self-preservation. The same thing happened here in New York in 1917, when President Wilson called for volunteers, Congress having declared war against Germany—we had to have men. But there were no such scenes as there was in 1863, no, no. Your police department of today was ready for any and all emergencies, and had the matter well in hand, and you, my readers, know the rest.

The police department today under Commissioner Enright is a military unit, with its machine guns and well-trained men of the riot battalion, and is prepared to take the field instantly; and when tired of using the machine guns, it can use the night stick, so New York is safe forever. So that the boys and even the girls of all good Americans went forward and offered their services, and went away to do their bit, many of them making the "supreme sacrifice," peace be to them. I, thank God, contributed by having two of my sons and five nephews in the service of our beloved country, and I at home did my own little bit.

But the principal source of discontent lay deeper. It grew out of a latent sympathy with the southern cause, which pervaded large classes of persons in the North. If a conscription were enforced those persons saw that they might be obliged to fight in the army of the Union against the side with which they had sympathized, or, at best, in furtherance of a cause for which they held no love. Thus it happened from the very day of the proclamation, the symptoms of trouble were discernible. An association, named the "Knights of the Golden Circle," was formed with the object, it was supposed, of rebelling against the draft, and a certain portion of the public press assumed a very inflammatory tone. It must be confessed that the method adopted by the National Government for the enforcement of the draft was not the most judicious possible. Instead of making requisitions on the authorities of the various states for certain quotas of men, to be picked out from the general body of citizens by lot, the War Department sent its provost marshals into the various districts to take charge of the selection of the conscripts.

This course greatly increased the popular exasperation, and during the preliminary work, signs and omens of the coming trouble were not wanting in little old New York. Thus in the ninth conscription district, which included the lower part of the city, Captain Joel T. Erhardt, the Provost Marshal, narrowly escaped with his life while performing the necessary duty of collecting the names of those liable to be drafted. He was ordered by Colonel Nugent, the Provost Marshal for the whole city, to personally collect the names of some workmen, engaged on a building at Liberty Street and Broadway, who had refused to register

when the regular enrolling officers approached them. Captain Erhardt was assailed with a crowbar. He drew his revolver and prevented the attack, but after waiting some time for assistance, he was at last compelled to retreat before the wild, infuriated mob.

More than one incident of this character created much anxiety among the authorities as the date of the draft drew nigh, and yet it is doubtful even to this day if there was any organized design to resist.

Information was given the police that a plan was on foot to seize the state arsenal at Seventh Avenue and Thirty-Fifth Street, before commencing the draft Saturday, July 11th.

This was probably the case; but it is believed that the design extended no further. When this scheme was defeated by the measures taken by Superintendent Kennedy—as soon will be described—it is more than probable that no definite course was marked out by the law-breakers. When the first act of violence was committed on Monday, July 13th, it is likely that the members of the mob had no idea beyond that of breaking up the draft, and perhaps taking vengeance on some of the officials in charge of it. That afternoon and the succeeding days, an entirely new element entered the tumult.

The thirst for vengeance had grown furious; the craving for plunder had taken possession of the lower elements of the population. The draft became a pretext for lawlessness, the real objects of which was the gratification of instincts for rapine and destruction. The riots were no longer draft riots, but riots for bread and booty.

Their desperate character was in no way lessened, however. On the contrary, the second day's fighting was the bitterest of all. The police were under the able management of Commissioners Thomas C. Acton and James J. Bergen, Commissioner Bowen having resigned to join the army of the Union. John A. Kennedy was superintendent; Daniel Carpenter, George W. Dilks, and James Leonard were inspectors. The violent proceedings of the rioters had, as the Police Commissioners were convinced, a political origin, motive, and direction, and received sympathy and encouragement from newspapers and parties of influence and intelligence.

The Board of Commissioners had long been threatened with summary removal, which was expected to occur at any moment. Members of the force desired the removal, and a spirit of insubordination had crept in among the members of the force—the fruit of the expected change.

“Under these new and extraordinary circumstances,” to quote from the annual report of the Commissioners to the Legislature, “there were apprehensions that the force might fail in united action, or be embarrassed by sympathy with the rioters, and be overpowered and

beaten." But the apprehensions proved to be groundless. The force acted as a unit, and with an energy, courage, and devotion rarely exhibited. The keenest observation failed to discover that political, religious, or national feeling had any influence adverse to the efficient action of the force. The courage that arises from aggregation of numbers, the steadiness and celerity of movement which resulted from organization and drill, and the fidelity and pride of the corps which result from discipline, were exhibited in a most gratifying degree, considering the numerous and severe contests, the disparity of numbers, and the advantages enjoyed by the mob from their entrenched positions in the tenement houses, the small number of policemen killed and wounded is a subject of congratulation. The number wounded was eighty, but of that number three died from the effects shortly after.

Unfortunately the drafting commenced on Saturday, July 11th. But there was no special disturbance, only that the whole aspect of the city was uneasy. Sergeant Van Orden with fifteen men took possession of the Seventh Avenue Arsenal very early in the morning.

Throughout the day there were several dashes made by the mob to try to overcome the police and enter the Arsenal, but the police stood their ground, never backing an inch, defeating their enemies every time.

The drafting, too, passed off peaceably in the two districts—the ninth and eleventh—appointed for that day, and the good people began to hope that the danger was over—that the popular discontent would not reach the point of open attack or outbreak. Under more favorable circumstances this might have been so, but the day was unfavorable.

All of the Sunday newspapers came out with the long list of names of conscripts. They were eagerly scanned in all of the tenements of the city. The people found the names of relatives or friends among those listed, and their rage grew into proportion. All day Sunday, excited groups of men and women discussed the situation both in the houses and on the streets, and above all in the brothels and rum shops of the different districts, and by midnight they were ready for any madness. Monday's sun rose hot and angry upon the seething city, the people came pouring from the tenements to face the fact that a fresh raid was to be made on their homes and firesides by the demon of war. Vainly confident in the strength of their numbers and passion, they determined that this should not be. Superintendent John Kennedy was not idle; he saw what was coming, and he prepared for the worst.

The drafting was to proceed at two points that day, 1190 Broadway, and Third Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street. The superintendent then sent a force of men to protect the marshals at the drafting quarters,

and a force of men to protect the Arsenal on Seventh Avenue. Captain Speight of the twenty-ninth precinct took charge at 1190 Broadway, and stationed a force of men there before nine A. M., ready for any emergency. The men knowing what was before them rested up so that they would be prepared, and gee they were certainly in for a hot old time. In the meantime, Superintendent Kennedy sent out an order for all reserves to report to police headquarters, and as they reported he dispatched them off to strengthen the forces where needed.

Captain Speight had twenty men of his own command, ten men of the eight precinct, under the command of Sergeant Wade, ten men of the ninth precinct, under command of Sergeant Mangin, fourteen men of the fifteenth precinct, under the command of Sergeant McCredie, and ten men from the twenty-eight precinct, under the command of Sergeant Wolfe. This total force of sixty-nine men struck terror into the mob that was collecting fast and furious, and kept them at bay. Everything was going along well, the drafting was holding its own, at noon the board adjourned. The auxiliary forces were then ordered to report to Third Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street, where the state of things was very much different. Captain Speight and his gallant boys remained in charge of the office until four P. M. They were then ordered to fall in and march down to police headquarters, in response to an order received.

During the day Captain Speight and his men were kept busy breaking up the riotous mobs, and maintained peace wherever assigned. But shortly after leaving, the mobs were reinforced and they started in again to destroy everything and everybody, smashing windows and doors, burning all before them. They began their dirty work by first setting fire to the marshal's office, and the entire block on Broadway between Twenty-eight and Twenty-Ninth Streets was destroyed by the flames.

Captain Porter and his men who were protecting the marshal's office were attacked by the angry mob and were compelled to fight for their lives more than once. The first pitched battle of the riot week was staged and fought out that day, the police winning all before them. But thanks to Chief Kennedy, Captain Porter, and his men were reinforced by other commanders and their men, or they would never have lived to tell the tale. Among those running to the relief of Captain Porter were Captain Brower of the seventeenth precinct; Captain Palmer of the twenty-first precinct; Sergeant Gross of the twenty-second precinct, and Sergeant Mangles of the twenty-eighth precinct. Each reported to Captain Porter with a squad of men.

The rioters were not at all slow for they, too, were reinforcing, their

troops growing to large proportions, the excitement was intense, the rioters cursing the police, the negro race, and even our national government, the draft officials, in fact, all public officers.

Only a spark was needed and soon it came when the leader of the rioters shouted, "Stop the cars!" and then there was some great fighting done by both sides.

The rioters rushed for the cars, unhitching the horses, and driving the drivers and horses away, while the passengers were forced to take care of themselves, and they found themselves mixing up with the rioters, for they could not make a clean getaway.

Again and again the police force charged and fought one pitched battle after another, but the fact that new men were rallying to the assistance of the rioters compelled the boys in blue to give way to the opposing forces. It was impossible to try and check the onrushing crowds, for the police force was fighting against terrible odds, and the men of iron hearts inside their uniform of blue were forced to back up into the building to save their lives. It was an awful scene, and a picture no artist could attempt to paint. Our brave policemen fought hard and lost out.

The rioters seeing that they had the police on the run, stoned the windows and doors until the whole building was a total wreck, and they tore into the building fighting every step. It was no use trying to check them, for when one rioter was felled another took his place. This was a bloody day's work for all concerned.

The marshal and his aids escaped by the rear, and the men of the force that could also escaped through the rear of the building, emerging out on Forty-Sixth Street, fighting every inch of ground. The rioters set fire to the furniture and then to the whole building, and they tried to set fire to the other buildings. The police trying to protect these buildings were severely handled by the great crowd.

It is a pitiful story to write about, but if time would permit I would like to write of the heroism of our men in blue, and of the many injuries received, but what's the use, "it's a sad story, mates."

At last it became evident that no good could be served staying there, so Captain Porter sounded the retreat, and it was every man for himself, the poor fellows struggling to get back to their respective station houses as best they could.

Chief Decker of the fire department and his men got on the job, and tried all they knew to check the fire, but the rioters were constantly interfering with them, until one of the leaders shouted, on to that black man's orphan asylum, and away they went, willing in their wild and frantic state to burn heaven and earth.

Oh, the wild scenes they made, and while the Police were not afraid
They were greatly outnumbered.
Forward they rushed and fell, fighting those dogs of hell,
This gallant band of bluecoats, less than one hundred.

At this disastrous moment, by an untoward accident, Superintendent John Kennedy put in an appearance on the wild scene. Mr. Kennedy's fear of riot had arisen that morning. It being Monday, he was informed that the street contractor's men had not gone to work at the usual hour of seven o'clock, in the nineteenth ward. He at first deemed it sufficient to strengthen the police forces at the Provost Marshal's offices, in the manner already detailed; but as the morning progressed there showed up fresh indications of trouble. He telegraphed to each precinct to call in all of its men on or off duty, and to hold them on reserve.

Towards ten o'clock, he having completed all arrangements ordered his wagon and went out on a tour of inspection. He first called on Captain Speight at 1190 Broadway, and then visited the Arsenal, leaving at each point directions to cover any emergency that might arise. Turning his horse to the eastward, it was then about twelve o'clock, he was approaching the quarter, unknown to him, where the first battle of the great riot had been fought and lost to his men. The superintendent was not in uniform and was totally unarmed.

It is impossible to avoid the reflection, therefore, that his courage (or indiscretion) ran to the point of rashness when he left his wagon at Forty-Sixth Street, on perceiving the fire that the rioters had kindled, and walked rapidly through the angry crowds towards the fire. Everything seemed very quiet and everybody good-natured about him, until someone cried out, "There's Kennedy!" "Where? Where? Where is he?" demanded a thousand voices, angry and bloodthirsty.

He was pointed out, and before he had time to realize the situation, a cowardly blow from behind sent him down an embankment six feet deep, and leading into a vacant lot. In an instant the superintendent was on his feet; one glance told him he was in bad company, and he beat it quickly, or he would be among the missing very soon, so he started off at a fast clip over the hills and dales of this vacant lot, while the infuriated rabble pressed hard behind him. He outdistanced his pursuers and succeeded in climbing the Forty-Seventh Street embankment.

But here a fresh crowd, just as cowardly and bloodthirsty as the first, was waiting for him. They fell upon him with a rush, and for the second time he was hurled to the foot of the embankment. And the crowd followed him. Mr. Kennedy again regained his feet. A desperate burly ruffian tried to dash the Superintendent's brains out

with a big club, and the poor man had all that he could do to protect his head. By this time the Superintendent must have received more than fifty blows, but his good Irish-American constitution stood by him greatly. Mr. Kennedy, then turned and ran towards Lexington Avenue, where there was a pond or mud hole of considerable depth and width.

"Drown him! Drown him!" shouted the rioters, and a tremendous blow sent the poor victim back into the dirty pond, where his face struck on some big stones at the bottom, and he was frightfully lacerated. But even yet he was not overcome. Making his way through the mud and water through which his pursuers were too cowardly to follow, he reached Lexington Avenue before they got around.

As he emerged from the pond he met Mr. Egan, a prominent citizen, and begged for aid. Mr. Egan possessed sufficient influence with the mob to prevent them from doing any further violence, and Superintendent Kennedy, now fainting with both pain and exhaustion, was laid on a common feed wagon and taken to police headquarters.

As the wagon drove up, Commissioner Acton was on the stoop. He noticed the bruised and bleeding man, but little did he know that it was the Superintendent. And when Mr. Kennedy was removed from the wagon, Mr. Acton was amazed to see his Superintendent more dead than alive. The Commissioner ordered that the Superintendent be taken to the home of a friend and kept there until nursed back to good health and standing.

It was a miracle that there were no bones broken, but his good old Irish constitution stood him, and he returned to work on Thursday, swearing vengeance on his near murderers.

While the Superintendent was sick, Commissioner Acton was compelled to do all of the work of both, and while Inspector Carpenter was doing noble work outside, Mr. Acton was doing wonderful work inside police headquarters, keeping the machinery going both night and day for almost a week. Yes, a bloody dirty hard week at that.

Commissioner Acton on seeing the condition of Mr. Kennedy, started the wires burning good and fast, for his very first step showed his consummate generalship. The moment that he realized the extent of the disorder, on seeing the Superintendent's terrible condition, he telegraphed to every precinct with the exception of the twelfth, from which the rioters had cut off communication, ordering the entire force to concentrate at police headquarters. He also dispatched the steamboat squad with its steamer under the command of Captain Todd, to transport to the city all of the federal troops that could be spared from the forts in the harbor, and subsequently to land arms for volunteer troops. These orders, it may be remarked here, were performed with



Courtesy of Police Magazine

HON. RICHARD E. ENRIGHT,
POLICE COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK.



COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT AND AIDS.

Courtesy of Police Magazine

coolness and judgment. The energy displayed by Commissioner Acton was wonderful.

The Commissioner kept up this good work until they had restored the city once again to peace and quietness. From six o'clock on Monday morning until two A. M. the following Friday, he never closed an eye in sleep, nor did he leave his office but for a few hours then on official business. He was engaged without cessation during the whole period. It may serve as some index of his labors to say that he received and answered over four thousand telegrams. He was ably seconded.

Hardly inferior to Commissioner Acton for energy and executive action was his colleague, Commissioner John G. Bergen. This gentleman was also constantly at headquarters, sustaining almost equal fatigue with Commissioner Acton, and sharing in all of his labors. Chief clerk Seth C. Hawley was also a very valuable aid. He was placed in charge of the Ordnance Department, serving out the arms and ammunition needed by the men as they started on their repeated expeditions. He also provided for the wants of the wounded, and he did all that laid in his power to furnish accommodations for the refugees that came to headquarters. Chief John Young, assisted by his men of the detective force and Sergeant Lefferts of the Fourth District Court, and officer Webb, of the superintendent's office, also had to provide for the victualing of the police, military, special constables, and refugees, in all over five thousand persons for an entire week, and he did it nobly. It is needless to add praise to the statement that all were well and sufficiently supplied. Over fifty thousand gallons of coffee, it is said, was served out while the riot lasted, and it must be here mentioned to the credit of the entire force—that coffee during all the scenes of both terror and excitement, despite all of the blows and hardships, was the universal beverage.

Let us return to Chief Kennedy, and the howling mob, that had all but killed him at Lexington Avenue and Forty-Sixth Street. At the time that this mob was assaulting Mr. Kennedy, another fierce scene was in progress only a few blocks away. Just before noon the reports of the agitation which prevailed in the nineteenth ward caused the dispatching of the reserves of several precincts on the double quick, the men relieved from 1190 Broadway also had to join them, rushing to the aid of Captain Porter and his men.

Among the first of these intended reinforcements to arrive on the scene was a squad of thirteen men from the eighth precinct, under the command of Sergeant Ellison. This little company was the first to encounter the mob at Third Avenue and Thirty-Fourth Street, and a desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued. The mob fought furiously, and

the police were outnumbered a hundred to one, and were compelled to retreat.

Sergeant Ellison, who had been terribly beaten, remained a prisoner in the hands of the mob of desperate rioters. But as luck would have it, Sergeant Wade and his men came running to the assistance of Sergeant Ellison and his men, and after another desperate battle Sergeant Ellison was recaptured, more dead than alive. He had defended himself bravely with his revolver and a gun that he had taken from one of the mob. But he had been overwhelmed by large numbers, and badly beaten with stones and clubs until he had lost consciousness.

The mob thinking that they had killed him ran off and two of his comrades carried him to the twenty-first precinct station house.

In this fight Officer Van Buren had a leg broken, Sergeant Wade was knocked down by a large stone, and Officer Andre was cut on the head so badly that they rushed him to the hospital. Officers Law, Hart, Burns, Palmer, and Grolius were also badly wounded. Merher and Magersuppe were all badly cut about the head and body. All of the officers here named distinguished themselves by their wonderful grit and courage in constantly charging the wild mob.

A platoon of the ninth precinct arrived at Forty-Fourth Street and Third Avenue, at the same time as Sergeant Wade, and they charged the mob and fought them bitterly with equal courage. To show how well the men of this precinct played their part it is but necessary to state that the following men were badly hurt, but continued on with the bloody conflict in spite of pain, and the blood blinding them. Sergeants Mangin and Smith and ten of their men at last had to give up the fight for the time being to have their wounds dressed by the surgeons summoned to the scene, and again returned to the combat. Sergeant Minor and Devonport of the tenth precinct with a squad of men were hurrying to the scene of the fight, and ran into another big mob, but several blocks away from the other battleground, and were forced to fight for their lives, there being fully twenty to one; this was a handicap not easily gotten over, hence they were forced to fall back and retreat, constantly fighting every inch of ground.

Just imagine, dear readers, have any of you ever been in such a predicament? Just like a prizefighter getting knocked down, one forgets all, just thinking only of the disgrace of defeat and retreat. The writer has been caught that same way, both in the ring and on the sidewalks of New York. And my heart goes out today to the unfortunate fellow creature that is called upon to fight, with defeat staring him or her in the face. It makes no difference what the contest may be, if one is handicapped and facing defeat, the mental strain is awful, and no doubt many of you know it full well, and maybe like myself have been

through the mill. But God often turns out to be a good commanding chief, as in this case, while these poor fellows were in retreat there were several squads of men hurrying to their assistance from different angles.

The fact that the mob was in possession of the battleground, glorying in having defeated the police, was because many others of their kind were rallying to their assistance, constantly increasing its numbers.

Sergeant McCredie of the fifteenth precinct was running to the fray with a squad of fifteen men, and Sergeant Wolfe of the twenty-eight precinct was also hurrying to the scene, and oh, boys, but they sailed into that bunch of murderers, and after a stiff fight the rioters began to fall back, then turn and run off for their lives. This was an awful day's work for both the police and the rioters, for after all we are all human.

It certainly was a remarkable thing to think of all that brutal day's fighting that not a man lost his life, that is they were all accounted for among the police force, but for the rioters, we cannot speak. It would be a very hard matter to account for them, they stole their dead and buried them, unknown to all but themselves, and they didn't advertise the funerals either.

Sergeant McCredie, with that good old Irish fighting spirit, won for himself that day the name of "Fighting Mac," and he certainly deserved the title. He would call off his men, reorganize them, and shout, "Forward men—do or die," and their old night sticks would fly both right and left among the poor unfortunate rioters who were being misled and fighting a wrong cause, and more's the pity for many good father's and mother's sons went to their death, fighting those bloody battles, and for what?

I assure you my friends that the writing up of all this bloody work is not very pleasing to the writer, who is now advancing in years, and having seen so much of that kind of stuff in his sixty odd years, loves to forget. But having undertaken the work of placing this story before the good men of the present day, I will write of some other cases, but not of all.

Sergeant McCredie and his men met with the stiffest and most obstinate resistance; but discipline and courage enabled the fighting sergeant and his gallant boys to fight their way to Forty-Sixth Street, hoping that they would still find Captain Porter and his men on guard. Disappointed in this expectation the little storming party found that they were hemmed in on all sides by the infuriated crowds, stones raining in on them. Their charges were fiercely resisted at every point.

Nine men of the fifteenth precinct were knocked out completely, and

Officer Bennett was knocked down three times before he ceased fighting, and the last time he laid senseless. In that condition he was stripped of his uniform and savagely beaten. His comrades fought on until at last they drove off the mob and picked up the lifeless form of Officer Bennett, and a few strangers friendly to the police took the body to St. Luke's Hospital, and laid it in the dead house. Of course, bad news flies fast, for his wife was soon at the door of the hospital asking to see the body of her husband. She, being allowed to enter the dead house, threw herself on the body of her supposed dead husband, when lo and behold she sprang to her feet, almost delirious with joy, when she discovered that her husband's heart was beating. Restoratives were used and the faithful fellow recovered, though only after three days of insensibility followed by a long illness.

Officer Travis was also taken to St. Luke's Hospital. He was of the same precinct, and in trying to escape the crowd a big burly fellow, pistol in hand confronted him. Travis clinched with the big brute and captured the gun, but Heavenly Father, he was knocked down and beaten to a jelly. His jaw and right hand were broken, and the mob stripped him naked and beat him up unmercifully. Could a savage from the Fiji Islands do any more?

Officer Phillips also had a terrible run for his life. He disarmed one of the rioters, taking a musket from him, but was overcome by the mob, and a woman grabbed him, stabbing him with a knife. This poor fellow fell from the loss of blood, the demon of a woman having stabbed him twice, and if it was not for several good citizens, the mob would have killed him. It was lucky that these good citizens had some influence with the cowardly crowd, and they carried the policeman away.

Sergeant McCredie was laid low, having been struck with an iron bar by one of the mob, and if it had not been for the fact that a young Irish woman ran through the crowd and threw herself across his fallen body, then poor old "Fighting Mac" would be no more. This fighting Irish blade carried Mac to her home and covered him over with mattresses, while the rioters searched her house from roof to cellar.

Officer Sutherland was also knocked senseless with a brick, and laid out for dead. Officers Mingay, Broughton, and Gabriel were very badly beaten, and Officer Terence Kiernan, after terrible usage, only escaped with his life through the intercession of Mrs. Eagan, whose husband had helped in saving the life of Superintendent Kennedy.

The off platoon of the fifteenth precinct, under Sergeant Thacher, was ordered to reinforce Sergeant McCredie, but arrived only in time to get a severe doing up and a darned rough handling. Officer Bodine was beaten into insensibility and stripped, while Officer Gibbs was brutally beaten and left for dead on the street. Officers Foster and

Didway were also brutally beaten, and their bodies shockingly mangled. The men of the twenty-eighth precinct also suffered severely in this same battle, many of them laid up for repairs.

Sergeant Wolfe, who was the last to retreat, was cut up in all shapes with many cuts on the head. Officer Seibert had an arm, and Officer Holley had a finger, broken. Officers Dapke, Polhamus, Bryan, Bassford, Knight, and Bolman were more or less injured, and subjects for the hospital.

These were not the only collisions between the police and rioters at Forty-Sixth Street. A squad of men had been ordered to report at this same scene from the eighteenth precinct with Sergeant Vosburg in command. This squad was unable to effect a junction with Captain Porter, and after a brief but courageous struggle were forced to retreat. Officer Wynne of this command was severely beaten and stabbed; Officers Larne and Sanderson were badly beaten and stripped of their uniforms.

The men of the thirteenth precinct were badly used up also. At noon Captain Thomas Steers, with Sergeants Bird, Smith, and twenty-five men, marched to the aid of Captain Porter. They got as far as Thirty-Fifth Street, but could penetrate no further through the turbulent crowd. They therefore, retired to the twenty-first precinct station house, then in East Thirty-Fifth Street, and reported to Sergeant Forshay in command. The rioters had been threatening to destroy the building, but decamped, afraid to encounter increased force, brought there by Captain Steers.

Having thus defeated the police in detail, the mob dispersed itself over the city, plundering and burning in all directions, and above all committing frightful atrocities on negroes wherever they were discovered.

Some of the cooler scoundrels among the insurrectionists saw that for any lasting success, arms were absolutely necessary. To secure these a portion of the mob, at about half-past one o'clock, gathered about the large gun factory at Twenty-First Street and Second Avenue, where a great quantity of firearms were known to be in storage. This movement had been anticipated. Early in the afternoon Sergeant Banfield with a squad of men had, by order of Captain John Cameron of the eighteenth precinct, taken possession of the building. Later on they were relieved by the members of the Broadway squad of thirty-two men, under the command of Sergeant Burdick and Roundsmen Ferris and Sherwood. The men reached the factory either singly or in pairs, escaping the notice of the rioters who had gathered to the scene in thousands. Each of the policemen were armed with a carbine and stationed at a window. At last the battle began.

A whirlwind of stones, bricks, and bullets was launched against the doors and windows. The defendants dared not show themselves, and the fire of the mob was not returned. Then an effort was made to burn the building, but without success, and the attack was renewed with greater fury than ever. Presently one of the rioters assailed the office door with a sledge hammer. The mob awaited the result of his efforts, and at last a panel of the door went crashing in. The first man stooped to crawl in when a shot was fired from the inside, and he fell back with a bullet in his skull. The rioters hesitated, but only for a moment. The attack was once again renewed, and Sergeant Burdick sent to Captain Cameron for aid.

He was told that none could be afforded.

"Then I cannot hold the factory," he sent word.

"Draw off your men," was response.

These messages were carried by Sergeant Buckman of the eighteenth precinct in disguise, and at great risk.

The mob had then been held in check four hours, but to hold them off any longer seemed impossible. The only means of retreat, however, were not cut off, and it laid through a hole in the rear wall of the building, about twelve or fourteen inches in size, and eighteen from the ground. Through this hole they squeezed themselves and escaped through a big stone yard. They had hardly got clear of the factory when the rioters broke in seeking their prey. Subsequently the police of the eighteenth precinct were forced to make their scape in plain clothes, reporting to police headquarters, and detailed on picket duty all of Monday night.

CHAPTER III OF PART I

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE DRAFT RIOTS OF 1863

THE CITY SAVED FROM PILLAGE AND ARSON. A DEFIANT AND UN-TERRIFIED MOB. NEGROES HANGED FROM THE LAMP-POSTS AND THEIR BODIES BURNED UP. STATION HOUSES AND PRIVATE DWELLINGS FIRED AND RANSACKED. BRICKS, STONES AND OTHER MISSILES SHOWERED ON THE HEADS OF THE POLICE FROM THE HOUSETOPS. POLICE RETALIATION. ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY UNDER COLONEL O'BRIEN, WHO FACED THE MANY THOUSANDS OF RIOTERS AND ORDERED HIS MEN TO FIRE, AND CHARGE UPON THE HOWLING MOBS. FOLLOWED BY THE POLICE FORCE PRESENT, DRIVING THE MOBS HELTER-SKELTER EVERY WHICH WAY, ON TO THE ROOFS AND INTO THE CELLARS OF THE HOUSES. THE DEATH OF COLONEL O'BRIEN, AND THE BRUTAL TREATMENT OF HIS BODY LYING ON THE SIDEWALK OF SECOND AVENUE, THE DIRTY WORK OF WILD SAVAGES.

So far, we have found the mob victorious at every point. But there is now a complete change to come, and from this time forward the police, aided by the militia, will be found inflicting a series of crushing defeats on the disturbers of the public peace.

The first of these was inflicted by a force of two hundred men under the command of Police Inspector Daniel Carpenter, at the corner of Broadway and Amity Street. Telegrams were sent to all precincts, ordering the commanders to report to police headquarters at three p. m. with the whole of their respective commands. This was one of the first and best acts to put into operation and end this lawlessness. And notice its success. Telegrams were coming into headquarters from the business men all over the city, calling for assistance as the rioters were burning everything in sight. In fact these telegrams were coming so fast that the clerks just could not answer them. Buildings on Broadway and Lexington Avenue were being robbed and fired, the police stations were besieged, and in spite of the efforts of Fire Chief Decker and his men, the colored orphan asylum on Fifth Avenue was wrecked and burned, the poor unfortunate little inmates narrowly escaping with their lives by a back door.

At four p. m. it was announced that a crowd was on its way to burn

down police headquarters, and was then marching down Broadway. This was the moment for action, and Drill Instructor Officer T. S. Copeland, from the available forces, quickly organized a band of two hundred picked fighting men from among the hard worked members of the force, Officer Copeland himself leading, a second in command to Inspector Carpenter.

Inspector Carpenter made a brief speech to the men of his command. He said, "My men, we are going to put down this mob. Take no prisoners, but strike both quick and hard. Forward, march, to Hell or Victory." And quickly up Broadway to meet the rascals that would have the audacity to even murmur that they would destroy police headquarters went good old Dan Carpenter and his fighting Light Brigade. And what did they do? They met the regiment of rioters at Amity Street, who were carrying signs with the following words painted on, "No Draft." They were armed with weapons of all kinds, swords, clubs, crowbars, pitchforks, and weapons of most every conceivable kind. Guns and pistols were very prominent.

They met face to face, and the bloody battle commenced. The men of the police force being encouraged by the remarks of Inspector Carpenter, were willing to fight, and if needs be to die, to preserve the peace, and in two shakes of a lamb's tail the clear voice of Dan Carpenter rang out on that bright sunny day at Amity Street and old Broadway. No veteran of army or navy could issue a command more coolly, just as if he had seen service on the field of battle, at Bull Run, or Mary's Heights.

And the moment the order of, "Come, men, come, men, fight quickly, and take no prisoners," in they went hammer and tongs, and before long had the regiment of rioters backing up and in flight. And later on when the Inspector, gave the second order as follows, "By the right flank, company front, double quick, charge," in an instant the police flew at the rioters again, demoralizing them to such an extent that they lost all control of themselves.

The men were led on by Inspector Carpenter himself, striking the first blow in the fearful fight when he sprang at the leader of the rioters, breaking his skull. This act discouraged the rioters altogether, and they flew for their lives, leaving their comrades lying on the street, bleeding, dying. They threw away the banners they were carrying, and the police chased them for several blocks, they having had enough of Dan Carpenter and his men.

Having cleaned them all up and in good shape, the Inspector sang out to his men, "Fall in," and after he had inspected his men he marched them up Broadway and over to Fifth Avenue to the house of Mayor Opdyke, which also had been threatened with destruction, but



HON. HERMAN A. METZ,

Honorary Police Commissioner, Former Comptroller of the City of New York; Member of Congress, and Colonel of State Ordnance Officers of the National Guard of the State of New York; Colonel of the Officers' Reserve Corps.



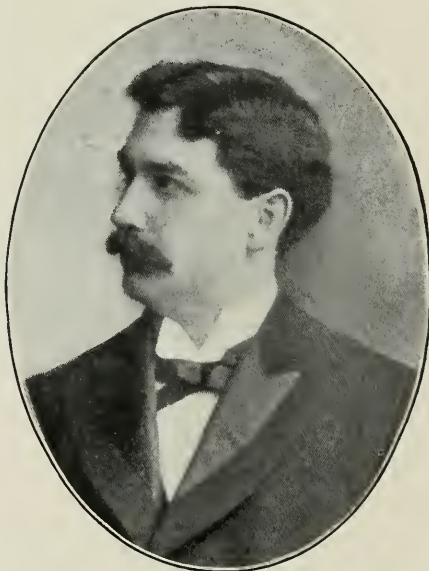
JOHN DALY,
SECOND DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER.



JOSEPH A. FAUROT,
THIRD DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER.



JOHN J. CRAY,
FOURTH DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONER.



ROUNDSMAN RICHARD E. ENRIGHT.
BUREAU OF REPAIRS AND SUPPLIES.

on finding all quiet marched his men back to police headquarters. That great battle at Amity Street decided the fortunes of the city.

After this grand successful battle the defeat of the rioters was but a question of a short time, and some more hard fighting, and the police had won. It was at once demonstrated that the crowds could not stand up in the face of discipline, and they went to pieces particularly when they were forced to trample over the dead body of their own leader.

There were many good fighting records made by the police that day, and among those who had won distinction in that battle were the following: Roundsman Connor of the first precinct; Sergeants McConnell and Garland of the seventh precinct; Sergeants Wade and O'Connor of the eighth precinct; Sergeant Mackey of the fourteenth precinct; Sergeant Roe and Officer Berhebt of the fifteenth precinct,—both of whom captured ringleaders of the riot; also Sergeant Bennett and Officers Doyle, Thompson, and Rhodes of the twenty-seventh precinct.

Officer Doyle knocked down and out the rioters' standard bearer, and Officer Thompson captured the national flag from their hands.

It might be well to state at this time that Amity Street is also famous in the history of New York City as being the fighting ground of the two most famous men of their day. I speak of John Morrissey, leader of the Catholic party, and a former Senator and Congressman, and Bill Poole, leader of the Know-nothing party, and a Washington market butcher by trade. They fought one of the bloodiest fights ever recorded on Amos Street Dock, at the foot of Amity Street, on the North River, Sunday morning, July 26, 1864. This was a cowardly brutal fight and, in my mind, there should be no decision given under the circumstances. The story of the doing of these two famous parties of that day is to my mind interesting and instructive. The writer is compiling the manuscript of "FISTIANA," a history of the prize ring from 1729 to the present day, and hopes to have this work in the hands of the printer shortly.

After the great victory at Amity Street and Broadway, Inspector Daniel Carpenter took a short but well-deserved rest. While the Inspector was resting, Sergeant Copeland organized another fighting battalion of two hundred men, including one hundred men from Brooklyn, then a part of the Metropolitan police force, under the command of Inspector John S. Folk, and with this body of fighting men. Inspector Carpenter marched to the relief of the "Tribune Building" at Nassau and Spruce Streets.

The rioters were very sore at Horace Greeley, owner of the *Tribune*, because of his views as an abolitionist and an advocater of the Civil War. They swore to tear down and burn the building, and would have made good their words, but for the good fighting men of the old fourth

precinct. It was this small body of men that saved the lower part of the city from destruction.

And this is the story. A telegram was received at the fourth precinct station house, No. 9 Oak Street, that a mob of five thousand rioters was then marching down to fire the Tribune Building, and other buildings of like character. The sergeant in command at once sent out a riot call, and every man of the platoon of forty men responded. (You must understand that most of these men were at home enjoying a day off as it were. Under the old two-platoons system, a policeman got a day off every two days.) But please don't get mixed up, this day off constituted twelve hours only, and if you had a case in court, it made no difference you had to be ready to go on patrol at six P. M. every second evening, or to make it plainer, six P. M. one night and twelve midnight, next night, and this after doing a day's work on patrol that same day. Yes it was a tough life to live.

These forty good and well tried policemen, and when I said tried, I am satisfied that I ought to know, for experience makes fools wise; I worked in this same good old precinct long before Dr. Parkhurst came forward in his spirit of reform, and to what extent I really cannot say. This handful of men marched down Chatham Street, on to Printing House Square, and there formed a hollow square and fought back the five thousand rioters, driving them helter-skelter, up through Park Row, holding them there until relief arrived.

To provide against any emergencies the employees of all the newspapers offices were supplied with firearms from the military barracks of Governor's Island, which were brought over by the steamboat squad, Patrolman Blackwell in charge of same and who was held responsible for the safe delivery of them, and great prudence and good judgment was the order of the day.

Captain Thomas W. Thorne of the twenty-sixth precinct (the old City Hall squad) was on duty night and day, protecting the city hall and other buildings, and he was kept busy, I can assure you, keeping five men in citizens' clothes mixing up among the rioters to get much needed information. Captain Bryan of the fourth precinct, and only one-half of his command with Sergeants Rode and Williams was very busy all that day, what with his holding the mob in check at one place and protecting the colored people in another, and preventing the destruction of buildings in another he was hard pressed, waiting for aid.

Trouble broke out in so many different places at the one time that it was very hard to know where to send the reserve force first, and so it went on all of that night and into the next day, the poor unfortunate men having no rest or eats, which is most trying to say the least.

The officers in citizens' clothes obtained much valuable information, reporting to their respective superiors every now and again, thus enabling them to force the fighting in one place and then report to some other spot, and with the several precincts combined they sailed into the crowds. Trouble broke out in the first ward, and Captain Warlow of the twenty-sixth precinct and the men of the first precinct, rushed the crowd and drove them all down to the Battery, many going over the sea wall.

Sergeants Cheery and McCleary of the first precinct ran into a crowd of rioters in New Street, and were severely beaten, but stood their ground until Captain Warlow and his men came to their assistance. Captain Warlow then learned that a crowd had gathered at the post office building on Park Row, and he ran at double quick gait and soon had that mob running in all directions. Sergeant Snodgrass of the second precinct with the reserves ran into another crowd and to the timely assistance of Sergeants Kelly, Esterbrook, and Cornwell, of the same precinct. They might have all been killed, so brutal was the fighting on both sides, with a handicap of at least ten to one of the police, but again the cops won the day. Captain Thorne was knocked down by a heavy blow from one of the crowd who was armed with a big club, and Officer Cowen brought his night stick down on the head of the rioter, knocking him out, thus saving the life of the captain. The rioters fell stunned and bleeding on all sides, and also were many policemen badly hurt. Officer Welling of the first precinct fell with a bullet in the shoulder.

The battle was a desperate one, the police forcing the rioters from Printing House Square up to Frankfort Street. Then the mob took to flight in all directions. Those of the mob that ran across City Hall Park were caught by another squad of policemen on their way to assist in fight, and they beat this part of the crowd up in great style, leaving them lying for dead. By this time Inspector Carpenter and his force of two hundred showed up. They were marching down to relieve Captains Bryan and Thorne.

The Inspector was very busy that day breaking up riots here and there on his march to freedom, and believe me the men of his command were in fine shape, and when they wheeled into City Hall Park, and saw a crowd that was driven off Park Row, they sailed into them and it was a mercy that any one of this crowd outlived the terrible beating received from the fighting brigade of policemen. After this fearful battle peace and quietness reigned for a while, and Inspector Carpenter made City Hall Park his headquarters, ever ready for a call to any part of the city.

While the police were driving the crowds along Park Row that day,

Sergeant Dovoursney, with Officers McWaters and McCord, who were in plain clothes, attempted to stop a gang of the rioters that had come up through Nassau Street for the purpose of again trying to burn the "Tribune Building." They received an awful beating, but held off the mob until assistance arrived and drove the rioters off once more. Officer McCord, unfortunately, was struck down by a brother officer, not recognizing him to be a policeman wearing citizen's clothes in a place of riot and destruction, as was Printing House Square at that time.

The writer of this work was a victim of one of these unfortunate and cruel mistakes, but under different circumstances, as we were on special duty that Sunday afternoon in June, 1897, by orders of Police Commissioner Roosevelt. Two of us were sent out on excise duty, and ran into a saloon where a policeman in citizen's clothes from another precinct was making an excise arrest. I ran to his assistance, he took me to be a friend of the liquor dealer whom he, the officer, had under arrest and resisting. He walloped me over the head with his stick, causing a wound that the ambulance surgeon took seven stitches to close, and I was on the sick list three weeks, receiving but half-pay for same, thereby robbing my wife and family of seven children. But I could tell you more if space permitted about this, to my mind, criminal assault, but I will tell my story later.

Officer Gardiner was wounded by a brick thrown by a rioter. Police Surgeon Kennedy did heroic work showing himself to be both brave, skillful, and efficient, attending to the sick and dying, and all this time under fire.

Just as soon as things quieted down in New York, Inspector Folk withdrew his one hundred members of the fighting battalion and returned to Brooklyn. This act of Inspector Folk weakened the force under Inspector Carpenter considerably. But it turned out that Inspector Folk used rattling good judgment, it being told to him that the people of Brooklyn were about to make trouble. At the sight of Inspector Folk and his fighting forces, whose fighting New York record had traveled before them, these Brooklynites quit cold.

But while Inspector Folk killed the coming trouble in Brooklyn, it was not so in New York. The rioters on hearing that the Brooklyn men had left Inspector Carpenter's command, thereby weakening the same, they again got into harness and swore to get a hunk on the police, and with what result? They gathered a large crowd of their former pals and raided and burned up everything before them in the fourth and sixth wards, hanging the negroes to lamp-posts, and breaking into Brooks Brothers store at the corner of Cherry and Catherine Streets. Captain John Jourdan, who had been busy fighting rioters

all that day, was ordered to take charge and quell this present riot, and with Sergeants Welsh and McGiven, and Roundsman Ryan, they tackled a mob at 42 Baxter Street, and drove them before them. Roundsman Ryan was knocked down but arose and continued to fight on, harder and more vigorously.

Again at six o'clock P.M. the rioters, with many more joining them, returned and made their way to a tenement house at Baxter and Leonard Streets in which lived twenty colored families, but again the police drove them off, after a stormy session of fighting. Being ordered to police headquarters they ran into another mob on its way, and the police again beat them to it, but with great sacrifices. Sergeants Walsh, Quinn and Kennedy were badly wounded. Again the mob returned and tried to set fire to 104-105 Park Street, in which many colored people were living. Sergeant Hopkins was badly wounded in this mêlée, but continued to do duty. Captain John Jourdan returned to the city hall in time to join the command of Inspector Carpenter, and they marched down through the fourth ward, fighting every one that came in their way, quelling four riotous and murderous crowds that were burning up the negro dwellings. Fifty men were left to guard the "Tribune Building"; the rest of them joined the command of Inspector Carpenter on his tour of inspection.

Captain Bryan, whose station house had been attacked by a large force of rioters, with Sergeant Rode and eight men only to protect it, led the expedition. And when they arrived at the station house they found it had been safely protected by the small band of heroes still fighting the big crowd, chasing them down through Oak Street, just reaching this spot in time to drive off another gang just about to set fire to a house full of colored people. Some work for ten men!

The expeditious forces of Inspector Carpenter consisted of the following-named captains and other officials: Captain Green with Sergeants Finney and Robinson, of the third precinct; Sergeant Webb of the same precinct joining them later. Captain Sebring of the ninth precinct, Captain Davies of the tenth, and each of the captains was in command of the men of his precinct, or as many as could be spared. They were joined by Captain Steers of the thirteenth precinct; Captain Brower of the seventeenth; Captain Slott and Sergeants Aldis, Potter and Murphy of the twenty-second; Captain Dixon and Sergeant Groat of the twenty-eighth; Captain Speight of the twenty-ninth; Captain B. G. Lord and the men of the sanitary squad; Captain John J. Mount of the eleventh precinct took the most active part in this expedition, being ordered to take charge of and protect the colored families of Roosevelt Street. Some lone contract!

There were many colored families living on New Bowery and

Roosevelt Street at this time and it was one continuous round of misery, running to put out the fires started by the rioters, who at that time seemed to have lost all control of themselves. There was much serious fighting going on all day, and Officer McMahon was knocked cold by a brick thrown from a roof top in Roosevelt Street, and he was rushed to the hospital.

An incident of this tour will serve to show the ferocity of the crowd. Three colored men took refuge on the roof of a house. The rioters set the house on fire and the unfortunate colored men were obliged to suspend themselves from the roof of the house, hanging by their hands to the coping stone or gable walls. The police searched in vain for ladders, and finally the colored men, in an exhausted condition, were forced to let go their hold and drop to the sidewalk, sustaining serious injuries.

Inspector Carpenter and his command was constantly fighting over in the old sixth ward, the Dead Rabbits making a whole lot of trouble for them, but having driven them off they continued to march from ward to ward, cleaning up all crowds and would-be rioters, a very busy day's work. At eleven P. M. Inspector Carpenter received a telegram stating that the rioters in great force were marching down Broadway to again attack the "Tribune Building." The Inspector at once marched his men downtown and massed them on the east side close to the park gates, facing three companies to the west, from whence the rioters were expected to come, and the balance of his men he posted at different points on the east side. He gave the order to rest up, but to be prepared to fight quickly and to show no mercy. The police were concealed in the darkness, and the rioters were allowed to approach within a hundred yards before Carpenter gave the men the order of, "Up Guards, and at them"; and the police went at the crowd that was five or more to one. This sudden attack and shock were irresistible, and in a few minutes the Park for the second time was strewn with the dead and wounded while those of the rioters that were able fled back up Broadway for their lives. At midnight, Inspector Carpenter and his men, both tired and weary, were relieved by Inspector James Leonard and three hundred and fifty men. Captain Thorne of the twenty-sixth precinct was second in command.

The Inspector with headquarters at the city hall station, held the fort until the following Friday, when the riots were at an end. The rioters never recovered from the beating they received from Inspector Carpenter and his men on the memorable night in City Hall Park, and the leaders had to give up the ghost.

All credit is due to both Inspectors Carpenter and Leonard; their energy and sound judgment, in a measure, contributed to the suppres-

sion of all disorder in the downtown districts of the city. Inspector Leonard had before taken charge of this section of the city, and headed a troop that had fought and defeated a large mob on Monday night at Broadway and Bond Street, a stone's throw from the spot at Amity Street, where Inspector Carpenter won the first glorious victory of the riots.

It would take up too much space in this little book to tell you of the great work done by all concerned in these memorable draft riots, the hardships and pain that our men of the police force were compelled to endure, and all of the glory that each man of the whole outfit had won. Yes, they were all heroes from the Police Commissioner, Thomas C. Acton, down to the doorman of the different precincts. All played their part and are at rest today, I hope, in that heavenly home that we all crave to share some day sooner or later (God willin'), and may the heavens be their bed.

But before closing these chapters relating to the Draft Riots, we cannot but give high praise to Police Inspector Folk and his men. They at once came over from Brooklyn to assist their brothers of New York, and while they were fighting the battles of our New York citizens, trouble was brewing over in Brooklyn, and Inspector Folk lost no time in returning to the famous city of churches, where he read the riot act to the would-be rioters, and to those of them that did not heed his orders, he ordered his men to charge, leaving many of the mob in bad shape.

One of the most serious of the many causes of alarm that the Inspector had to handle was the burning up of the grain elevators of Erie Basin, it is supposed by a gang of laborers, who had mingled with the great crowd and could not be identified. Inspector Folk was a faithful and gallant officer, and to his constant vigilance in Brooklyn, that city owed its immunity from the horrors that had convulsed little old New York.

Inspectors Carpenter and Leonard, in turn, had their work laid out for them to clean up the rioters in the many different parts of the city. Just a few lines about the first most serious great fire of the riots. The colored orphan asylum was attacked by the rioters Monday, July 13, 1863, by a mob of three thousand wild vagabonds and scoundrels. And before four o'clock in the afternoon the whole building was in flames. The asylum at that terrible moment held within its walls two hundred poor colored orphans, who knew nothing of the trouble nor were they responsible for this or any other trouble. The office staff and attendants were also to be considered, but were they? Why, no. Those devils out of hell were running mad for blood, yes the warm red blood of the innocent.

The main building was of four stories, and the wings were of more. Superintendent William E. Davies hurriedly fastened the doors, and while the mob was breaking them in, the children were collected and taken from the building by a rear door, and all were rescued safely. These poor unfortunate motherless children were then removed to the twentieth precinct station house, and there left under the wing of that one great big-hearted fatherly man, Captain George Washington Walling, who took the best care of them before they were removed over to Blackwell's Island, so that they would be far removed from the trouble that was coming.

Every one connected with the institution worked hard in aiding the police and firemen to save the building, but sad to relate the building, and it was one of the best of its day, was a total wreck. The villainous mob prevented the firemen from keeping the flames from spreading, the mob going so far as to assault that grand old fireman Chief Decker, knocking him down twice. The savages went so far as to cry out to the old Chief, "If you don't get the h— out of here we will throw you and your men into the flames." But those threats did not keep the old Chief and his men from working hard to save at least some part of the beautiful structure, but it was not to be.

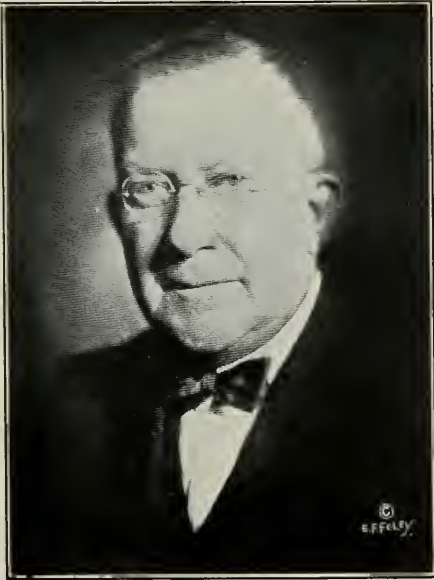
Tuesday, July 14, 1863, the second day of the "Draft Riots," was no less a busy day in other parts of the city. At two A.M. a telegram was received at police headquarters stating that a mob was brutally assaulting a negro and was about to hang him to a lamp-post over on Clarkson Street and the North River. Drill Officer Copeland and one hundred of his picked men at once rushed to the scene of action, and fought off the mob that had built and lit a fire under the unfortunate negro, and was holding a war dance around him. The police cut down the burned carcass of the man, rolled it up in a cloth, and sent it to the morgue, and then sailed into the savage rioters.

It was an awful night of thunderstorms, and raining to beat the band, but Copeland and his men fought all the harder, until they cleared the streets of this wild howling mob. And on their way back to headquarters, the men of the twenty-third precinct received word that their station house on east Eighty-Seventh Street, as well as many of the private houses in the vicinity, were burned by the rioters, and in spite of all that the men of the house tried to do in the matter of saving the telegraph instruments, and other private and public property of the station house, all was destroyed.

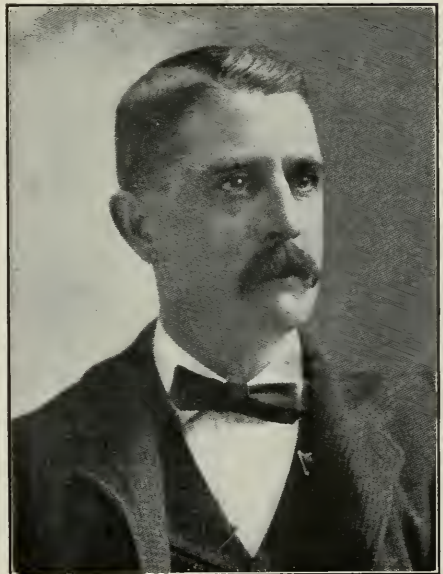
Captain John F. Dickson and his command of the twenty-eight precinct was ordered to Houston and Washington Streets, at which place several houses were set on fire by the mob, staying there until five A. M. They were then ordered to Leroy Street to rescue a colored man named



HON. GEORGE W. OLVANY,
LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL.



HON. CHARLES F. MURPHY
LEADER OF TAMMANY HALL, 1902 TO 1924.



HON. JOHN F. AHEARN,
FORMER BOROUGH PRESIDENT, MANHATTAN,
1904-1909.



Courtesy of Police Magazine

SIR THOMAS LIPTON,
THE WORLD'S FAMOUS IRISH YACHTSMAN, AND HONORARY DEPUTY CHIEF
INSPECTOR.

Williams who was being assaulted by others of the mob, and after driving the mob off they sent Williams to headquarters in a wagon, but he died on the way, his injuries being of a frightful character, to say the least.

Inspector Carpenter reported for duty at six A.M. and this meant another battle, and again he came out victorious. This fight took place over on Second Avenue. The Inspector took his men through Twenty-First Street, and they found that all the streets were blocked with rioters, who were trying to tear down the old station house on Twenty-Second Street. Again the Inspector gave the order to charge the buildings and search them from cellar to roof, and the two hundred and fifty men of his command, after driving every one of the rioters from the buildings, again rushed them for all that they were worth, until they had them all on the run.

This was one of the worst battles of the whole week, police and rioters meeting in the cellars and on the roofs, fighting every step; the police of course doing all they could to obey the commands of Inspector Carpenter as follows, "Take no prisoners, men, but beat them up so that they will no longer be capable of any further mischief."

The scene that ensued cannot be adequately described. Captain Speight and his men led the charge. They were in the rear of the battalion as it wheeled into Second Avenue, but the crowds were closing in on them, when the order was given to aboutface, and then the battle was in earnest, the Captain receiving a knockdown blow from a brick thrown by a big fellow, but he got his. It is indeed a pleasure to me to be writing of the gallant work of the police force that day, but suffice it to say that some of the boys paid dearly for their gallantry.

While the battle was still in progress, Colonel H. J. O'Brien of the Eleventh New York Volunteers arrived on the scene with about fifty men and two howitzers. For a time the mob was overawed, but after the police had marched off, an attack was begun on the soldiers who fired a volley in reply. Several people including a woman were wounded, and the crowd became panicstricken and scattered. Colonel O'Brien and his men marched away. But an hour or two later the ill-starred Colonel returned to the spot alone. They soon recognized the Colonel and rushed at him pell-mell and the rioters thirsting for vengeance, brutally assaulted the Colonel and left him in such a condition that he died on the street. Atrocities too terrible to mention were committed upon the body of the Colonel, and they made a plaything of it for several hours, and this was the end of a brave soldier and commander, Colonel H. J. O'BRIEN.

After driving the rioters off Second Avenue, Inspector Carpenter then marched his men all along the east side over and down Fifth

Avenue, arriving at police headquarters at one A.M. In the meanwhile, stirring scenes had been in progress elsewhere.

When all was quieted, Captain Helme dispatched two sergeants and a squad of men, to recover whatever firearms they could and bring them to the police headquarters building. They seized a cart loaded down with firearms, and were on their way to headquarters when they were overtaken by the mob that had murdered Colonel O'Brien, and with renewed confidence they crowded around the police and the cart loaded with firearms. Well this fight commenced and not a man for one moment flinching, but it is hard to say what the result would have been had it not been for the arrival of Inspector Dilks and two hundred and fifty men who were rushed from police headquarters on the double quick. Inspector Dilks and Captain Helme and their commands then toured over the city up one avenue and down another, fight-here and there, assisted by the militia. Captain George W. Walling, one of the many heroes of the riots, was in charge of the twentieth precinct, and all that week he had his own troubles, both the Captain and his command going both day and night. Captain Walling and his men were constantly marching up and down the east side, up through the Bowery, Third Avenue, and running into all of the principal battles of the riot week, and at one time the Captain killed his man, after which he was much feared by the rioters.

During the week of riots, all of the station houses were left inadequately guarded, and great courage and judgment were shown in their preservation. Sergeants Loudon and McConnell successively took charge of the seventh precinct station house, 247 Madison Street. Sergeant W. B. Wilson guarded the twenty-seventh precinct station house, 117 Cedar Street, against great odds. But as a matter of fact the rioters were not aware of the fact that there were but few men left to guard each station house, or if they had been there would be a different story told than the writer is writing today.

The thirtieth precinct men were so busily engaged in their own big bailiwick that they had no time to go help the others, who certainly needed all the assistance they could get. Captain J. Hartt, aided by Sergeant Blake and other officers of his command, worked very hard to keep the district from being burnt up as Manhattanville was very spacious and needed constant watching. Captain N. R. Mills of the Broadway squad was on his vacation in Oneida County when the riots began, but returned to the city as soon as he heard the sad news, reporting for duty at police headquarters on Thursday evening. On Sunday, the eighteenth, a large body of police under the command of Captain Dickson of the twenty-eighth, started for a tour of the small towns along the Hudson, accompanied by a body of troops. They

remained away three days, and completely subdued all tendencies to revolt that might have existed among the rural population. The day after their return a visit to Staten Island—where there had been some rioting—was made, and on the next day Flushing, L. I., was visited.

It would be unfair to close this story of this troublesome week without a word of praise for the other men who also did some very meritorious work connected with the riots. For instance the detective force worked very hard and they were in danger at all times, rendering valuable service in mixing up with and discovering the plans of the rioters. I will mention a few of those good men that deserve the highest of praise. Besides Chief Young, Officers Bennett, McCord, Farley, Roach, Redford, Smith, Slowey, Dusenbury, Macdougall, Elder, Eustace, Wilson, Kelso, Lieman and O'Keefe many others did notable work. Officer Slowey had been recognized by the rioters and received an awful beating, laying him up for many weeks.

The men of the telegraph bureau also did great work, running here and running there to fix the wires that had been cut by the rioters, constantly endangering their lives, while they were very often in disguise impersonating some of the rioters to avoid loss of life or limb. Among these gallant fellows were Superintendent Crowley and staff as follows: Messrs Eldred, Polhamus, Charles L. Chapin, John A. K. Duvall, and James A. Lucas. Captain Lord and Officers Johns, Van Orden, and McTaggart of the sanitary police, were singled out for commendation; also Officer Wells of the Broadway squad for the kindness and humanity shown by them to the unfortunate negroes, protecting them and saving them from death around the Astor House on Monday of that week.

Honorable mention was also given to Clerks Daniel B. Hasbrouck, George Hopcroft, Horace A. Bliss, and Alexander Stewart, messenger of police headquarters. George Hopcroft was still on duty when the writer joined the force, and a grand old gentleman George was.

There were eighteen men killed by the rioters, eleven of whom were colored. Officer Dipple was killed by accident, having been shot at the time that the militia opened fire on the rioters; but the rioters killed and wounded numbered twelve hundred.

Ex-Governor Seymour, who occupied the gubernatorial chair at the time of the riots, was nominated for the presidency in Tammany Hall, July, 1868, and who was in this city in his official capacity assisting in restoring order, bears this willing and appreciative testimony to the valuable services rendered by the members of the New York police force during the terrible days of riot and murder:

"The draft riots of 1863 were put down mainly by the energy, boldness, and skill of the men of New York's police department. In

saying this I am certainly not influenced by prejudice, for the men of the police force were politically, and in some degree personally, unfriendly to myself. In fact in their reports they have not seen fit to mention of any coöperation on my part with their efforts. But they did their duty bravely and efficiently. They proved that the city of New York could, by its police alone, in the absence of its military organizations, cope with the most formidable disorders. I do not know of any history where so many desperate men were shot down and mainly by the police of the city.

"More than a thousand of the rioters were killed or wounded to death, and yet so little justice has been done the members of the police force of this city, that many think it was protected by the forces of the United States. In fact the navy yard, the vast amounts of military stores of the general government, and its money in the sub-treasury, were mainly protected by the civil officers. They were well protected while the military organizations were absent in Pennsylvania, in answer to an appeal from the government of the United States, our state military troops were sent to help it against the invasion of the late General Lee and his troops."

Even good old General Grant, in one of his papers, spoke of the riots in New York as an occasion when the general government had helped state or local authorities to maintain peace and order. I wrote the General, correcting this error, and I am pleased to say that he, General Grant, received my communication in a spirit of courtesy and fairness that ever marks the character of an honorable man. It is now time that justice should be done to the city of New York, and the men of its police force in this matter, and in hopes that such justice may be done I repeat these words.

General Harvey Brown, in relinquishing his command said that having, during the riots, been in immediate coöperation with the police department of this city, he desired the privilege of expressing his unbounded admiration of it. "Never in our civil or military life have we seen such untiring devotion and such efficient service."

To the president of the police board, Thomas C. Acton, and Police Commissioner Bergen, he offered his thanks for their courtesy to him, and their kindness to his command. "The only merit I can claim," concludes General Brown, "in the performance of the duty which has given me the high distinction of your approbation, is that of an honest singleness of purpose in recording the very able and energetic efforts of the President of the Metropolitan police, Mr. Acton, to whom, in my opinion, more than to any other one man, is due the credit of the early suppression of the riots."

Governor Seymour, in his annual message in referring to the riots,

says, among other things, that a dispatch was sent to him from Mayor Opdyke, informing him of the outbreak that had just taken place on the thirteenth day of July, the first day of the riots. The governor reached the city the following morning, and found it in a wild state of agitation, excitement, and violence on all sides. The militia were ordered to return immediately from Pennsylvania, and a proclamation was issued. "To the people of the City of New York. Riotous proceedings," the governor's proclamation read, "must and shall be put down. The laws of the State must be enforced, its peace and order maintained, and the lives and property of its citizens protected at any and all hazard. It behooves all citizens to stand by the constituted authorities, sustaining law and order in the city, and ready to answer any such demands as circumstances may render necessary for me to make upon their services, and they may rely upon a rigid enforcement of the laws of this State against all who violates them."

The city was declared to be in a state of insurrection. It was divided into districts that were placed under the control of persons of and with influence or military experience, who were directed to organize the citizens. The governor likewise obtained from the collector of the port the service of an armed vessel to patrol the rivers and bays in the vicinity of New York, and he authorized the police commissioners to charter another steamer that could be used to transfer policemen and soldiers to any point on the shores of the islands where disturbance threatened.

"In the sad and humiliating history of the event," to quote from Governor Seymour's annual message, "it is gratifying that the citizens of New York, without important aid from the State or Nation, were able themselves to put down this dangerous insurrection.

"I do not underrate the value of the services rendered by the military or naval officers of the general government who were stationed in the city or those of General Sandford, for the public is under great obligations to them for their courage and prudent counsels. But they had at their command only a handful of troops, who alone were entirely unequal to the duty of defending the vast amount of public property that was endangered. The rioters were subdued by the exertion of the city officials, civic and military, the people, the police, and the firemen, and a small body of twelve hundred men, composed equally of the State and National forces."

In this report to Governor Seymour, General Wood said: "The city police force from the beginning, under the able command of the police officials and other officers of its organization, displayed throughout the whole riot not only a willingness, but great efficiency, in their noble exertions to quell the riot. For this and their harmonious coöperation

with the troops engaged in the same cause, they deserve the warmest thanks for every lover of law and order, and my high commendations for their whole conduct on this trying and painful occasion."

The loss to the city of property was not much short of three million dollars. Over fifty buildings were burned including the colored orphan asylum, two police stations, and three provost marshal's offices. A great number of dwellings were sacked. Fifteen hundred rioters were either killed or died of their wounds. The whole history of the week was disastrous in a degree that, it is to be hoped, our dear old city will never see again.

During the week following the riots the police commissioners issued an address to the members of the police force, as follows:

"We are proud of the good work done by our Inspectors, Captains, and Sergeants who led their men in every charge made to break up the riots, like the good and brave men that you are, and we are proud to say that not a man faltered or failed. Each of you was equal to the hour of emergency. Not one of you failed to overcome the danger, however near, or to defeat the enemy, however numerous. Especial commendations is due to Drill Sergeant Copeland for his most valuable aid in commanding the large bodies of men."

He paid great attention to the movements of each police detachment:

"The Patrolmen, who were on duty, fought through the numerous and fierce conflicts with the steady courage of veteran soldiers, and have won, as they deserve, the highest commendations from the public and from this the Board of Police Commissioners. In their ranks there was neither faltering nor struggling. Devotion to duty and courage in the performance of it were universal. The public and the department owe a debt of gratitude to the citizens who voluntarily became Special Policemen, some three thousand of whom, for several days and nights, did regular patrolmen's duty with great effect. In the name of the public, and the department of which they were volunteers, we thank them. Mr. Crowley, the superintendent of the police telegraph, and the men attached to his department, showed untiring and sleepless vigilance in transmitting information by telegraph unceasingly through more than ten days and nights, have more than sustained the high reputation that they have at all times possessed.

"Through all of those bloody contests, through all the wearing fatigue and wasting labor, you have demeaned yourselves like worthy members of the Metropolitan police. The public judgment will both commend and reward you. A kind Providence has permitted you to escape with less casualties than could have been expected. It is hoped that the severe but just chastisements which have been inflicted on

those guilty of riot, arson, pillage, and murder will deter further attempts of that character.

"Sergeant Young of the detective force aided by Mr. Newcomb, and other special patrolmen, rendered most effective service in arranging the commissary supplies for the large number of police, militia, and special policemen, and destitute colored refugees, whose subsistence was thrown unexpectedly on the police department. The duty was arduous and responsible, and was performed with vigor and fidelity. All the clerks of the department, each in his sphere, performed a manly share of the heavy duties growing out of those extraordinary circumstances."

Twenty of the rioters were arrested, indicted, and convicted in general sessions. The aggregate term of their imprisonment was about one hundred years. According to the records at police headquarters three policemen lost their lives. A great city was for a time in the grasp of robbers and cut-throats, and the very existence of the Republic imperiled. But the battle had been valiantly waged and won. Had the rioters succeeded in overpowering the police and militia, and gained possession of the city for but one hour, there is no calculating what irreparable calamities might have, as a consequence, befallen the city and nation. It is safe to assume that similar riotous proceedings would have taken place in other large cities of the North, and thus the drafting would have been at once brought to an end, with the enemy almost within sight of the seat of government. But happily all this was averted. Had it not been so, who can say how the Civil War would have terminated?

The following proclamation was issued by Mayor Opdyke:

"The riotous assemblages have been dispersed. Business is running on in its usual channels. The various lines of omnibuses, railroad, and telegraph have resumed their ordinary operations. Few symptoms of disorder remain except in a small district in the eastern part of the city, comprising a part of the eighteenth and twenty-first wards. The police are everywhere alert. A sufficient militia is now here to suppress any and all illegal movements however formidable. Let me exhort you, therefore, to pursue your ordinary business. Avoid all crowds especially. Remain quietly at your homes, except in business hours or when assisting the authorities in some organized force.

"When the militia appear on the street, do not stop to inspect them but keep right on walking, and rest assured that they are doing their duty, as ordered by their superiors. Your homes and your places of business you have a perfect right to defend, and it is your duty to defend them at all hazards. Yield to no intimidation and to no demand for money as the price of your safety. If any person warns

you to desist from your regular business, don't pay any attention to him or her, give no heed to the warning, but place them under arrest and take them to the station house and charge them with conspiracy. Be assured the police have the ability and the will to protect you from those who have conspired against you, or the laws that your representatives have enacted.

"GEORGE OPDYKE, MAYOR."

Thus ends the record of the draft riots. They leave a great lesson to the people as to the utter futility of mob violence. They carry a lesson to the police and the civic authorities as to the value of a well-organized and well-disciplined band of public guardians.

And after peace was once more a fact, the people commenced to shower honors and praise on the men of the force who had so faithfully fought and saved their homes and factories from instant destruction. And this good spirit of friendliness between the citizens and their protectors carried on, until the unfortunate Lexow Committee came to rule or ruin the city government by a so-called exposure, and again the public forgot the past, more's the pity! for the knockers who had taken a back seat came out of their holes in 1895, just as they did again in 1923. But in spite of all this continued knocking and abuse, I found that the good thinking people of this, and other cities, that I visited respected and praised the police department of the city of New York, and I sure was glad to hear all the fine things said of New York and her police force.

And it made no difference to what city I went, it was just the same. "Oh, Chief, we have an old New York policeman with us, he is paying us a friendly visit. Invite him to the house, so that he can tell us the story of our good brothers of New York." Yes, dear readers, that's just the kind of a reception, it made no difference whether it was in London, Paris, Dublin, Cork, New Orleans, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Denver, Chicago, Buffalo, and other cities too numerous to mention, and I traveled through all those mentioned, and in the order named, and I found the same welcome in all, simply because I was a New York copper, and could tell the stories so much looked for from an old New York policeman of the good old days of A.D. before Dr. Parkhurst, and the so-called reformers of today. Oh, yes, you know them, I know them, the world knows them, and Heavenly Father! they don't know themselves. I would like to give these gentlemen a quiet tip: pack up and go join frosty-face Kaiser Bill, and shut themselves up in that monkey house in Holland, for all time and good riddance to bad rubbish.

I remember back in 1916, we then had reformers, from the mayor

down, and they were all running to Albany to pass an act to take away from us, the police and fire forces of this great city, the right of appeal; that is they wanted the power to put a man out on the streets and that without a hearing. But they got badly fooled, and we the police and firemen of this the Empire City of the world are happy, living in harmony with our people, while those reformers have died and gone to the devil knows where?

CHAPTER I OF PART II

SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON WALLING "THE MAN." HIS LONG AND HONORABLE CONNECTION WITH THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THIS GREAT CITY DATING FROM 1847 TO 1885, EARNING HIS PROMOTION FROM PATROLMAN TO SUPERINTENDENT BY SHEER ACTS OF COURAGE AND BRAVERY, FOR A BETTER POLICEMAN NEVER DREW THE BREATH OF LIFE, DOING GREAT WORK IN THE DAYS OF THE TERRIBLE DRAFT RIOTS, KILLING HIS MAN, AND MAIMING MANY OTHERS, FOR THIS GOOD AND PEACE-LOVING MAN WAS FORCED TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE AS WELL AS THAT OF THE PEOPLE.



We now arrive at one of the most interesting points of this writing recording the life, trials, and tribulations of Superintendent George Washington Walling, one of the greatest policemen of his or any other time, and I write this little story as a mark of respect to his son, Police Captain Edward S. Walling, of the present-day force, my old skipper, and a good one at that. Also to the Walling family of Keyport, New Jersey, whom I have been fortunate enough to meet, once in Walling Hall on the pretty Jersey coast.

George Washington Walling first saw the light of day in that pretty little village of Keyport, Monmouth County, New Jersey, on the banks

of the Raritan Bay, about twenty-four miles from New York. Young Wash. Walling, like thousands of other good boys, was not born with a gold or silver spoon in his mouth, hence he had a hard road to travel, but he was honest, willing, and strong, and he succeeded in life as will all young men of like character; the present Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright for example; their early start was about equal. Young George went to school in his native town, but for a short time only, when he was forced to leave school and face the world, as did many of the world's greatest men of today and yesterday.

I know of many who were in this same boat, myself included. Here are a few of the men whom I know personally that had to face the world on a shoestring, but they all succeeded, and they delight to relate the story of how they did it, so as to encourage others who may follow. Sir Thomas J. Lipton, the world's greatest yachtsmen, arrived at Castle Garden with about six bits in his pocket, and here he is today a multi-millionaire, and is spending his money to educate the world, and aiding and assisting his fellow man, and humanity in general.

Another wonderful example is the present governor of New York State, the Honorable Alfred E. Smith, and the most talked of man for the presidency of these United States today. Al Smith, as I know him, was born on the river front of little old New York, of a poor but honest father and mother, and the world knows that young Al Smith succeeded, and he did not have to leave New York to do so, as did many of us who had to leave our home towns.

Young Wash. Walling, first went to work for a farmer, working very hard both late and early, and after getting a few dollars together went to sea for a living, and then joined a small freighter plying between Keyport and New York. And this same young man was shortly after seen knocking at the door of the then police central office, being appointed a policeman December 22, 1847, and assigned to the old third precinct of Manhattan. This, his first real start in life, gave young Walling a chance to show the kind of metal he was made of, and the following story proves this fully.

Officer Walling was assigned to patrol Broadway. One fine evening a crowd of noisy young men came along, and the young policeman stepped up to them and said, "You men must stop this loud talking, you are disturbing the peace. The good people are sleeping and must not be awakened by you." One of the six men stopped was a William Harrington, a noted scrapper of that time, a tough as it were, and in my experience little old New York has never been without its tough men, but the tough men of the past were a much more decent crowd of men, than the so-called tough of today. The tough men of the past had some decency in them, they would give a fellow a square deal; but

the mongrels of today will take all kinds of dirty chances to get their man, resorting to the gun or knife, but the men of the past would use God's weapons—the fist.

"Oh, go on," said Harrington, "there are six of us here, so how are you going to stop us of our fun?" "Well, now, see here," said Officer Walling, "I am here to do my duty, and I shall try to arrest some of you at least, if you insist in keeping up this disturbance, so go on your way quietly."

Harrington was so much surprised at the coolness and determination of young Walling, that he walked away from the gang and said, "By God, I will help you." The young fellows saw that Walling meant business and went on their way quietly. That was just one instance of the grit of this poor Keyport boy, but there are more to follow, and this same determination was responsible for his future promotions.

In September, 1853, Wash. Walling was promoted to captain and assigned to the eighteenth ward. Wash. Walling held the title of captain when the Metropolitan police force was established, and you have learned from previous chapters the story of Mayor Fernando Wood in his fight against the state and Captain Walling's connection with same. Later on during the Quarantine Riots, Captain Walling was ordered to report there with a force of men numbering one hundred, and he again discharged his duty in such an admirable manner that he again was accorded official praise. On Captain Walling's return to the city he was assigned to take charge of the fourth precinct, and by a strange coincidence it was in this same precinct, No. 9 Oak Street, that I also served under Captain Ed. Walling, the son of our hero. Captain Ed. Walling was relieved by Captain Ed. Toole, October 23, 1906, the day of my retirement from the force. I shall never forget the kindly words of both Captain Walling and my esteemed friend, Captain Ed. Toole, that day when bidding them good-bye, for as the old saying goes, "Kind words can never die." Captain Toole died in 1924.

Captain George W. Walling walked into the station house, said, "Good-evening, gentlemen," entered his name on the blotter and buckled on his harness, and said, "Well, here I am, and I have come here to do police duty, and by Heavens, it will be done." And sure enough, Captain Walling went through the precinct and cleaned it up. Captain Walling having cleaned up the old Fourth was again transferred to the old Sixth precinct, and he was requested to clean that precinct up also. It goes without saying it was cleaned up all right. Captain Walling was such a fatherly man that every man Jack of his commands would go through hell's fire to serve him. Yes and that's the case when one has a good skipper, we do or die.

Captain Walling made such a record for himself cleaning up all the

precincts asked of him, that the Police Commissioners were considering for him further promotion, and with that one thought in mind the Captain was transferred to police headquarters, and given charge of the detective bureau. Captain Walling was in charge of detectives, and having done such good in that as well as in all positions, the Commissioners again looked around to further promote him, hence he was promoted to the position of inspector, November 21, 1866. Eight years after this Inspector Walling was promoted to the highest position in the gift of the Commissioners, that of superintendent of police. This was the honor conferred upon the poor young fellow who had started out to make good, and the police records show that he filled the bill from A to Z.

I will write of a few of his many deeds while he was working for the good clean record that in after years brought about his many promotions in the ranks of the 'Finest,' yes, and it is admitted by all to be the greatest police force the world over. At one time Wash. Walling was transferred as a patrolman to do duty in the old Tomb's Police Court, and was doubled up with another good detective, William Shadbolt. There were many burglaries going on at the time, and the case of which I am writing stood out more than any other, it being looked upon as a celebrated case, and the following are the particulars of same.

A job was turned off at Maiden Lane and John Street, below what is today known as the "dead line" that was mapped out years after by Inspector Byrnes in about the year 1883. Walling and Shadbolt were put on this job that was pulled off on a Saturday night, and the only clue left them was a button of a coat that the crooks left behind them in their hurry to make a getaway. John Reed, another clever detective, was given the case as a member of the detective bureau, and it was he who found the button, in question, and knew the button to be of a peculiar make that could be found only on a certain make of swell clothes, but not very fashionable at the time. Detective Reed, having satisfied himself that none of the employees of the firm wore clothes of the kind that he was looking for, took up the matter with Chief Matsell, and he came to the conclusion that the button in question was left behind by one of the burglars. The Chief summoned all members of the Detective Bureau before him, and showed the button to each man, and ordered them to watch all persons who passed in or out of the Tombs and other courts. Of course my readers understand that there was no line-up then as we have today, and a man going out on a case was forced to dig up every piece of good judgment and diplomacy at his command to be successful.

Court Officers Walling and Shadbolt, on their usual rounds of crook hunting, entered the old Bowery Pit, a well-known theater of that

time. In their inspection of the gallery they spied three young fellows, one of whom wore a suit of clothes that looked so much like the one worn by the burglars on the night of the burglary. Officer Walling took a seat alongside the three fellows, and Shadbolt wandered around the gallery looking for information or crooks. Walling sat there for a while, and, pretending to look at the program, observed the clothes worn by the fellow beside him. Sure enough, there was a button missing from his coat.

Walling and Shadbolt talked the matter over, and Walling followed the three young men, leaving Shadbolt at the theater to be called for later. The three crooks walked down Chatham Street (now Park Row), to a lodging house situated on Duane and Chatham Streets, about where that old time celebrated "Sweeny's Hotel," stood later, in fact the same old building stands there today. (The writer remembers waiting on the late Charles Stewart Parnell, the Irish leader, in that same hotel, I think it was in 1883.) Officer Walling being satisfied that those were the three young men wanted, sent a citizen friend up to the Bowery Pit to tell Shadbolt to come at once, and he, Walling, continued to cover the house in which the men had gone to sleep. Officers Walling and Shadbolt consulted and came to the conclusion that they were the men wanted and while Walling was to shadow the lodging house, Shadbolt was to report to John Reed for advice as to what steps should be taken before making any arrests.

They held a conference in Chief Matsell's office, deciding to make the arrests at daybreak, and another good old detective was added to the party in the person of John Wade, a man who had seen long service on the force, and whose judgment was often consulted. Officers Walling and Shadbolt entered the lodging house and, making their business known to the proprietor, went upstairs. They knocked at the door of the sleepers who were all in the one bed. One of the three got up and opened the door, and after looking out he said to his pals, "The cops are here."

They were foolish enough to try and make a getaway, until Shadbolt had taken a hold of one, and Walling had a hold of the other two, picking them up like babies, banging their heads together until they cried for mercy. They were questioned again and again, after being taken to Central Office, each time denying the crime charged to them until Wash. Walling had grabbed a hold of the same two, banging their heads together, did they come across, pleading guilty to this and many other burglaries, or eleven all told. They were tried and convicted and sentenced to serve three years and six months. All the goods stolen were recovered in a fence on Centre Street, and that is the end of the celebrated button case.

Of course it does not look much of a case today, we have many in which a button is the convicting point, but at the time it was looked upon as a remarkable one. Suffice it to say that Chief Matsell recognized the ability of Wash. Walling by having him transferred to his office.

I will cite for you a few of the many interesting cases that came in the life of George Washington Walling, the cop on Broadway.

Broadway, around Park Place, was a very hard spot to do police duty away back in the early fifties, especially for a greenhorn in the police game. It called for a well seasoned old policeman, one that was full of good judgment and diplomacy, yes a bit of a con man, to get along with the gamblers that resorted in big Tom McCann's gambling house that stood on Park Place near Broadway.

This, my friends, was the cursed time of Knownothingism, a time when a Roman Catholic had to fight for his existence, for it was often said by these Knownothing bullies, "I can lick any man that don't eat meat on a Friday," and other such damnable remarks. And that is where Wash. Walling, a newcomer into this city, had to do his first patrol duty, and listen and I will tell you how he did it, and it was not by being afraid. No, no, Wash. Walling knew no fear, and after reading these stories, you, like the writer, will often wonder how he ever lived through it all, but, he did and why? It is an old and true saying, "The world loves a hero," and those hard and tough men of that day learned to love and respect young Wash. Walling.

Walling was patrolling Broadway the night that Tom Hyer, America's heavy weight champion, ran foul of James Sullivan of Bandon, Cork, Ireland, alias (Yankee Sullivan), winding up by Hyer giving Sullivan a terrible beating in a basement at the corner of Park Place and Broadway. This fight brought about the one for the heavy weight championship of America between Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan. This was one of the bloodiest fights on record. After fighting like a pair of dogs, Tom Hyer won. And it is recorded that Officer Walling did good police duty that same night, never for a moment showing the white feather.

Sometime after that fight Tom Hyer held a revolver in his hand, and was in the act of putting a cap into it."

"Put that revolver up," shouted Officer Walling.

"Who the H— are you," Tom Hyer shouted back.

"I am not going to get killed. You come along with me," said Patrolman Walling.

Tom Hyer did just as he was ordered to do by this gallant young police officer, who had entered the saloon, and taking the champion by the arm walked him out the back door, and up to Broadway. Tom Hyer crossed City Hall Park and entered 25 Park Row, the meeting

place or headquarters of the famous Bowery Boys, and spent the evening with Captain Rynders and his followers, while Officer Walling patrolled his post. Was not that a brave act? Well you can go tell the world it was.

There were several such acts in the life of Patrolman Wash. Walling, and he was always there to meet whatever might come along, he never took water, and this won for him a great name among the gamblers.

And I was told by members of his own family that Tom Hyer never once forgot the actions of this brave young officer, and that the champion was often seen visiting the Wallings, and this continued until the death of Tom Hyer, the first American champion of "FISTIANA," the noble art of self-defence, or "Hit, stop, and getaway."

Yankee Sullivan was afterwards put to death by the "Vigilant Committees" of San Francisco in 1856, and lies buried in a small grave in the churchyard of the "Mission Dolores," in the mission district of San Francisco, and while visiting the exhibition or exposition of San Francisco in 1915, I visited the grave of that unfortunate man, he being born in the County of Cork, my own county in Ireland. I prayed at his grave.

Another one of those same escapades that happened while Mr. Walling was on post duty, which may be of interest to my readers, as I presume that most any of these episodes are to my old New York friends. One evening in April, 1854, John Morrissey, the famous leader of the Catholic party of New York that was trying to hold its own with the then Knownothing party, sauntered into big Tom Burns' gambling hell on Park Place, and with him were two of his faithful followers, Johnny Ling and Pardeen O'Leary, both good men of the time. It appears that John Morrissey and Tom Burns were paying attention to the same woman, and Morrissey had just taken a seat when Burns, who had the backing of Bill Poole and his Knownothing followers, jumped at Morrissey, and this brought on a very bitter fight. They clinched and rolled over and over the floor, upsetting the big old-fashioned stove, the red hot coals spreading over the floor on which the men were fighting.

Burns being the bigger and stronger of the two rolled Morrissey into a big pile of the burning coal, kept him there until the flesh was burning off his face, and then Johnny Ling and O'Leary jumped in to pick Morrissey up, and this caused a free for all, or a fight to a finish by the friends of both fighters. But good old John Morrissey jumped to his feet and continued the fight, licking the big brute, Tom Burns, to his heart's content.

It was from this terrible fight that John Morrissey was forever

after known as Old Smoke, but after this fight he was feared by all, and he and his party were given a clear road forever after up Broadway to the "City Hotel" or to "Stanwix Hall," the headquarters of the Knownothing party, where Bill Poole was killed in one of the fights later on.

This young police officer made several arrests that night, and the men of the day could not understand how a young man like Officer Wash. Walling would dare to mix up with and arrest men of that character, but he did.

Then later on came the Draft Riots, and young Wash. Walling had been promoted up the line. At this time he was a police captain, and while Captain Walling was walking on Third Avenue, he was informed that the people were opposing the draft and were marching on the Arsenal on Seventh Avenue, to burn it down, after stealing the ammunition and stores. Captain Walling hurried back to the station house on Thirty-fifth Street, sent out an emergency call to his command both on and off duty, and then came an order from central office to rush his men to the Arsenal, and to hold the fire lines until relieved by the militia. The captain then marched his command of eighty men back to his precinct, and awaited further orders from police headquarters, holding his men ready for any emergency. Captain Walling was then ordered to report with his command to police headquarters forthwith, and hiring busses. He was very soon on the job, receiving orders to report to the city hall and elsewhere. I stated before how he covered the east side.

Captain Walling ran into a mob of some two thousand wild men that were burning up the residences on Fifth Avenue, and while all that his command consisted of was eighty men, he gave the order to charge, but take no prisoners, dashing into a very uneven fight, but winning. After driving all before them, scattering the mob right and left, he marched his men over to Eighth Avenue, and while standing on the corner of Thirty-Fifth Street and Eighth Avenue, he saw a husky fellow breaking into a store with a cart rung, and without waiting for an explanation from any one the Captain dashed into the mob and struck the fellow a blow from which he fell into the gutter and laid there. This brave act of Captain Walling put the fear of God into the hearts of the rioters, and they fled for their lives every which way they could safely, leaving the Captain and his command behind them. A doctor was sent for and he just looked down on the face of the man, and said, "That man is past all doctor's aid, he is dead." And without going any further in the doings of Captain Walling, I am sure that I have offered enough evidence to prove my case, that he was a

fearless, upright officer of the law, George Washington Walling, "The Man."

There were many testimonials presented to Captain and Superintendent Walling, and his family are prouder of them today than ever. I might say a few words before closing about the Walling family whom I have had the good fortune to meet. I have written up the story of my working under Captain Ed. Walling, son of this great man, G. W. Walling, and the Police Captain Walling of today is a veteran of the Civil War, and a fighter every inch.

It was while stopping with Recorder and Justice of the Peace, Hon. Frank Mulford of Fairhaven, New Jersey, in 1917, that I mentioned the name of Walling. I think it was in speaking of Captain Ed. Walling, my old skipper, that the Judge warmed up and said, "Why Mr. Hickey, the Wallings are my boyhood friends, in fact I was the schoolmaster of these Walling boys. Come, we will ride over to Keyport and see them." We arrived at Keyport, and met the many members of the Walling family and a nobler and more representative family it has never been my good fortune to meet, and I told them of my connection with that part of the Walling family that is uncle Captain Ed. Walling, and that I was hoping some day to write up a story of the good old Superintendent, G. W. Walling.

Nothing was too good for Judge Frank Mulford and your humble servant on the shore of beautiful Jersey that day. One member of the Walling family was the chief sitting magistrate of Keyport, and other members are also holding positions of honor in that pretty little hamlet by the sea. We were taken into Walling Hall and feasted, and introduced to all the business men of the town, the chairman of the business men's committee, Mr. Ike Johnson, delivered an address of welcome to Judge Mulford and I, and before leaving we had to promise all present that we would return to renew our friendships at some not far distant date. The writer promised to return with the Hon. Judge Mulford some day, but not until the book spoken of is printed and ready for publication.

The remarks of the writer were received with cheers and we were escorted to the town boundary line, bidding good-by to the Wallings of Keyport to return to Judge Mulford's handsome residence in Fairhaven, New Jersey. Not long afterwards I ran into Police Captain Walling, the son of the old superintendent, and I told him the story, and he was highly amused, and Captain Walling said to the writer, "John, I hope that you are successful in printing and publishing this work, for it will be highly interesting in more ways than one, and if I can give you any assistance you just call me up. You know, John, that there has not been a book of that description printed since the book

printed in 1885, dedicated to Inspector Tom Byrnes. So that there is no reason why this book should not be a good seller, and I wish you every success."

I again met Captain Walling and his family at the carnival given by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of the City of New York at Madison Square Garden, January 31, 1925, and he asked me how the book was progressing, and I said I hoped to have the manuscript in the hands of a printer in a few weeks.

CHAPTER II OF PART II

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR REMOVES THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS, HE NOT BEING AT ALL SATISFIED WITH THEIR WORK, AND APPOINTS A NEW BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS. THIS ACT OF THE GOVERNOR'S CAUSED QUITE A RUMPUS AND THE MATTER WAS TAKEN TO THE COURTS, MAKING MORE TROUBLE FOR THE CITY. THE GOVERNOR WAS WELL WITHIN HIS RIGHTS, THE PEOPLE TO A MAN STANDING WITH HIM, GOING SO FAR AS TO NOMINATE HIM FOR THE OFFICE OF PRESIDENT IN 1868, RUNNING AGAINST AND BEATEN BY THE WAR HERO, GENERAL GRANT

In the spring of 1869, the Police Board consisted of Thomas C. Acton, Joseph A. Bosworth, Benjamin F. Manierre, and Thomas J. Barr.

July, 1870, Benjamin Nathan was murdered on 23d Street near Fifth Avenue.

December 4, 1872, the Fifth Avenue Hotel burned, there were many lives lost among the female help.

January 1, 1873, the Fifth Avenue Theater burned, causing a great loss of property and scenery, but fortunately no lives.

The population of New York in 1873 was one million, with a police force of one thousand one hundred, or about one policeman to every sixty-nine persons. Some protection!

March 8, 1877, there was a terrible loss of life in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis Xavier, on West Sixteenth Street today, for while the faithful were at mass a small boy shouted fire, fire, which turned out to be a false alarm.

The Labor Riots of 1877 were of a serious character, and caused much damage to property all over the city.

June, 1879, Mrs. Jane Hull, the wife of Dr. Hull, a prominent New York physician, was murdered by a colored man servant at 140 West 42d Street, his purpose being robbery. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and hanged for the crime.

March 12, 1888, the great blizzard struck New York, at one A. M., and brought with it terrible ruin and destruction, with much loss of life and property.

A terrible cold wave struck New York in the winter of 1918, the mercury dropping as low as thirteen below zero. Some cold for little old New York!



PATRICK CARDINAL HAYES,
ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK AND FIRST CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF OF THE
UNITED STATES FORCES.



MONSIGNOR JOHN P. CHIDWICK,
HERO OF THE MAINE; FIRST POLICE CHAPLAIN, 1905.



REV. FATHER WM. E. CASHIN,
PASTOR OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH; PAROLED FROM
SING SING.



Courtesy of Political News Magazine

JOHN J. HICKEY,
CHAMPION LONG DISTANCE RUNNER OF POLICE DEPARTMENT, 1893-1905



THE CHAMPIONS OF THE POLICE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF GREATER NEW YORK IN NEWPORT, 1905. J. J. HICKEY, MANAGER.

The total eclipse of the sun took place here last week, or January 27, 1925, and it had the whole country guessing, many being afraid to go to sleep. And strange to say that although we were in total darkness, there was not a single watch stolen, for Police Commissioner Enright had every man on the job.

Governor Seymour was not at all satisfied with the showing made by several of the Police Commissioners, and on December 31, 1863, he removed Commissioners Acton, Bergen, and Bowen, and appointed to succeed them Joseph S. Bosworth, William McMurray, and William B. Lewis.

The Commissioners to be removed refused to obey the edict of the Governor, and in spite of the fact that they had been removed and successors appointed, held on as Commissioners, and continued to discharge the duties thereof.

In this emergency the Legislature stepped in, and on March 15, 1864, by enactment, provided that "in place of the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police, appointed under and by virtue of Chapter 259 of the laws of 1864, whose several terms of office are hereby vacated, there are hereby appointed respectfully, as such Commissioners, Thomas C. Acton to hold office until March 1, 1872; Joseph S. Bosworth, to hold office until March 1, 1870; John G. Bergen, to hold office until March 1, 1868; and William McMurray, to hold office until March 1, 1866." Any vacancy occurring during the term of any commissioner was to be filled by the Board of Commissioners, and the commissioner so appointed was to hold the office until his successor was duly elected by the Legislature.

A commissioner whose term of office had expired continued to hold office until his successor was elected and qualified.

In 1864, the Police Life Insurance Fund was amended and placed on a more solid footing to the advantage of all concerned.

May 2, 1865, the first paid fire department was organized and put in force.

This valuable addition, I must again say, is not properly supported by the administration for like the police department they are short-handed and not fit to protect the population of today.

March, 1866, Benjamin F. Manierre was appointed a Police Commissioner to succeed William McMurray, resigned.

1867, Bob Dunn murdered by Billy Sharkey. Sharkey was sentenced to die, but escaped from jail.

1868, Matthew Brennan appointed Police Commissioner to succeed John G. Bergen, removed by death.

1869, Matt Brennan resigned and was succeeded by Thomas J. Barr.

May, 1869, the Legislature passed an act making the term of a police commissioner eight years.

1869, after nine years of hard service, Thomas C. Acton, resigned and was succeeded by Commissioner Henry Smith.

The "Tweed" Charter passed the Legislature in 1870, and the police force was reorganized.

1868 was a memorable year in the early life of little old New York, for in that year was built the then largest hall in the city, I speak of Tammany Hall, on East Fourteenth Street. The sachems of this grand old organization paid \$80,000 for ground, and \$300,000 to build this beautiful hall, and it stands out today as one of the grandest old halls in this big city. Of course, it is not as large as the later day institutions, but believe me it is far more patriotic, for on July 4th every year, old Tammany Hall is filled to overflowing with the good men and women members of this great body, there to renew their pledge—the pledge of all good Americans, that is to devote their lives to this our beloved country, America, and to preserve her constitution and her ideals.

Tammany Hall was dedicated July 4, 1868, and to celebrate the opening of this Democratic institution, for the first and only time in the history of this grand old city, the Democrats of the United States met there in convention to nominate a man for president of these United States, and the mantle of this great honor after five days of voting fell upon the shoulders of a sachem of Tammany Hall, a man who had given up the best part of his life to our city, and one who had served the state for two long terms as governor. Yes, after a very spirited contest Horatio Seymour was nominated as our standard bearer for the presidency, but he was up against a great American, the general who had won the Civil War, and the outcome of it all was that General Ulysses S. Grant was elected president.

Oh, boys! but they were the happy days and nights in this big city, when the music of the paraders, with such men as John Morrissey and his friends, the good old volunteer Fire Department members, and the Tammany Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and many others too numerous to mention, in line pouring forth the beautiful strains of music, "My Country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of Liberty," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and other inspiring songs of America.

And along the line of march could be seen such men as Samuel J. Tilden, John Jacob Astor, Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and many others of those grand old men of the past.

It cost the Society of Tammany twenty thousand dollars for decorations for the opening day and convention, but what was money to their happiness?

Yes, and at that same convention the question of woman suffrage was laughed at, while today one-third of the delegates to our next convention will be the women. Oh, but how New York has changed.

And all the hotels of that day have long since passed away, for the only relic left is the Broadway Central Hotel, in which Jim Fisk was shot and killed by Ed Stokes, over a love affair, the woman in the case being none other than Josie Mansfield.

But, my! how history does repeat itself! Here we are today, January, 1924, chuckling to ourselves over the fact that New York is again to hold another Democratic Convention, not in Tammany Hall, but in Madison Square Garden, just a little distance further uptown, thanks to Tex Rickard, that wonderful sports promoter, the greatest of this or any other time. But what a different New York these delegates from other states will find, thanks to such wonderful Americans as Thomas Edison and others whose whole lives have been devoted to the search of the wonderful inventions that they have so successfully brought about, to make us New Yorkers and our visiting men and women friends happy. And imagine that all of the coming joy and happiness will be in the shadows of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, the Hoffman House, and other old time "Amen corners," the meeting place of Tom Platt and friends long since passed away.

Yes, when June 24th arrives, the day the convention opens to nominate for president the Hon. Alfred E. Smith, twice governor, and a striking example of the late Horatio Seymour, and David B. Hill, all faithful sons of Democracy, one will then be proud and thank God, that we are the sons and daughters of little old New York, the world's greatest empire. But Al Smith can boast of something more than could these other men spoken of, for Governor Smith is a product of and still lives in good old New York, and who has more than once stated that he would much rather be a lamp-post in New York than governor of another state. That's the kind of a Democrat that we are going to put in the famous presidential chair in Washington, one who graduated from old Fulton Fish Market, and not from the plow or the canal boat, with all due respect to the presidential timber of the past. Al Smith has been plowing all of his life, and is still plowing, and will continue plowing until he reaches his goal, the White House in Washington, D. C. Then when we safely land Alfred E. Smith in the presidential chair, we will be a united people; there will be no Ku Klux Klan, or Bolshevik. Everyone will have to be a good true-blue American, or leave the country. We have no room for imposters, nor those d—

rascals that would prostitute the rights and freedom of us Americans, or will the question of his religion be allowed to enter this fight. We did not question the religion of our former presidents. Religion has no place at all in the question of electing a fitting son of America to preside over us Americans, and that must be final and for all time. Then we will all be better Americans, holding out the good right hand of fellowship to our citizens in particular, and the world in general. And God willing we will all meet on the morning of June 24, 1924, and join in the chorus of "Al—aa-bam-ugh!" and the greatest convention of all time will be in operation, and may God grant to them the wisdom and guidance for a successful finish.

And if it is not the wishes nor the wisdom of these great men to nominate for the presidency Governor Alfred E. Smith, then we as good citizens will submit to their wise conclusions and vote for the man nominated. And to make the program more complete, I would very much like to see our former great president, the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, sitting on the platform in the position of Honorary Delegate.

In conclusion I would respectfully request of my readers not to judge me, nor my remarks too harshly. I simply write as I feel, and that is the privilege of all good Americans. The Democratic Convention of 1924 is now a thing of the past, and after many days and nights of very hard and trying work, the religious question came to the front, and Governor Smith was defeated, but we hope for better luck in 1928.

But that same old cry still lingers in my ear, of "Alabama votes, 28 for McAdoo, while New York votes 90 for Governor Al Smith.

In 1868 there was an organization known as "Brown's Young Men," and it consisted of one man and his poor friends, and here are the particulars. Sexton B. of Grace Church made it a business to supply to fashionable or pseudo-fashionable society for its dances and entertainments just as many would-be aristocrats as were ordered. And this same Mr. B. was one of the famous men of his day, simply because he was able to supply the guests at either a funeral or wedding, or any other old party, and this is how he did it. He always carried a staff of broken-down noblemen-seedy lords from Germany, Hungarian barons out at the elbow, members of the European aristocracy who left home for their country's good. When he needed these fine gentlemen all that he had to do was to send out a round robin, and very soon he would have enough on hand in full dress suits or a bunch in cutaways, white vest and white cravats, to satisfy the tastes of any man or woman.

Of course these gentlemen bums could talk the lingo required, and it is known where these actors got in very close to the friendships of quite a few ladies of the land by their misrepresentations. All they asked

was a good dinner or supper for their work, with a dance and liquored refreshments, and for same they allowed themselves to be passed off as the sons of distinguished New Yorkers. I could tell you a whole lot about this sweet Mr. B. and his foxy army, but space won't permit. I guess it was a band of B's pirates that went back to Germany and put the Kaiser on the bum by driving him into war, and bankrupting the country, and worse still carrying other countries with him.

May 23, 1873, William F. Havemeyer was elected mayor, and he then appointed Mr. Matsell, Superintendent of Police, to succeed James J. Kelso, who had been appointed to take the place of Mr. Matsell on his dismissal from the department by the Commissioner in 1857.

In July, 1874, Fernando Wood again became Mayor, and having called upon Police Commissioners Oliver Charlick and Hugh Cardiner to resign, Mr. Matsell was appointed a Police Commissioner and elected President of the Board. Superintendent John A. Kennedy resigned and was succeeded by John Jourdan, who died in office shortly after. Mr. Matsell held the office of Police Commissioner and President of the Police Board until December 1, 1875, resigning to go back into the law business, becoming very successful building up a great business, for he could never spell the word failure, nor did he know what it meant. The valuable experience picked up as a member of the police force helped him very much in his law business and he became a very wealthy man.

It was Mr. Matsell who originated the much quoted phrase, "The finest police force in the world," and a truer phrase was never before uttered by man.

Mr. Matsell lived at 250 East 58th Street, New York City, where he was overcome by sickness and died in his seventy-first year, July 25, 1877, and was buried with a great public demonstration of his friends who mourned their loss, "for to know him was to love him."

Chief Matsell was dead, but he left behind him something that should live in the hearts and minds of us old New Yorkers for all time, his brains and labor. To relate here the trials and tribulations of Mr. Matsell is impossible, it would take up too much space and time, but suffice it to say that Chief Matsell was appointed, promoted, demoted, dismissed, and resigned from the Police Department of his busy years of service. And to Mr. Matsell all credit must be given, for it was he who laid the foundation stone of the present police administration, by promulgating the rules and regulations for the protection and guidance of this municipality. Peace be to you, George Matsell, Jacob Hays, John A. Kennedy, General O'Brien, and all of the good men of the past, that gave up their lives to the cause of the good government of this great city of ours. Farewell.

Ex-Captain John Delaney also worked up a wonderful record for himself for bravery and perseverance; he had no equal, and I will tell of one or two of his wonderful cases. Some day I may tell you more. This grand old Irish-American copper was detailed to court duty and was called upon to serve a warrant on a nasty mean crook, an employee of the notorious Billy McGlory on Hester Street near the Bowery, December 4, 1879. Sergeant John Delaney went downtown to serve the warrant, and it was on a very busy Saturday night, but that did not stop him. In he went and when the rascal that he was to arrest learned of John Delaney's mission, he at once try to get away, and they clinched at the head of the stairs, and John Delaney was thrown down the stairs. Sergeant Delaney was just after receiving a gold medal from Congress for having jumped into the icy waters of the East River and saving the life of a young man, so that he was yet suffering from the exposure and cold received from this heroic act. The Sergeant picked himself up as best he could, and seeing his man Patrick McGowan getting into a cab making his getaway, he ran after the cab calling McGowan to stop or he would kill him. But the answer to this demand was a shot from McGowan's gun, striking John Delaney, and blowing out an eye, but John in all of his pain never stopped a moment and firing at the cab he killed McGowan. I met our dear old friend Captain John at the funeral of Tom Foley, and he looked fine, like a man of forty.

This, my good readers, is wonderful work for any man to do, because one is under an awful strain in such a predicament. I have been in such a mess on three different occasions, guns pointed at me, but I never got shot like my good friend ex-Captain John Delaney, now living happy in retirement. Superintendent of buildings Tom O'Brien tells some great stories about Captain John.

April, 1880, the west wall of Madison Square Garden fell, killing many.

November, 1881, Charles P. Miller, murdered by "Bill" Tracy in the saloon of "Dick" Darling, 1217 Broadway. Tracy arrested and acquitted.

December 24, 1881, Louis Hanier, a French saloonkeeper, killed by Mike McGloin in cold blood. McGloin hanged in the Tombs, March 9, 1883. This is one of the cases to make up the record of Inspector Tom Byrnes.

October, 1882, the Park Avenue Hotel burned; many lives lost.

October, 1883, "Johnny Walsh," alias "Johnney the Mick," and "Johnney Irving," shot and killed in the saloon of "Shang Draper," 466 Sixth Avenue. This was a fight over spoils. "Billy Porter" was arrested for the crime, but there was no conviction.

Police Commissioner Sidney Nichols was in hard luck, having held the office of Police Commissioner several years, and elected treasurer of the department, a position afterwards held by John McClave. Under the administration of Mayor Ely charges were preferred against him, but he beat them, and again under the administration of Mayor Cooper, in 1879, more charges were preferred and he was removed by the Mayor, and succeeded by Charles F. McLean. Governor Robinson approved of his dismissal. But old man Sid Nichols was not to be outdone. He demanded to be represented by counsel at his trial, but same being denied, he took his case to the Court of Appeals, and won on that very point, thereby establishing a very important precedent. He was reappointed by Mayor Edson January 10, 1883. Commissioner Nichols was a prime favorite among the members of the force, and it is said that he could get through more work than could any other two commissioners of that time. Commissioner Nichols died in his fifty-third year and was buried from his former home, 417 West 25th Street, New York City, mourned by all who knew him.

John McClave, a very fine man, was appointed by Mayor Edson, to succeed Commissioner Nichols. The son and namesake was appointed a Police Commissioner a few years after, and was a member of the board when the writer was appointed on the force July 25, 1890.

Such able and learned men as John Ford, Justice of the Supreme Court, Daniel F. Cohalan, also a Justice of the Supreme Court, Randolph G. Martine, a very able Judge of General Sessions, John F. Ahearn, twice Borough President of Manhattan, and State Senator Edward F. Reilly, both of whom were the sons of policemen, and at all time the friends of policemen, firemen, school teachers, and in fact they were the friends of all municipal employees, and were forever looking to improve their positions in both state and city governments. They were then coming to the front, and now the first two mentioned are still with us and will be for many years to come I hope and pray, while the good old policemen's sons are both dead and gone, peace be to them all.

I simply write of these gentlemen, because I know them personally, and am thoroughly acquainted with their good records, and can vouch for all I say. I never tire in writing the life story of such good and faithful servants. More power to them that's living and the Lord be good to the dead.

Joel W. Mason, appointed Commissioner, May 25, 1880, succeeded by John McClave, 1884, Stephen B. French, appointed Commissioner, 1883 and in 1884. McClave and French were appointed to succeed themselves, the Board then stood McLean, Martin, McClave and French. But it is hard to keep an account of those Commissioners

following, for some of them were not in the position long enough to issue an order. I speak of Bugher, Cropsy and Baker. We had John C. Sheehan, Hamilton, Greene, Partridge, Waldo, McKay, McAdoo, Bingham and Woods, but the Daddy of them all is Commissioner Richard E. Enright.

Speaking about old police headquarters, I will tell you what happened to me there one fine morning, and I thank my stars that I live to tell the tale for, under like circumstances, another fellow would be in the hands of the undertaker. It happened in this way. It is a well-known fact that the New York policemen of the past were a tough bunch, for they would just as soon fight as eat; they were broken into it by the surroundings, they had to deal with a darn tough element. It was coming on to the end of the season when we had to provide ourselves with a new helmet, and to be prepared some of us would go to headquarters, after the last tour, midnight to six A. M. and get our helmet to avoid the crowds later on. It was at the time that the late Colonel Roosevelt was appointed Commissioner by the late Mayor Strong in 1885. We were standing in line waiting to be served by Jim Moore of the equipment bureau. Roosevelt's office was on the same floor.

We men were tired out and sleeping on the shoulders of each other, when of a sudden there was quite a commotion, and I was nearly knocked down, and I lost no time in shouting out, "Where are you running to you crazy S——," but they kept right on running downstairs to the Chief's office. I afterwards learned it was the newspaper men after a story. The man next to me in line said, "What's the matter with you, don't you know who that is?" and I said no, but he nearly knocked me down, "Why, that's our new Commissioner." Well, gee, you should see me running out the building through the Mott Street entrance, and I did not return for another week. Some few years after, Governor Roosevelt and I were guests of the Grand Army, and on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, and after singing the "Star Spangled Banner," we were enjoying our refreshments, and I told the Governor my story. "Under what circumstance was that." I told him and he laughed, and said, "Yes, I would do the same thing." We were friends and I have his letter on exhibition at the Roosevelt Home, East 20th Street.

The year of 1894 was a very troublesome one for the police department inasmuch as that we were cursed with the "Lexow Investigating Committee." I don't have to ask my readers, but what good did they do the city, or the taxpayers of same? But nevertheless we were again given the Fassett Committee, The Roosevelt, and other investigating committees. With all due respect to the promoters of these commit-

tees, I don't think that they were working to the best interests of the people, for they no doubt let a few friends escape, and piled up a large bill of expenses that might have been spent in charity. And again they indicted a few officials, and the indictments were not worth the paper they were printed upon, because they were all, with the exceptions of Captains Carpenter and Eakins, two good men, who no doubt were made the goats, the others were reinstated by the courts, with back pay and legal expenses refunded.

Every once in a while we read of some one being indicted, connected with the city government, but next week again we read of the indictment being dismissed. For the love of Mike, will we, the taxpayers of New York, ever get to understand all of this indictment nonsense, unless in a case of where they sure have the goods on a person, then by all means go to it, but for heaven's sake, stop giving away our good money for bad, for if these lawyers must have some excitement and salary to live on, then let them get into the oil trust, or ask their friend Anderson where they can get \$25,000 for doing nothing. Why Heavenly Father, only last spring a certain windjammer stood on the floor of the Legislature and called another decent honest man holding office a grafter and a bootlegger, and to help him out of a hole he was wise enough to get a certain Judge mixed up in his dirty work, and when called upon to prove their case, after many months, they failed.

And the honorable judge in the case, after hearing one of the defendants passing the buck to the other, dismissed the case against him, and held the promoter of these vile charges for trial. But the worst part of this case is that the defendant discharged who, by his own unwise judgment brought about this trouble for himself, turns around and asks the city to pay his expenses, and counsel's bill, of some I think many thousands. Is that a square deal? Why no, let every trouble-maker suffer.

CHAPTER III OF PART II

POLICE RECORDS OF THE PAST, GIVING BRIEFLY THE RECORDS OF SUCH OLD-TIME DETECTIVES AS INSPECTOR WILLIAM MURRAY AND THOMAS F. BYRNES, CAPTAIN JAMES McCaffrey AND THE MEN OF THEIR COMMANDS. ALSO THE STORY OF COLONEL RHINELANDER WALDO'S ADMINISTRATION—ITS TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS, HAVING TO DO WITH THE ROSENTHAL MURDER AND OTHER MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE

Inspector William Murray was one of the best policemen that ever carried a night stick. I will speak of a part of his record. Born in New York City, in 1844, he fought in the Civil War, was wounded at Bull Run and other battles, and returned home covered with glory. He joined the police force in 1866, and made a wonderful record for himself, making many important arrests such as the "Astoria Burglars," and while captain of the old fourth precinct, No. 9 Oak Street, he made, in eight months, arrests and secured convictions amounting in the aggregate to five hundred years, and was promoted inspector on his wonderful record.

Inspector Thomas F. Byrnes was another wonder detective, and he made a good record in arresting the gang that robbed the Manhattan bank in the year 1878, and it was he who established the great detective bureau that we are proud of today. Tom Byrnes was careful enough to pick out a staff of clever detectives such as Billy McLoughlin, Ed Slevin, Dick O'Connor. This trio was known all over the world as Inspector Byrnes' big four. They, assisted by another wonderful young detective, Andy Nugent, piled up for themselves a world's record of arrests and convictions. Here are some of the great cases they made good in by arresting and convicting the principals. Besides the Manhattan bank burglars there was the murder case known as the Captain Unger murder; the Louis Hanier case of murder committed by Mike McGloin; the Gudensupe murder case; the Jack the Slasher and Jack the Ripper cases, and many others too numerous to mention.

The Inspector also had a number of other good men on his staff. I will mention the names of these men, but I cannot give their wonderful and highly interesting records at this time: Tim Golden, John Adams, John Dunn, Tom Hickey, Mike Crowley, John Doyle, George McClusky, Steve O'Brien, Bob McNaught, Frank Mangin, Joe Gehegan,

Jake Von Garichten, Tom Murray, John Heard, Thomas F. Adams, Joe Woolridge, Sergeant Isaac Bird, Tom Mulry, John Ruland, Charlie Heidelberg, Jack Wade, Joe Petrosini, Charlie O'Connor, George R. Dilks, son of the old inspector of that name, and others. But out of this great body of clever men, there are but a few living today, Chief W. W. McLoughlin and Andy Nugent. They did wonderful Police duty, peace be to them all.

Byrnes ruled supreme from 1883 to 1897.

Superintendent George W. Walling was appointed patrolman in 1847, and died in 1885, leaving behind him a memorable record of love and kindness. Inspector Thomas W. Thorne was appointed a patrolman in 1853, inspector in 1875, and died in 1885, and the same may be said of Inspector Thorne as is said of our good old friend, Superintendent Walling, they were good superior officers, always kind and respectful to both the citizens and the men under them, and a good kind word will always be spoken of a good boss. But it must be remembered that we are blessed with both good and bad police commissioners and superior officers, but it's the under fry that brings a bad odor to the offices of these good men.

Colonel Waldo and Colonel Woods were good men, but they allowed the Deputy Commissioners in some instances to overstep their power. The same way be said of Commissioner McAdoo, and my old friend General Bingham; they were both good men, but they too allowed the Deputy to assume too much power; yes in fact to run the whole machine, and that is a very serious mistake. But we have today, and have had in the past some good Deputy Commissioners, men that knew their places and did not, or do they, assume the powers of their superior. No, no, Commissioner Enright is the Boss. You know, my friends, it is an old and true saying, kind words or actions can never die, nor the memory of good bosses ever depart.

Thomas F. Byrnes was born in Ireland, and came here as a child. In 1863, he became a patrolman and in 1870 a sergeant, followed by his promotion to the position of police captain, and after being transferred from precinct to precinct, he was assigned to the detective bureau at police headquarters and promoted to the position of police inspector.

The world knows that Tom Byrnes was a good policeman, for he picked up the best detectives of that day and constantly relied on their experience. They all made good, just look up their records and you will be amazed at their good work; but in writing them up I could not for a moment attempt to do these good men justice. I know them, I worked with many of them. But I am sorry to say that Inspector Tom Byrnes was somewhat of an autocrat, and that does not sound good for one Irish born, because when our good St. Patrick drove the snakes

out of Ireland, he said, "Now I leave everything that's good in Ireland, and her sons and daughters may go and do for all mankind the same as I have done for Ireland." "Go forward and be kind to humanity, and humanity will surely be kind to you."

But I am sorry to say that Tommy Byrnes, the Irish lad, was not very kind to us men under him, for in the first place he never recognized us as a body of men working under him. No, Inspector Byrnes played to the upper ten, and did not give us a tumble. Yes, Inspector Byrnes inflicted several injustices on us men that I shall never forget. One of those was in 1895. He ordered all of us men to be transferred on election day to precincts miles away from our homes, making no provision for our eats or votes. But he did not rob me of either, for Patrolman Bill Dunbar can bear me out as he is living today, that I both ate and voted. I worked and waited too darned long to become a citizen to have any man deny me my rights.

On another occasion Inspector Byrnes ordered our night sticks taken from us, and they were, because Tom Byrne's order must and was obeyed. But just imagine a poor devil of a lone policemen patrolling the Cherry Hill or the Hell's Kitchen or the Corcoran's Roost of those days, and his only tool of protection taken from him. Just place yourself in his shoes, was that a square deal? Well I guess not, but it did not phase me for I manned myself with a piece of rubber hose, about eighteen inches long, a piece that had been well used in the cellar or behind the bar of the saloon of that day. Yes and you can believe me it was better than a night stick, for when it was not in use I would carry it up the sleeve of my coat, ever ready for any emergency, and when the tough fellow would come up to me to give me an argument, knowing full well that I had no stick to protect myself with, he having the best of a cop at all times, for while a policeman was at all times bundled up in clothes the rowdy was loose and better able to handle himself. Ah, but he did not count on the rubber hose, and I would lead off with my left and soak him with the rubber hose with my right, and he would fly for his life, saying to himself, gee what the h——I did he hit me with? He didn't have any stick in his hand. And so it went on, until Mayor Strong appointed the late Colonel Roosevelt a Police Commissioner, and he had just about taken the chair when he ordered, "Give those patrolmen back their night sticks, how can you expect a good mechanic to work without tools?" And so it went on, and whatever happened between Roosevelt and Byrnes before the Roosevelt Investigation Committee, of some time before, I cannot say, but suffice it to say that there was no room in the department for two big roughriders at the same time, so Tom Byrnes breezed out, lived in

retirement until May 7, 1910, died and was buried and the police force is still going strong.

In the matter of my rubber hose, and I have it to this day, my good friend Frank O'Brien, the present editor of the *New York Herald*, wrote an article on Officer Hickey and his rubber hose, in the *New York Sun* at that time. I still hold the clipping and it keeps company with that good old rubber hose. Frank O'Brien is the brother of John O'Brien, former fire commissioner, two fine gentlemen from Buffalo, and they have both made good, and will be heard from again, sooner or later.

These two good men with William or (Willy) Willis were all members of Mayor George B. McClellan's cabinet during his two terms as Mayor. Moses W. Cortright, another grand old police chief, died in 1916. Police Commissioner James J. Martin, died May 17, 1919. Third deputy police commissioner Harriss Lindsley, died 1905. Third deputy police commissioner James J. Mack, died 1916. Chief of Police William S. Devery, died June 20, 1919. John F. Ahearn, borough president, died December 19, 1920. Inspector Henry V. Steers died June 17, 1916. Police chaplains Father Francis J. Sullivan died October 12, 1915; Father Thomas F. Duffy died February 7, 1922; Rabbi Blum died April, 1921; Father J. J. Coogan died August 25, 1924. Captain Tony Allaire died June, 1912. Inspector Alex Williams died March, 1917. Chief of police John McCullugh died February, 1917. Inspector George F. Titus died March, 1918. Chief clerks Seth Hawley died November, 1884; Colonel William H. Kipp died March, 1918; Roger Walsh died April, 1921.

When Inspector Byrnes stepped out of the department by retirement, another clean-cut gentleman stepped in, in the person of Peter Conlon, and one of the first orders of St. Peter (God bless the mark) was to honeycomb the city with shooflies, one of the worst un-American acts ever introduced into a department composed of red-blooded Americans, because these rascals of shooflies will lie to get a complaint. I know it, I, like thousands of my good side partners, have suffered, and I hold evidence of their infernal lies(h—to their dirty souls); they cared little for the trouble they were making for others; but just as sure as there is a good Lord above, all of these wretched trouble makers will yet pay the penalty of their crimes.

Roosevelt, too, went out and Frank Moss came in. Peter Conlon also went out. I am not quite sure if he went out to meet those six hundred-dollar roundsmen that he was promoting or not? Some of those gents can best answer that question. And to succeed Conlon in came one of the whitest and gamest, honestest men the force ever

knew, either before or after, and that was John McCullugh, peace be to him today.

The very first act of Chief of Police John McCullugh was issued in short order: Go draw in those dammed shooflies, and put them to work in precincts. This is not Russia, this is America, and our police force is composed of good red-blooded Americans. And good old John McCullugh became the first chief of police under greater New York in 1898, Robert Van Wyck was mayor, and Bird S. Coler, comptroller. Well, the fortunes of war caused John McCullugh to leave the department, and Chief William S. Devery succeeded, and you all know the hard road poor Devery had to travel over, for they did everything but murder that grand old policeman.

And so the job went along, going from bad to worse until the people arose en masse and demanded that New York must and should be governed by a poor man's friend, the friend of humanity, and John F. Hylan was elected mayor, and it was this good man that had the foresight to see and to know that it takes an engineer to run a train, and a policeman to run the police department, so that the very busy train of city administration is running more strongly every day, with Engineer John F. Hylan at the throttle, and Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright shoveling the coal. Some team!

Just a line about the police department's clerical staff of the past and present. Seth Hawley was chief clerk for many years and he made a wonderful record for himself in the Draft Riots, before mentioned, but death that comes to us all visited Seth Hawley, and that grand old character passed on. The next in line was that grand old fighting hero, Colonel William H. Kipp, who had won his laurels on the bloody fields of battle in the Civil War, being wounded twice, and he sure made a fine record as chief clerk in our great police department, but death called the good old warrior, and he too passed on. Next in line was Roger K. Walsh, another very fine man, but unfortunately he was not spared us very long to add to his record, and death called on Roger Walsh, and he too marched onward. Then came a fine young man whom I remember the very day that he walked into police headquarters for the first time, a nice clean-cut boy, and all of those many years, I guess near thirty, Grant Crabtree, like his predecessors, has been making good, and while none of us holds any lease on our lives, I think to look at Grant today they won't be putting the skids under him for many moons. Grant Crabtree and the writer, we may say, grew up in the department together, and when I met him at the carnival of the P.B.A., last week, Grant looked better than he did twenty years ago. I guess Grant has the secret of married life, for he likes it. More power to you Grant Crabtree, go to it.

And when I sit down and look back at old police headquarters of some twenty-five years ago, and remember the smiling faces of such men as William Delamater, George Stone, Charlie Philips, George F. Hasbrouk, Tom Doran, and Tom Feeley, and many others around that grand old building of 300 Mulberry Street, and to think that they are all passed and gone, I wonder and say to myself, "Gee, is it my second time on earth?"

Yes, dear readers, those were the happy days when I would run up to old police headquarters to have a chat with Billy Moore and Paddy Cunningham, of the equipment bureau, John F. Harriot of lost property, Rob Petersen and young Seth Hawley and Colonel Parker of the bureau of records and complaints, and others of that same old school. I feel that I owe our good Lord above an awful lot, to think that I am spared to write up this story of the past, for who knows that when I am dead and gone some of the new cops of today might, in retirement, take the task upon themselves to write up a story of the boys of the present clerical force, and my own two sons will be remembered among them. One of them, Thomas, left his desk to go fight for his country in the late World War; the other, Timothy, was too young to fight, but his brother Robert enlisted in the navy and was stationed on a submarine chaser all through the great war. Thomas a sergeant in the engineers and Robert in the navy, each for more than two years, I felt very proud of my family.

The men of today in the clerical department that I call upon now and then, are George B. Hawthorne, bookkeeper, a relic of old times and a fine fellow; deputy clerks Vincent Finn, Mr. Ormsby, and Stephen McDonald, Ed Ray, Rob Gay, and several others of these good boys, that I hope will some day make their mark, Lieutenant Fred Cruise, Sergeant Phil Carroll, Mr. P. H. Enright, good old Captain Charley Schofield, and Lieutenant Marty Noonan, Bob Farrell, and last, but not least, Lieutenant Bill Brennan, the Duke of Centre Street, custodian of the big white castle, police headquarters, Tom O'Brien, superintendent of buildings, Jim Connelly, printing bureau.

But I do so love to go back to the boys of the old school, and when I think of Charley Grant, secretary to Commissioner John McClave, John O'Brien of the bureau of elections, Bob Wood of the stationery department, George F. Mellish and Daniel J. Craig, department of stenographers, good men every one of them. Old Wash Mullen of the sanitary department, and young Wash connected with the same bureau, John W. Haggerty then in charge of the mechanical department, and the grand old board of police surgeons, not a one of them to tell the tale but the grand old Doctor Charles E. Nammack, and he is now retired and doing well. Martin McGovern died in 1918, Dr. Phelps and

John R. Nesbitt and the others, too many to write about, are all gone, but Doctor Reese R. Voorhees I don't know but I hope that he is alive and doing well, for they were a great bunch of good doctors of the old type..

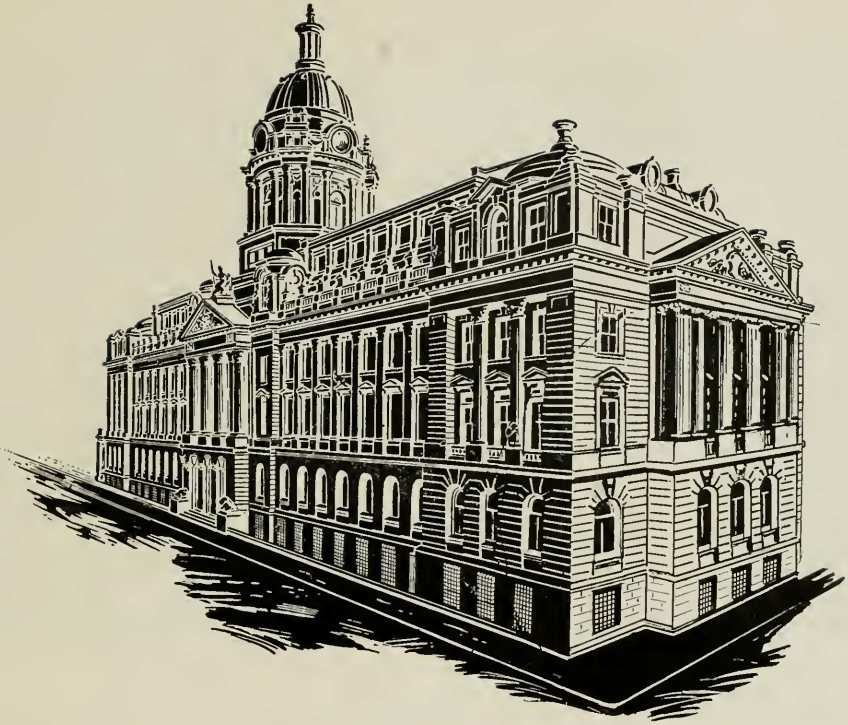
One other grand old man of the long ago was Captain George W. Gastling of the old steamboat squad. He was promoted to captain and organized this squad in June, 1876, and he certainly kept the river pirates and bunko steerers around Castle Garden on the run.

On my way to California via New Orleans on the Morgan Line S. S. *Creole* and when only a few hours out on St. Patrick's day of 1915, I was asked to go to the cabin of Chief Steward O'Byrne, and he said, "Mr. Hickey, there is a Mrs. Johnson on board and she wishes to see you." Well, by the holy St. Jack's stones, a lady to meet me! I was thunderstruck. He asked me to go with him to the captain's cabin, and there I met a very fine lady, whom I afterwards found out was the daughter of Captain Gastling, and the wife of Police Surgeon Dr. Johnson, who, I am sorry to say, died of late, and Mrs. Johnson is also the mother-in-law of Captain Jacobs, master of the steamer. Well it goes without saying that I was made one of the captain's party and given a royal time until we arrived at New Orleans, and we met again in Los Angeles and San Francisco. Well Mrs. Johnson and I would sit on deck talking about her grand old police father and everything police for forty years back, and I found this good lady a very interesting person, and while we have had a "daughter of the regiment," I named Mrs. Johnson a daughter of the police force of New York.

I was called upon to visit her married son and family, and he was also a George W. Gastling and manager of one of the largest business concerns in Los Angeles, and we spent several pleasant evenings together, before I had to leave for the "Expositions of San Diego and San Francisco." It was a strange meeting and I could never for the life of me think how it came about, until one day, long after, it came to me. It happened that I was visiting the New York Press Club, and my old time friend Fred Sontheimer is the steward of the Press Club, and also president of the Stewards' Benevolent Association, and I told him of my leaving for the coast, and he told Chief Steward Byrne, and the chief did the rest. So it goes to show that this world is very small after all.

I would like if I could at this time write of some of good old Captain Gastling's police records, for they are highly interesting and peppery.

Former Police Commissioner Hon. Rhinelander Waldo retired from the United States Army with the rank of Major, was police commissioner for 1912-1913, and a hard time of it he was given by the crime-



POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



SAMUEL G. BELTON,
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR AND POLICE COMMISSIONER, IN BERLIN, 1924.

Courtesy of Police Magazine



COL. ARTHUR WOODS,
FORMER POLICE COMMISSIONER.



JOHN O'BRIEN,
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR.



THOMAS J. KELLY,
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR.



JAMES S. BOLEN,
INSPECTOR.

sters, but he too beat them to it. The Colonel made a report to the Mayor, for 1912, and in his report he recommended the following: That the members of the police department should be retired on their own application, after twenty-five years of service. This I thought was one of the best recommendations by a police commissioner ever made, but while it was not carried out then, it was never lost sight of, and thanks to our present police commissioner, who was a member of the Waldo administration, it was passed and became a law in the spring of 1919. Another wonderful suggestion was also put forward by Police Commissioner Waldo, and it too is in working order. I speak of the present overcoats with pockets so a fellow may get or keep his hands warm. From an old policeman's point of view I think that that was the most humane suggestion ever put forward by man, as I remember many a cold night with the mercury down to zero, my hands and feet would get so cold trying the locks on doors and cellerways that all h— could not get them warm in the darned make-up of the coats we were then wearing. That was a queer predicament for a man to be in, in case of a crime being committed,—your hands freezing,—it was impossible to get to or hold your revolver, and what a fine target one would make for the crimester.

Under the Waldo administration there were a number of important cases. I remember the Forshey double murder case, the Herman Rosenthal murder case, the twenty-five thousand dollar taxi robbery case, with the arrests and convictions of all. Many of these very clever arrests were made by ex-Captain Dominick Reilly and his cousin Gustavus Reilly. But the following cases Captain Reilly handled and made good: The Rosenthal case, which was nothing more or less than a gambler's fight when they ought to have been left alone so that they could kill each other, instead of dragging innocent men and boys to the electric chair at Sing Sing. Dominick Reilly arrested all of the boys connected in the case, cleaning up the case in good shape. Dominick also arrested Gene Montana, and sent him to Sing Sing for eighteen years for the taxi robbery of twenty-five thousand dollars. He also made the arrests for the murder of two unfortunate policemen—Officer Charley Teare, a fine young man that worked with me in the old second precinct in 1923 and a fine young fellow, Officer Heaney. They were murdered on a Sunday afternoon, and it did not take Dominick Reilly long to make the arrest of an Italian named Orreste Shillitow. He did not let go of this fellow until he landed him in the chair in Sing Sing. I only write of three of the bookful of cases that Dominick Reilly worked up, making arrests and convictions for all.

There were two very wise men in the administration of that time, and they gave Dominick Reilly all the assistance they could, but above

all they gave him a free rein. I speak of Deputy Police Commissioners George Dougherty and William J. Flynn. Gee, but can you beat that trio, Dougherty, Flynn and Reilly? You can go tell the world that Inspector Tom Byrnes had nothing on that bunch. Captain Dominick Reilly was one of a class of eleven great students, among them Police Commissioner Enright, and they were all appointed by the late Colonel Roosevelt, when Police Commissioner, on the 13th day of August, 1906. Dominick Reilly was a born detective, being born right here in little old New York, and the fact of his constant sniffing around the docks for news made him a wonderful detective. I wish I could write more of Captain Dominick Reilly and his wonderful police record. Receiving honorable mentions and commendations from several commissioners, he is now doing well running one of the biggest detective agencies in all New York, and we often chat about the good old days.

Gustavus or Gus Reilly, as we all know him, was another clever young detective, and a cousin to Captain Dominick, a chip of the old block. Gus Reilly also built up for himself a wonderful record before retiring to go into this big profitable detective agency business. They were two very fine young fellows, always willing to help one when help was needed, so they ought to get along. I wish them well.

Gustavus J. Reilly was appointed to the police force May 1, 1901, and retired January 1, 1917. While attached to the Harlem branch of the detective bureau for eight years he made many important arrests among which were the following: Three men charged with the murder of Miss Margaret Meeher, housekeeper for a Dr. De Mott Cannon of 121 West 122nd Street, New York City, and like his cousin he proved to be a very slick and enterprising young fellow and he too made good. His next arrest was that of a notorious sneak thief for shooting a young woman in a Harlem flat house. The fellow was a fast running colored man, and he gave Gus Reilly quite a chase, but Gus, being an old-time champion sprinter, soon got Mr. Coon, bagging him for keeps. He also arrested three men for burglary in a Harlem apartment house, and like in all of his many cases he sent them to Sing Sing for a number of years. He next arrested a very clever forger, but he had to follow this fellow from city to city before getting the drop on him, but Gus got the drop on him all right and sent him up the river to join the bunch.

On another occasion he arrested four men, taking them from a bread line on Broadway. They had robbed a firm facing this bread line. They were convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a long term of years. He chased and caught two men who had robbed the house of Dr. B. Walden Hamilton of No. 250 West 75th Street, but before catching these two desperadoes they opened fire on him, but he beat

them to it, convicting the two and sending them also to state's prison for twenty years. And so runs the record of Gus Reilly; it would take a long while to write up the whole of this young man's important and clever arrests.

May 24, 1883, the first bridge to span the East River, Brooklyn Bridge, was opened to the public. There was a panic and several lives lost.

October 24, 1886, Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was unveiled.

1895, Westchester, East Chester, Pelham and Wakefield were annexed.

January 1, 1898, the City of Brooklyn, Staten Island, and Queens became a part of the city of Greater New York.

Fritz Meyer was electrocuted May 21, 1900, for the murder of Officer Smith. He fired the shot killing Smith when found burglarizing the R. C. Church on East 3d Street, New York City.

May 24, 1900, the first excavation was made in front of the City Hall for the first subway, opened for operation October 27, 1904.

The great Tarrant fire and explosion took place at Greenwich and Warren Streets with a great loss of life October 29, 1900.

December 19, 1903, the Williamsburg Bridge opened.

February 23, 1907, the first shaft was sunk for the Catskill Water works, the Bronx receiving its first supply December 27, 1907.

1908, the first Hudson River tunnels were opened to the public.

May 30, 1909, the Queensboro Bridge was opened to the public.

May 1, 1915, the City adopted a new official flag.

July 31, 1915, Lieutenant Charles Becker of the New York police was electrocuted for the murder of a gambler, Herman Rosenthal. But this, to my mind, was the crime committed by others, not by Becker.

November 7, 1918, the most spectacular scene of spontaneous rejoicing in the City's history occurred on receipt of a false report stating that Germany had signed an armistice ending the world's great war, but as a matter of fact the armistice proper was signed November 11, 1918.

Colonel Roosevelt died January 6, 1919. President Warren Harding October, 1923. Ex-President Woodrow Wilson, he of the lion heart, died February 3, 1924.

The area of the city today is about three hundred and twenty square miles, and its water front five hundred and seventy-eight miles, and there are about 4,700 miles of streets laid out. The assessed valuation of real estate is \$10,972,985,114, and of personal estate \$219,222,195, and the budget for 1924 is \$375,468,000.08, and out of this the city is

allowed \$344,226,157.13. All counties, \$10,907,436.41, state tax, \$20,294,406.54. A wonderful City is little old New York.

Before closing this chapter, I wish to draw the attention of my readers to several of the most interesting changes that have taken place in the police force in the past few years. The first, and to my mind the most interesting one, is the change of hours, yes the slavery days of the old policemen have been changed, and the policemen of today are blessed with the thought that they may spend a few happy hours with their loved ones, not like the writer of this work, and the others of my time. Our life was spent protecting the wives and families of the people, both the taxpayers and others. And when kind fortune permitted us to retire, thinking that we could then give to our wives and families our time and protection, the hand of God was laid upon our loved ones and they were removed from our midst, hence we are now forced to prod along in misery and lonesomeness, almost to the extent of suicide.

But thank God all of this cruelty, thanks to Commissioner Enright, has been abolished, and the ten platoons was given to the department for that particular purpose, and our old two platoons has gone forever. Of course there are times of emergency, and the howling of some sore heads of a "Crime wave," when, to satisfy this howling rabble, the commissioner is forced to go back to the nine platoon or squad system, but not for long. As a rule it comes just before Christmas, every year, when men are hungry, and the ne'er-do-wells come flocking into New York, knowing of the charity and kindness of our citizens, so that in all fairness to your Commissioner, I ask the men of the department not to blame him, but to be patient.

There is another pleasing change, and that is the increase of salary which is a wonderful change, for when one touches a man's or a woman's pocket he touches their hearts, and I for one of the many thousands of good people of this great city congratulate the policemen of today on their increase, and I wish to them and to their families, and in fact to every member of your great city administration, "A HAPPY AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."

I congratulate the members of the many protective and benevolent associations alive today, for it is mainly to these organizations and their undivided strength, with the assistance of your Police Commissioner that this increase of salary was granted, "FOR IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH."

CHAPTER IV OF PART II

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1924, GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF ITS STANDING AND DOINGS IN THE MATTER OF THE BOOTLEGGING VIOLATIONS AND THE "WEST END BANK" MURDER CASE

In January, 1924, the police department of the city of New York consisted of eleven thousand six hundred and thirteen persons of all ranks; this is the quota allowed by the board of estimates. This includes one hundred and thirty-four men of the detective division detailed as first-grade men, two hundred detailed as second-grade men, fifty men detailed in the health department, five men detailed in the tenement house department, and over five hundred men on traffic, doing the work of a thousand men. For it is a well known fact that the traffic problem is today the most serious in this great city, our ever-increasing population; motor cars that are killing off more people than were killed in the Civil War, and the worst feature of it is, that they are here to stay. They are built and run for the comfort of the rich and the killing of the poor, and a sure means of a getaway for the murderers and other crimesters left to us as a legacy from that cursed late World's War. Here we are the richest, the cleanest, and the most hospitable country under God's sun, and yet we are menaced by those infernal mankillers. When, oh, Lord, when, shall we ever get some relief from this murderous throng?

You of my readers who have traveled far from home know full well the happy, wholesome greeting one receives from the first view of that beautiful guiding star of the bay of New York, our "Statue of Liberty," and yet one is but a short time home when, for the lack of police guardians, he or she is knocked down and either killed or maimed for life.

The great city of London, with a population of approximately seven million souls, with about four per cent unable to speak the English language, is protected by a force of twenty-five thousand policemen, and here we are with a population of six million souls representing every known and unknown country in the world, many among whom are murderers, and all that this rich city can allow to protect it is less than twelve thousand policemen.

Let me ask you, my dear readers, is it not a crime against humanity

not to allow the city of New York more police protectors, so that our men, women, and children will be safeguarded from the hands of the assassin, or the wheels of those badly managed motor cars, many of which are run by murderers and scoundrels that if they were given their just dues would be in Sing Sing. A word to the wise, protect your citizen, and your citizen will protect you.

The quarterly statement presented to our mayor by Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright is very fine reading. Here are a few extracts. In the first place crime is waning, there has been a four per cent decrease in major offenses in 1923, in spite of the fact that a few miserable rascals are running wild shouting crime wave, crime wave. They haven't the common sense to know that they are doing New York so much harm in the matter of keeping good visitors from other countries and states to visit us, for when they read of all this crime stuff, they are afraid to land here for fear of being held up. So to keep out of trouble they go and hang out with the bootleggers outside the three or twelve mile limit. The report goes on to say that while there has been an alarming increase in motor cars, or to be right (Man-Killing Cars), an increase of forty-five thousand six hundred and sixty-nine cars, there has been an alarming falling off in the death rate, many thanks to Police Commissioner Enright, assisted by Deputy Commissioner John Harriss, and the hard-working men of the traffic squad of New York City and the safety squad under Barron Collier and Lieutenant M. Noonan. There are many other fine details to be read in this statement but I will just speak of the two principal items. So you see my friends that the police department is more than making good, even though we do read now and again of a judge who will make a ruling that a certain nickel in the slot machine is not a game of chance or gambling.

We have been very unfortunate in having our policemen shot down by the gunman and crook, to quote the words of one of our grand board of magistrates, who stated from the bench a few weeks ago, when a gunman charged with murder was placed before this old-time lawyer and magistrate, and a lawyer of note thirty years ago, having defended a man charged with one of the most diabolical crimes ever committed. I simply refer to this case to show to my readers that Magistrate Fred House knew what he was talking about when in addressing the prisoner before him, he said, "I am sorry for this man you killed. If the Grand Jury had done the right thing, you would have been indicted last month."

January, 1924, the greatest shake-up in the history of the police department has just been ordered by Police Commissioner Enright. By ordering charges preferred against thirteen inspectors, whom it is

claimed have not done their full duty. They are all good men and have a pretty fair chance of proving their innocence. I hold no brief for Commissioner Enright, but I do know that he is not one of those men that is forever looking to make complaints, but when certain trouble makers continue to abuse our commissioner and the department, then he has to fight back.

I will quote the words of that grand old policeman with a splendid record of over thirty years' service, and whom no man can dare point the finger of scorn at. I speak of Second Deputy Police Commissioner John Daly, whom the writer of this work worked under some thirty years ago, and a better superior officer could not be found. It was a simple case of do your duty and have clear sailing and nothing to fear. The remarks spoken of are as follows, to wit: "There will be no real enforcement of prohibition," he said, "until the United States courts can arrange for prompt trials for offenders against the Volstead Act, and those convicted can be sentenced to jail rather than to pay fines, which in view of the profits of the business are merely nominal, no matter what the amount of money." Deputy Commissioner Daly is in charge of the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, and used his experience in administering the police affairs of the two boroughs to illustrate his point. "In the two boroughs," he said, "there were six hundred and fifty-four arrests for the violation of the Volstead Act in the month of December. That is the largest number of arrests by city or federal authorities in this area in any one month since the Volstead Act became effective. Now nearly all of these arrests, nearly twenty a day, were made by members of the staffs of the six New York police inspectors in command of the districts in which the boroughs are subdivided. A few were made by the members of the special service squads sent from headquarters to do the work that inspectors neglect to do or are unable to do.

"United States prohibition enforcement agents made but ten of those arrests. If the court procedure continues to be the same as it has been up to now these accused violators of the law will not be brought to trial for months. If convicted they will be let off with fines. Liquor law violations are no more prevalent in New York than the selling of policy slips was twenty years ago. It presents no more difficulty as a police problem than did that particular insidious form of gambling. The Legislature gave us a law with teeth in it to stop policy playing. The police enforced that law. The courts took up the cases promptly and the courts sentenced convicted offenders to jail. We have no more policy. If the United States will furnish more courts and more attorneys, and if the judges will make bootlegging a crime which cannot

be violated with impunity by those willing to pay tribute in the form of a fine, then we will hear no more of bootleggers."

My dear readers, a statement coming from a man of John Daly's experience must be taken seriously and respected, at least I think so from my own knowledge of the past and present. The Police Commissioner is doing all that a man can do to stamp out this serious crime of bootlegging by the hungry booze hounds, then why abuse him, unless he is stepping on your own toes? But it makes no difference to Commissioner Enright, whose toes he may step on, he is going to do all he and his office can do to clean up those bootleggers, and with that one thought foremost on his mind, the guilty must suffer.

Commissioner Enright and his administration is known for breaking all records, when one takes into consideration the fact that the commissioner is in his seventh year of service as police commissioner, and has made more appointments, promotions and demotions and has saved more money for the city than any other man who ever did, or will.

The closing up of so many station houses that were not needed saved over a million dollars, and the many improvements brought about by our police commissioner and staff has gone far to revolutionize the police departments the world over, so let us give justice where justice is due.

Commissioner Enright went so far as to enlarge the special service squad under the able command of that fearless police official Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton, by transferring some three hundred and fifty men for the good of the service, many of whom were formerly on the staff of the inspectors now on trial. The Police Commissioner increased the command of Chief Belton by transferring some two hundred and fifty men to that division, and installing them in the old sixth precinct station house, which will be known as the headquarters of the special service division. But it must not be lost sight of that the Commissioner also maintains a private investigation squad of his own under the command of Lieutenant Fred Cruise for the sole purpose of checking up the doings of other squads and commands; so you see there is not much that can get away from the Commissioner, or if there is a little thing now and then passed up, then some one will have to show cause forthwith.

Chief Belton and his enlarged staff started right in by making a raid on a Bowery gambling house and arresting sixty-five persons on suspicion of gambling, so that if the chief don't get them right, he will put the fear of God in their hearts, and they will quit the game. But they cannot do that unless, as Deputy Police Commissioner John Daly said, they have the aid and assistance of our judges, who it is hoped

will give a few jail sentences, and the violators of the law will very soon stop, or they will find it so hot for them in New York that they will be given a forced exile, or, like Manny Kesstler and his pals go up the river for a few years, we then may have a clean city of New York.

But I cannot help saying to h—l with this prohibition form of drying up our beloved country, and taking away our rights and freedom, and the making of trouble for every member of our police force, from the commissioner down to the man on the sidewalk. So long as the bootleggers have a three mile or even a twelve mile limit, they will take a long chance to get rich by smuggling into port most every brand of good and bad liquor, and then our police are held responsible. By and by we will have men coming up to us giving us twenty-five or more thousands of dollars and this all without a receipt. It is now New Year's Eve and let us pray that the coming year of 1925 will bring to us all good health, wealth, and happiness, less crime, and an earnest desire to see the world become once more normal, with peace and contentment the world over. Nineteen twenty four was not so bad when one takes into consideration the many increases of salary allowed by the Legislature and departments of city and state. I will mention a few.

The Legislature passed an act increasing the salary of the mayor and comptroller, from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars per year, and the mayor approved of this act, and it became law. The Legislature also passed an act giving to the New York police veterans an increase of pension, the grand old men that slaved night and day to bring about the happy results of today in this grand old city, who are at this time living from hand to mouth on the pension allowed at the time of their retirement, namely twelve or fourteen hundred per year, they retiring on the half of same, what can a person do at this time on six or seven hundred dollars a year? Well, Mayor Hylan, after holding a hearing on this bill, sent same back to the Legislature disapproved, hence this measure did not become a law.

The Legislature assisted by the good people also gave our hard working public servants, namely the police and firemen, a salary increase from twenty-two hundred and eighty to twenty-five hundred dollars per year; this was badly needed. Now comes the board of aldermen. The board of estimates allowed them a raise in pay from three to five thousand dollars per year, allowing same on December 21, 1923, a Christmas present. More power to them.

All power to our crime hunters, finger print experts, and Detective Jim McCoy, who cleared up the Shattuck case. Besides cleaning up in

the West End Bank case, they again are before the public receiving the good-will and praise of all for the wonderful display of detective ability in rounding up and arresting the murderer of Estelle Philips in a rooming house at 49 West 97th Street, New York City, October 11, 1923. Captain Arthur Carey, Lieutenant Dan Carey as an acting captain, and Lieutenant Bill Roddy, of the detective bureau, did wonderful work in tracing and arresting this self-confessed scoundrel and vile murderer, Frank R. Benner. It is to be hoped that the jury impaneled to try this rascal will do its duty much better than did several juries of late, namely in the murder cases of Kid Dropper, the notorious gunman leader of the east side by Cohen, another member of that notorious gang; also in the murder case of Alonzo Storey by the Vettors in Glendale, L. I., May 11, 1923.

If the jurors would pay more attention to the summing up of the learned judges in those cases, these vile murderers would receive their just dues, the "electric chair," instead of imprisonment for a term of years, giving them the opportunity of returning and committing other crimes. Louis Kushner, or Cohen, being sentenced to life imprisonment, which means about eighteen years, and the Vettors to eight years, was a shame that such should be the case. After the police department, to a man, working day and night to clean up in cases of the like, and presenting a clean case to the district attorney of the county, and he and his office working hard preparing an indictment in the case to present to the grand jury, and after that body comes in with an indictment of murder in the first degree, these jurors, thinking that they are more fitted to judge a crime than are these learned men of the bench and bar, change an indictment for murder in the first degree into an indictment of manslaughter, and in many cases with a recommendation to mercy. Why that is an outrage, yes a travesty of justice, and I would suggest for the future that a jury picked to try such cases be men of character, of ability, both strong and fearless, who are willing to die to uphold the hands of justice, and not to mock justice, leaving the criminal courts of America a laughing-stock for the civilized world.

We have law and we have justice here in America, just as good as any nation of the world, so let us put them to work, and work honestly.

There is another matter that it would be well to take notice of, and that is the newspapers of this great city. Of course our reporters have to write about something to make a living, but it is up to the editorial staff of any paper to cut down any story that is going to help a criminal to make his getaway. Thus the detective division is handicapped by receiving false clues and following every one up causing

expense and loss of time to the police department and delaying justice.

Police Commissioner Enright was to my mind within his rights when the order was issued forbidding newspaper reporters the free use of police headquarters to obtain first-hand information of crime, so that they could rush the same to their papers to satisfy the hunger of the scandalmongers, forgetting that the criminal also reads, and is benefited by such news, for he learns all that is being done or is to be done by the detectives in the case or cases. Just take the case of Detective Joe Petrosino who was ordered to go to Italy to arrest a notorious member of the "Mafia or Blackhand." The Bingham administration made many mistakes causing the squandering of the police department funds, but this was the worst case in history. The sending of this good policeman to his doom was a crime against humanity, robbing a wife of a good husband, and several children of a good father; but who cares? Joe Petrosino, when ordered to leave on that occasion, said that the sending of him to Europe was the signing of his death warrant, but to that, like to many other questions, they turned a deaf ear, and the good soldier policeman went to his doom, for the order was not dry on the paper that it was written upon, when it was flashed broadcast in all newspapers that Detective Sergeant Joseph Petrosino was ordered by Bingham to leave for Italy at once to bring back a member of the Blackhand, wanted for murder.

Bingham was blamed for the order, but as a matter of fact General Bingham knew nothing about the case until notified that Petrosino had been murdered while leaving a restaurant in Italy. Only a few short weeks ago, in fact every now and then one reads in our newspapers that Detective Sergeant so-so is ordered to Italy to bring back this one or that one wanted for murder. Is it right for such news to be given to the public? Think it over, dear readers; I have no grievance, but it should not be.

I am again presenting to you my friends for your information and guidance a brief account of another one of those big things put over on us by Police Commissioner Enright. Determined to put an end to this bootlegging scandal for once and all, he ordered eight hundred and fifty men of the detective division to report to him in the trial room of police headquarters at ten A.M., February 9, 1924. After reading to them, one and all, the riot act, he said, "I want you men to do proper police duty, or if you don't then many of you will be out of a job, or out of a detail. This question of bootlegging in this city must and will be put out of business, and it is up to you to do police duty or quit the job." Fortunately for some, and unfortunately for others, the Commissioner demoted and promoted a number of these good fellows, and while it is a handsome New Year's gift to those promoted to a position

of importance, this taking with it an increase of eight hundred dollars a year, it is mighty hard on the other poor unfortunates who, perhaps through no fault of theirs, are caused to lose their positions and increased salary, and, worse than all, having to don a uniform and go out on patrol on a cold frosty night in the middle of February. But that is the fortunes of war, police duty must be done, and if one man don't do it, then there are thousands looking for his place.

Certain people in this big town of ours are constantly shouting bootlegging is going on, and the police commissioner is a bootlegger, and while our Commissioner is an easy-going, happy-go-lucky fellow, nevertheless here he is with his war paint on to prove to the world that those scandalmongers are liars. And our Commissioner is strongly fortified with letters of congratulations from the officials having in charge the question of prohibition enforcement, for the assistance given them by the Commissioner of Police and the men of his department. This infernal prohibition question has brought more misfortune and drunkenness and loss of millions to our treasury and our country than any other question ever introduced, and while I am no prophet, those that are responsible will some day, sooner or later, suffer. One of them is now on his way to a place where they are not giving money away for nothing. One year later, January, 1925.

The police department of this great city of six millions consists of twelve thousand men of all ranks and station, or about one man to every fifty-six of the population; not enough by any means, moreover in these days of lawlessness and crime, since that cursed World's War.

The fire department consists of six thousand seven hundred men of all rank and station, so you see our brave fire laddies are also working short-handed. I will ask our fair-minded citizens just one question, Is it not much better that your city and yourself and families be better protected than that our good money should be spent on other unnecessary matters? But please do not misunderstand me; I do not mean by that remark that our city funds are being squandered. No, no, you may pick your own meaning.

Our great street cleaning department is another big factor to contend with. We must have clean streets, our ashes and garbage must be removed, so to do those things you must at all times have the men.

Our police force has never been known to fail a call to duty, it makes no difference should it be life or death, it would cheerfully respond. Your police department from the very beginning has never been known to turn back, but forever going onward to protect our life and property, and if needs be to do that, it will sacrifice its own sweet life and die as others have done before, "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

The same may be said of our fire eaters, you know their history. Also our street cleaners, they too sacrifice a life very often in the discharge of their duty, so let us be human and deal with our public servants as we would have the world deal with us, fair and square; be on the level with yourself and your fellow man, and God will be on the level with you.

Our parks are a credit to us, yes, the talk of the world, covering an area of approximately four thousand five hundred acres, and they too must be attended to. The area of the city today is about three hundred and eighteen square miles.

New York can boast of the greatest free school system to be found the world over, thanks to our great Mayor Hon. John F. Hylan, for we have on January 1, 1925 840 school buildings, 29,627 teachers and supervisors, to look after the education of 962,564 pupils now in attendance.

We also can boast of the greatest Catholic school system to be found in any part of the world, where our children are learned to love and serve God, become good Americans, and good God-fearing Christians, under the supervision of his Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, a protégé of little old New York.

CHAPTER I OF PART III

REMINISCENCES

TELLING THE OLD OLD STORY OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, ITS TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS, ITS COMMISSIONERS ABUSED AND REMOVED, AND SOME REINSTATED AWAY BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, AND WHILE THEY WERE NOT ANNOYED BY BOOTLEGGERS, AS WE ARE TODAY, THE SO-CALLED REFORMERS WERE ALWAYS ON THE JOB, MAKING TROUBLE AT EVERY TURN WITH DEAR OLD NEW YORK THE VICTIM ALL THE TIME; ALSO SOME IMPORTANT NEWS OF THE DAY

The police department has at all times been a football for every Tom, Dick, and Harry to kick around, when you look back forty years to the days of the four-headed commission, composed of such men as Steve French, John McClave, Jimmy Martin, Charles F. McLean who was such a thorn in the side of some people that they took him from the police board and sent him to the supreme court, and having served his term, died in 1923, and we go down the line to John R. Voorhis, a pensioner of the city of New York, who has been holding office since 1875, and is still on the job at the great age of ninety-six. I guess John will never die, or if he does the city will have to die with him. Most of us today are waiting to fill dead men's shoes, but God help the one that is waiting to fill the shoes of old man Voorhis, he will have time to go back and fight the Civil War over again, but believe me, that when Mr. Voorhis does get to wherever he is going, he will get it for overstaying his time.

And now we come to the stormy days of Roosevelt, Grant, Parker, and Andrews, they too had their troubles. Teddy Roosevelt so disgusted that he went to Washington, and Frank Moss, the mouthpiece of Dr. Parkhurst, came into the board. And so on to the appointment of Colonel Michael C. Murphy and Bill Devery, all troublesome times and on to the reign of Colonel Rhinelanders Waldo, and Douglas I. McKay. They were the toughest times old New York has seen since the days of the Knownothings and Dead Rabbits of the early fifties—what with the Rosenthal murder, the killing of poor innocent Becker, Gyp the blood, and others, and allowing the principals to run scot free, gee these times were so tough that they killed one of the toughest men

New York ever raised, the late Mayor Gaynor, for when he started flirting with the Tammany Tiger, then something had to go, and away went Willy Gaynor.

I call your attention to another case of history repeating itself. Under Mayor Kline the successor to Mayor Gaynor, they were trying to put something over on Commissioner Waldo, but he said nit, got out, and was succeeded by Commissioner Douglas I. McKay, and here we are again in the administration of Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright from 1918 to 1925. In comes Douglas I. McKay as a Special Deputy Police Commissioner, and after some time McKay goes out and Colonel Waldo takes his place. And later Col. Waldo resigns and Douglas I. McKay succeeds. Gee, but Dick Enright is a wonder, he can get them all on his staff, and he yet has time to annex General Bingham and Colonel Woods to his staff, all good fellows, then he will have completed the job. Here are some of those old timers that he has had on his staff, at one time or another: George Dougherty, Douglas McKay, Colonel Waldo, Chief John McCullugh, Chief William S. Devery, Chief Adam A. Cross, and there are a few more that Commissioner Enright will yet corral.

Now we arrive at George B. McClelland's time as mayor, 1905, when we had gracing the commissioner's chair that grand old man, the present Chief Magistrate, William McAdoo, supported by the Hon. Thomas F. McAvoy, and in that same year General Bingham binged in and Mr. McAdoo binged out.

We have had a lot of jumping-jacks appointed Commissioners, Bugher, Cropsey, Baker, in today, and out tomorrow, since General Bingham gave up the job, until we came to Mayor Mitchel, and Colonel Arthur Woods, a darn good man, but easily led, at least it looked that way in the case of our own Dick, for while Lieutenant Enright was first on the eligible list for Captain, yes on top of two lists, he was good enough to be given charge of a precinct as an acting captain, but not good enough to be given the justice which was his, promotion to captaincy, oh, no, but after all is said and done Commissioner Woods was not to blame, it was the bigger boss in City Hall. And now we come to the one and only one, that wonderful smiling Dick, who the more he is pounded the handsomer he gets and the broader his smiles, always with an outstretched hand to greet even his enemies. I will quote a few remarks made by Commissioner Enright, and the same applies to all that ever held the office, and here they are.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"Thanks very much for your kindness in congratulating me on my sixth year in the office of Police Commissioner. Ever since the days and nights that I broke in with you on Cherry Hill some twenty-eight years ago, I have been

traveling a pretty hard old road, yes just as hard as that famous old rocky road to Dublin. Six years in this difficult post is a long time, considering the average time of other commissioners, my predecessors. The Police Commissioner works in a boiler shop. The noise is terrific—most everybody hammers and hollers and very few help. However, there is some compensation in holding the fort and doing the best one can as a matter of everyday business."

This is but one of many quotations received, each one of which is plain fact; I don't have to quote any more, this one will suffice.

Commissioner Enright is certainly working hard to give New York the greatest detective division in the world, and with that thought in view he ordered a school of detectives, and he permitted every patrolman who thought that he could make good as a "Sherlock Holmes" a chance to go to school, and if he could pass the test of three experts, and finally passed upon by the commissioner himself, and marked O.K., he was promoted to the detective bureau forthwith, without any political assistance whatever. In the past five months the commissioner has transferred one hundred and six so-called old detectives, many having been attached to the bureau so long that they had an idea they owned it; but out on patrol they went, and the man from off the sidewalk took his place. Gee, but that reads like an Aladdin's dream to us old timers. Just imagine a police commissioner of the past going among the coppers on the walk to pick up for promotion he of them that deserved promotion. Not on your tintype, for if it was whispered around at all that you were looking for promotion, then you would have "Cris O'Donald" down on post to see you, to see how much you will give to get the job. I speak from experience, and that's the world's best teacher.

I made three attempts for promotion in my time on the force. The first time I was called to police headquarters and among other things asked was, "how long have you been on the force, officer?" I answered, "thirteen years." "Oh, then you must have saved quite a little money in that time." "No, Sir," I answered. "I am supporting a stable of two-year-olds." "Two-year-olds? Why, where do you live, Officer?" "Sheepshead Bay," I answered. "Then you are a racing man?" "Yes, Sir, I am a racing man dealing with the human race. I have eight children to support and they consume all of my time and money." The next question was, "Where did you get your education, Officer." "At a Catholic school, Sir, in the old country." "Who appointed you on the force, Officer." "The Hon. Police Commissioner James J. Martin," I answered and that was too strong for this same police commissioner, it smelled too much like Tammany. Tammany, always ahead in every race. "You report back to your precinct officer," and that was all that I ever heard of that effort to promote myself. But on leaving the commissioner's office, we candidates as a rule,



PATRICK J. MURRAY,
CHIEF POLICE SURGEON.



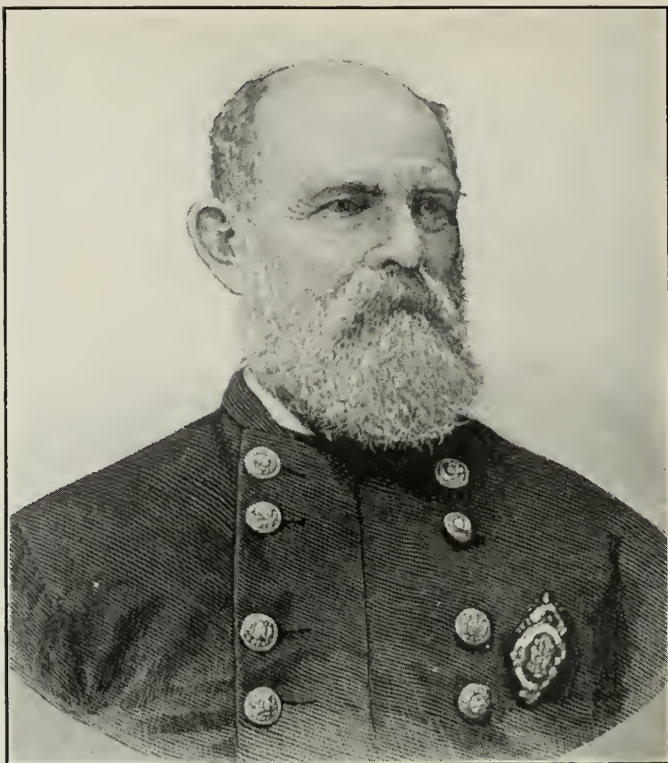
DANIEL J. DONOVAN,
DEPUTY CHIEF POLICE SURGEON.



REV. A. HAMILTON NESBIT,
POLICE CHAPLAIN.



REV. ISIDORE FRANK,
POLICE CHAPLAIN.



SUPERINTENDENT GEORGE WASHINGTON WALLING.



AT NO. 1 BROADWAY—PREPARING FOR THE POLICE PARADE OF 1905.

I guess some of my readers have been there, would wait and congratulate or sympathize with each other, and one of these same men, from the same precinct as myself, said, "How did you make out, John." "Oh," says I, "you know very well how I made out. I knew full well the moment the Commissioner started putting those questions to me that I was a dead cock in the pit. He had gotten through with all of you High Financiers, and he had no time for my ten cent limit." "Now you said it, Hickey old man, you got to have the sugar. I have it and I am going to give it up, you got to do it." "Yes," says I, "we poor boobs trying to raise our family stands a h—l of a chance, when you ducks are running around with your first dollar in your pockets." Was I right or was I wrong, I am asking you old policemen?

On my third attempt to make the list of 1904 I succeeded, but two or three days before the list came out "Cris O'Donnell" came to me while patrolling West Street and said, "John Hickey, I want to congratulate you. Your name is going on the eligible list that is to be published next Wednesday, but it will be away down the list." "Well," I answered, "I did not expect it to go on the top of the list with all of those moneyed men and collegians that I had to compete with." "Now, see here, John, can you raise two hundred bucks by Tuesday night and I promise you that your name will be among the first one hundred and fifty." I answered, "No, there isn't a chance. I am neck and heels in debt now, my wife being sick, and having to move her down to Sheepshead Bay, and pay doctor's bills, I am sick at heart." "Oh, go and see your friend Sheeny Marks, he will help you." Marks is a money lender, and he had me hooked up, hook, line, and sinker, so far gone that I thought that I would have to sell myself to the devil to get him paid.

That is what we old cops were up against. But what's the use, it's all over now, but just see and think what I lost in not getting this two hundred bucks, which after all was cheap. Here I would have been promoted and transferred to some far-off precinct, and not get mixed up in that darned old case of naturalization, in after years, that cost me a thousand bucks to fee lawyers, and pay other expenses, that were accumulating fast, and in the end to lose by death my beautiful Irish wife, the mother of my family.

I forgot to state that this man, Cris O'Donnell, as I call him, was not a member of the Police Department, but retired from another department of the city government, and when he told me of the men that he made and had promoted, well I near dropped dead, because I myself was interested in the promotion of one in the report that I had made at the time. But what's the use, the big fellow that told me that he would pay for his promotion was raised to a high position and was dis-

missed from the force. But thank God with all of my trouble I was never dismissed from the force; I am like the fellow that once said, "Gee, I would sooner be shot than be dismissed," but I was never shot.

In going over my cabinet of police clippings of the past I just came across the following. It appears that they were not satisfied at causing Police Commissioner Waldo to quit the job, but they wanted to put something over on him. But any man that stood by Charlie Becker in his trouble is not going to stand for anybody to fixing up his cards; he is too red-blooded for that, and here is what happened. It appears that on the City Record of December 31, 1913, a mistaken item was printed as follows:

Hon. Douglas I. McKay presented his warrant of appointment as Police Commissioner, to succeed Rhinelander Waldo, removed.

"This notice," said ex-Commissioner, now Colonel Waldo, "Is incorrect and constitutes a false record; the word 'removed' should be 'resigned,' in order to constitute a true official record, because I was not removed. My term expired and I left the office by resignation."

Mr. Waldo had sued Mayor Mitchel, and the board of estimate, and they appeared before Supreme Court Justice Weeks, and Col. Waldo won his case, because he proved to the satisfaction of the court that his resignation was in the hands of then Mayor Adolphus Kline, before the expiration of his term of office.

So we journey along, most of the men I have written about here are dead today as was Christmas Eve of 1925, in good old New York, and it sure was dead, for as I stood at the Flatiron building looking north I could count the number of people on my fingers. This was at two A. M. I stood there motionless, thinking back to the good old days when New York in that particular spot was happy and cheering, but alas the Prohibitionist and the grape juicers have murdered the happiness of old New York.

The taxpayers of the greater city rallied around the banner of Judge John F. Hylan, and elected him as our mayor, and he appointed commissioner of police a man not unknown to the members of the force, for Mr. Bugher had been there before, and was well liked by all, but for some unknown reason he refused to obey the instructions of the Mayor, and was removed. Mayor Hylan then went hunting for a man to rule the police force that was a well trained policeman, and one who would obey orders, and he went over to Brooklyn and discovered one in an outlying precinct, so the mayor called up police headquarters and asked to have Lieutenant Dick Enright called up and ordered to report forthwith. This is what happened over the telephone: "Hello, Hello, Central give me the Stagg Street Station. Hello, Hello, is this the Stagg

Street Station house? Yes, sir, with Lieutenant Enright speaking. Say, Lieutenant, you are ordered to report to the Mayor's office forthwith, and I wish you luck and hope to congratulate you later."

"Who is this talking please," answered Lieutenant Enright.

"Why it is Sam B——n.

"Say what are you doing old top, putting one over on me?" answered Lieutenant Enright.

"No, no, Dick, but I just heard that you are to receive a birthday present, so go to it my boy, the mayor is waiting for you, and the gift that you are about to receive will startle the world."

Lieutenant Enright lost no time in getting to the mayor's office and meeting Commissioner of Plants and Structures Grover Whalen, the secretary to Mayor Hylan, and the late Lieutenant Billy Kennel, the mayor's bodyguard, both of whom congratulated Dick Enright, and escorted him into the mayor's private office and soon the new police commissioner was on his way to police headquarters to take up his new duties, and his first order was to send for the chief of police, starting him off on a vacation, and appointing Inspector Honest John Daly to succeed, and giving this gentleman, the former chief, to understand that he must retire at the end of his vacation, and that was the end of that slick article.

Well let us see what else Commissioner Dick Enright did that day. Among other things he provided himself with a fine clean-cut cabinet of good, well trained policemen in the persons of William J. Lahey, John J. Cray, and Joseph Faurot, whom he made deputy police commissioners, and they are in that same position today, 1924, with the exception of Deputy Police Commissioner Lahey, becoming police chief, and honest John Daly becoming second deputy police commissioner. Commissioner Enright then went among the best and brightest business men of the city and appointed the best of them special deputy police commissioners, without salary, and they have done wonderful work for the city, when it most needed the assistance of her sons and daughters. It was during the dark days of the great World War, and these men made good.

Police Commissioner Enright first saw the light of day August 30, 1871, born in Steuben County, New York, and appointed on the force by the late Colonel Roosevelt when police commissioner in 1896. Young Dick Enright was appointed on probation and assigned to the old fourth precinct, 9 Oak Street, Manhattan, and after making good as a probationer was appointed patrolman, November 21, 1896, promoted to roundsman, December 29, 1902, lieutenant, December 7, 1905, and police commissioner, January 23, 1918, re-appointed in 1922, and is still going strong. Lieutenant Enright was number one on two

eligible lists, but while he was promoted to the position of acting captain, Mayor Mitchel could not see Enright promoted to captain. It seems that they were all afraid of the General Bingham bugaboo.

Well Police Commissioner Enright started right in and he was not long in ordering that all old men in the service be given soft details, and his old retired friends mustered to his assistance, such men as John McCullugh, William S. Devery, Adam A. Cross. Ex-Chief McCullugh took sick and died. I will quote the remarks of Commissioner Enright at the grave of McCullugh.

The Commissioner in his address that day said among other things: "I am sorry that our dear friend Ex-Chief John McCullugh is not with us, for if he were living it would be my proud pleasure to appoint him my first deputy."

But the commissioner did mighty good work in appointing Judge Leach his first deputy, as Judge John Leach, a legal light of ability, is giving Commissioner Enright great support. Commissioner Enright did not stop at appointing the best policemen on his staff, but he also went to the outside world to pick men whom he knew could render great assistance in giving New York the best police administration that was ever given, and rightly so. New York is fully deserving of the best, and no one knows that better than does our Commissioner. He then appointed as special deputy police commissioners without salary several of America's greatest financiers and business men, among whom are Rodman Wanamaker, T. Coleman Dupont, Edmond A. Guggenheim, John M. Shaw, Dr. Carleton Simon, William Gillespie, Julia M. Loft, Douglas I. McKay, Colonel Rhinelander Waldo, Barron Collier, and others, an adornment to any organization.

The Commissioner also promoted to inspectorships men like Deputy Chief Thomas Murphy, John O'Brien, Dominick Henry, Samuel G. Belton, Cornelius F. Cahalane; Inspectors Thomas H. McDonald, George C. Liebers, Thomas J. Kelly, Patrick Cray, James S. Bolan, Thomas T. Ryan, William A. Coleman, Charles A. Formoso, John F. Sweeney, Edwin H. West, Thomas F. Walsh, Joseph A. Conboy, Byron R. Sackett, William A. Bailey, and John W. O'Connor. A body of good policemen who have grown old in the service and deserve this promotion for faithfulness and ability in the past. The Commissioner also appointed Patrick J. Murray, chief surgeon, and Daniel J. Donovan, deputy chief police surgeon; also Captain John D. Coughlin, chief of the detective division, with Captain Dan Carey; Captain Thomas M. Fay (now chief of staff), assistants, all of whom have done remarkable detective work here of late, the rounding up of the murderers of Barlow and McLoughlin, of the West End Bank of Brooklyn, and it must be admitted that this was one of the greatest pieces of detective

work ever recorded, inside of one month from the date of the murder. Captain Coughlin and his staff had under arrest four gunmen among whom were the actual murderers that fired the shots killing these two unfortunate men. The detectives presented such a mass of clean-cut evidence for the district attorney to present to the grand jury, that there was nothing else to the finding but a true bill against all the prisoners.

The district attorney, Mr. Dodd, thanked the detectives and staff and in fact the whole police department for the valuable services rendered to his office, in this case in particular, and to many other cases in general.

We have heard and read of the detectives of old and how they ran down crimesters, but did you ever before hear of a case of this description, one so important, and cleaned up in such short order, so that the murderers to my mind, that is if money and red tape doesn't prevent it, will have been found guilty of this infernal crime, executed, and the case forgotten inside of six months from the day of the brutal murders, November 14, 1923.

Here we are in January, 1925, and they still live, awaiting a new trial.

The writer worked as a patrolman for many years in the old fourth precinct of Manhattan, No. 9 Oak Street, with Bill Barlow, sleeping in the same section room for fully ten years, but little did I know that he was to meet such a terrible death.

I will quote the remarks of Commissioner Enright at the Jewish police memorial services in Mount Neboh Temple, January 6, 1924:

"New York City has a police department of which reasonable and thinking people may well be proud. I think the people are as well satisfied with the police department today as they are of any other department, whether city, state, or federal. The department is no organization of angels or archangels. Placing a uniform on a man does not make him that, but the department has a record for service that is unequaled anywhere else in the world, though it is smaller pro rata of population than the police force of any metropolis of Europe.

"The New York police department holds a record in that it has been one of the few departments of any city in the United States, which has not had to call upon the national guard or federal troops in emergency situations. Neither of these forces have had to be appealed to in New York since 1873, and for fifty years the police here have maintained law and order as they have been maintained nowhere else."

The Commissioner credited to Charles A. Dana, one-time editor of *The New York Sun*, the statement that only those worthy of criticism are criticized, and he asserted that the "Police department of this city is worthy of being criticised because the public has placed up on our

shoulders great responsibilities, and because our organization is sometimes asked to deliver more than is possible. The mistakes of others must be borne by us. The mistakes of the lawmakers and of the reformers, in placing on the statute books laws that are in advance of public opinion, place the responsibility on us. And when we fail we are criticized." Too much was asked. It is not for the police department to reason why laws are passed and put on the books, but it is for us "to do or die," in enforcing them.

"Whether we get more assistance or not, we shall continue to do our duty to the best of our ability. There will always be a certain amount of crime in a city of this size, but it has never got out of hand. In fact we have forty-five per cent less crime in New York City today than we had ten years ago. We shall continue to make good doing the duty for which we enlisted, and make the people of New York proud of their city."

The Rev. Aaron Eiseman said, "two classes of persons are signaled out for villification—the members of a police department and the Jews. If there are a few crooked and vicious men among the men of the department, the public says that all the policemen are crooked and vicious. It is just the way with the Jews. We have some 'bad eggs among us, more than I fear we should have. But we ask to be judged by the good ones of our race and not by the bad.' You must demand that the public judge you by the many who do their full duty year in and year out, and to forget the few who may be evil."

I leave it to you, my good readers, are these two speakers right or wrong; you are the best judges.

Among the many editorials published, I will just quote one, taken from one of our prominent newspapers. *The Evening Telegram*. This is headed by a pitiful statement made by Mrs. William S. Barlow, the wife of one of the two men murdered in cold blood on November 14, 1923. "Bless the police. I have been ill ever since those men killed my husband William. But that the men have been arrested soothes me somewhat." This editorial follows: "On November 14th last, William S. Barlow, a retired lieutenant of police employed as special officer of a Brooklyn bank, and William H. McLaughlin, assistant paying teller of the same institution, were shot and killed in broad daylight and robbed of \$43,609.67 they were carrying. Within two weeks thanks to persistent and highly creditable detective work in following up clues furnished principally by fingerprints on an automobile used in the getaway of the crooks. The Diamond brothers were arrested. Then it was that Mrs. Barlow bestowed her blessings on the heads of the police. The Diamonds confessed complicity in the crime, but denied

being the actual murderers. On their information other arrests followed."

A few weeks ago Judge Alfred J. Talley of General Sessions, rebuking a jury for its verdict, said: "The dignity and majesty of the law have been lost. . . . Last year there were 7,850 murders and 6,790 manslaughters, and other unlawful killings in this country."

With the excellent work done in the case of Barlow and McLaughlin murders we believe a start has been made toward remedying the startling conditions outlined by Judge Talley. There is no room for comment here, my good readers. The words of such an able judge as Judge Talley, who grew up from early boyhood among the poorer and richer classes of New York, need no comment. The author of this work has known Judge Talley for the past thirty-five years, and can attest to his good citizenship and good judgment, a credit to the bar of this great city.

I think at this time it will not be out of place to go a little further on the police doings of today as I find them. It may be a little previous, but nevertheless it is substantiation, and in these days of vilifications, it is the duty of us all to verify all that we say or do. In a report issued January 3, 1924, on the good work of the policewomen, another vast improvement brought about by Police Commissioner Enright, who just gave out the following: The ten policewomen assigned to detect mashers on the streets have made forty-two arrests since November 22, last, convicting thirty-five. The report shows that twenty-two arrests were made in the subways and twenty on the streets. Most of the street arrests were made at Thirty-Fourth Street and Broadway.

The Police Commissioner also made the following remarks: "In my opinion, this particular clean-up squad has done excellent work, and has given the professional masher something to think and ponder about. The policewomen have been complimented for their activities in this connection by the magistrates of the various courts. The majority of their convictions resulted in the defendants being sentenced to thirty days."

Another improvement for you to pass judgment upon. In my mind the thanks of the community are due to our Police Commissioner; the dirty miserable curs known as mashers have held sway far too long in this city. It is a disgrace to any city in the world when your own wife, sister or daughter cannot walk the streets either day or night, or even go to see a show without being pinched or insulted by those degenerates that prowl around, many of whom have sisters and daughters of their own.

Police Commissioner Enright was retired from the police depart-

ment according to chapter 65 of the laws of 1918, on a pension of thirty-seven hundred and fifty dollars per year. But I notice that we have a few good men in our midst who are willing to override the law, and do with our Commissioner the same dirty work that was done in the case of Chief of Police William S. Devery, who, after paying two per cent of his salary for many years into the pension fund of the police department of the city of New York, which gave him a vested right in sharing in that fund, was robbed of it all. William S. Devery is long since dead, peace be to him, but I earnestly hope that the good city of New York will never stand for such a mean disgraceful act, namely, to rob her own good citizens of the little insurance that they have provided for to help the widow and orphans when they are no longer able to help them.

The Police Commissioner of today, I, unfortunately have to say, is a poor man, but thoroughly honest, to the contrary notwithstanding; his kind and charitable disposition keeps him poor. The Hon. Judge Crain, not long since, made the same remark from the bench in general session that ought to be enough for any decent citizen. To satisfy his own mind, after listening to the howling of some of our so-called good citizens, who had dared to call our Police Commissioner a grafter, but when the time came to prove these assertions, they failed. Judge Crain asked Mr. Enright, if he was so inclined would he produce his bank books, and what did they show? A mere two or three thousand dollars, and a mortgage on the house of a friend whom he, the Commissioner, was helping to make life happy for his friend's wife and family, and they have the audacity to call our good Commissioner a bootlegging grafter. Has it come to this pass, in New York, that there is no law to protect our public servants from the Bolsheviks that are roaming around in sheep's clothing, heaping disgrace and ridicule on our administration, thereby and, in a cowardly fashion, bringing disgrace upon our fair city.

In 1890 we were not blessed with policemen like the present Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright, a good man in a good man's place, or, in other words, a policeman to do a policeman's work, and Dick Enright has more than made good. You see, when you want a suit of clothes made, you go to a tailor for same, and it is the same in every profession, and I am happy to say today, thanks to the Hon. John F. Hylan, the Mayor of New York, he being the one man to discover that citizen soldiers or business men do not make good police commissioners, so he picked a man from the ranks, and the records of today prove that Mayor Hylan made an excellent choice when he went alone in search of a good policeman to become police commissioner and picked Dick

Enright from behind the desk of an outlying precinct, where he had been transferred for the purpose of losing his identity and popularity.

When I joined the force we were working under a routine known as the two platoon system, and it was a man killer. One was never home to spend an evening with his wife and family, for if a copper was lucky he would be given a night off every forty-five or fifty days, and if the captain was a brutal bug, as some of them were, the poor cop would get no night off, as the captain would announce a shortage of men for an excuse. Today, thanks to Police Commissioner Enright, and a solid sound organization like the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the men are free men, working in a ten-squad system, with a night off every five days, less hours, and all the comforts of both home and station house.

I wish that I had the time and space to put this matter more plainly before my readers; the story to be told would open your eyes, and at that we were not pestered with these miserable little degenerates, known today as gunmen. No, no, just as soon as we heard of a lobster wanting to be tough we sailed into him with that good old night stick, and believe me he would give up the idea of becoming a tough man.

In my day we received a salary of one thousand dollars per year. Out of that we had to keep a home and family, pay for our uniforms, society tax, station house taxes, and often be called upon to put up a dollar to bury some unfortunate old cop, or to send flowers to the captain's daughter, and other incidentals, and this on top of a poor cop starting out in debt.

But things are different today, the men have rest and kindnesses that we never enjoyed, and the salary is wonderful, starting in at about seventeen hundred and fifty dollars, and raising up to twenty-five hundred per year, and a good kind commissioner who is ever ready to listen to his men. In our day you would get a complaint if you dared speak to one of the commissioners, oh, glory be!

The police department of today is doing wonderful work, and is receiving the praise of all good citizens, the judges on the bench, and the grand juries of both counties, also advertisements in the trains both on the elevated and subway, praising the police for their wonderful work. Why just take for instance the West End Bank murder, that of Lieutenant Barlow, an old side partner of mine, and young McLaughlin, a hero soldier boy of the late great war. Within twenty-four hours after the wonderful police system under Commissioner Enright had the finger prints of the murderers, and within ten days the murderers themselves. This and other cases were cleared up so that the Police Commissioner did not need to cancel his yearly vacation so that both his wife and himself sailed for Bermuda for three weeks;

but the wires from New York to Bermuda and other places, keeping the Police Commissioner posted on every act of his men, were burning all the time.

Yes and this was all printed in the newspapers that are constantly shouting "Crime Wave," investigate the police, and stuff of that nature. And the best part of this case is that while working it up, the police captured several other murderers and crimesters, and is fast making a cleanup of all of this miserable crowd known to the underworld as gunmen.

Then we have the other grafter who is, when out of power, constantly shouting investigate the police, just so that they can cop a few thousand dollars, as lawyers or lawyers' clerks, thereby robbing this grand old city, and what good did these investigations ever do for the city? Why nothing but bring disgrace upon her, all for no purpose only to give a few rats a meal ticket. That has been the case ever since Senator Lexow was going to do such wonders away back in 1894, and all that they did was to convict a man or two of his own, the Republican party, you know it my friends? In conclusion, let me ask some of our bad minded citizens to let our police commissioner alone; he is honest and able, no bootlegger nor crook as some of this gentry would like to have the people believe, and remember when you are busy falsely accusing our police commissioner, you are belittling this grand old city, that gives you your living, so stop it, yes shut up, and remember that he who lives in a glass house can't afford to throw stones.

As Bill Devery used to say, you are a lot of four flushers, two-spot gamblers, "Touching on and appertaining to a bum lot of sports," and if our old friend Alec Williams was here he would show you where the tenderloin is situated, and tell you how to get rich quick, so good-night.

CHAPTER II OF PART III

REMINISCENCES CONTINUED

THE ADMINISTRATION OF POLICE COMMISSIONER RICHARD E. ENRIGHT, AND HIS ABLE BOARD OF DEPUTIES, BOTH POLICE AND CITIZEN, GIVING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK OF ACTING CAPTAIN DANIEL J. CAREY, CAPTAINS THOMAS FAY AND GEORGE BUSBY AND STAFFS CONCERNING THE WEST END BANK MURDERERS, THE MURDERERS OF ESTELLE PHILIPS, AND THE MURDER OF "KID DROPPER" AND OTHERS

January 23, 1918, was a great day in New York, at least among the men of the police and all other municipal offices and departments, when the news flashed all over that His Honor Mayor John F. Hylan had appointed Police Lieutenant Richard E. Enright to the position of the police commissionership of this great municipality. With all due respect to everyone concerned the Mayor could not have done a better thing, for he appointed a man to fill a man's job, and Police Commissioner Enright has surely made good. The fact remains that after four years of service, Mayor Hylan is reelected with one of the largest majorities ever given a public officer, and that certainly speaks well for our Mayor's good sound judgment. And the very first order signed by the Mayor in his second term was to reappoint our Police Commissioner to succeed himself, and little old New York is going stronger all the time. And I am willing to make a good bet that if Mayor Hylan is at all inclined and the third time bugaboo doesn't scare him, he the Mayor, can be renominated and elected to succeed himself in 1925.

It is utterly impossible for me to write of all of the improvements and monies saved the city by our Police Commissioner in the past six years, giving the taxpayers a clean street to walk on so that one can take his wife out for a walk, or go alone for that matter, and not be accosted by the unfortunate woman of the street. Enright has driven every prostitute and houses of prostitution out of New York City, and that one thing alone is a wonderful change, but there are many other good improvements that you can read of if you will, but give the Police Commissioner a fair deal and read up his yearly reports to the mayor of this great city.

I assure you, my dear readers, from the point of view of an old New York policeman, and one that was blessed with the fact of his having had this big-hearted police commissioner on probation with him night after night on and around the dives and slums of Cherry Hill, in November, 1896. Enright was a darned good probationer, a mighty good policeman, but better than all a darned good police commissioner. Let us see what the commissioner has done in the last six years, and mind you, they were trying years.

First Deputy Police Commissioner Judge John Anderson Leach was the first choice of Commissioner Enright, whom he has known for many years as a very able lawyer, and a former Judge of Brooklyn.

Second Deputy Police Commissioner, former Inspector John Daly, has been many years connected with the force. He is a man that is devoted to his duties as a member of the Catholic Church just as he is to the duties of a policeman, so that one doesn't have to be afraid that he is likely to get a false complaint put over on him. Deputy Commissioner John Daly joined the force January, 1886, promoted to roundsman, 1891; sergeant, February 4, 1896; captain, 1903; inspector, April 14, 1909; chief of police, January 24, 1918; deputy police commissioner, 1920; receiving promotions from Commissioners Roosevelt, Greene, Bingham, and his last two promotions from Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright.

Third Deputy Police Commissioner Joseph A. Faurot is well known to all of us old timers for his wonderful introduction of the finger print system that he crossed over to Paris to study which is the talk of the world, and in spite of much opposition from the police heads of 1909. And while the Deputy Commissioner is somewhat bashful and shady, nevertheless Joe Faurot is a darn good mixer and some orator I assure you. The Deputy Commissioner is a member of many clubs and societies, and an old-time member and past officer of the Royal Arcanum, of which the writer has been a member for twenty-eight years, also a past regent, meeting the Deputy Commissioner at conventions and other gatherings of the order. Deputy Commissioner Faurot succeeded Colonel A. D. Porter, who resigned to attend to his law practice of many years' standing.

Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner John J. Cray needs no introduction, for his work as the head of the detective division for many years past has endeared him to all. He is a product of the old gas-house district of Manhattan, a staunch Catholic, kindly and charitable to all, and above all a man among men, one that can boast of more testimonials and letters of thanks from our magistrates and judges and heads of all departments of charity in this great city. He is a brother of the late Inspector Patrick Cray, and a credit to this or any other city ad-

ministration. He, having charge of the detective division for many years, made for himself a wonderful record, second only to the three great detectives of the past, Murray, Byrnes, and McCaffrey.

Chief of Police William J. Lahey, another one of the old school, started in quite young and he, too, was a great detective and built up a great record of arrest and convictions, winning his spurs on his merits.

Deputy Police Chief Inspector Thomas H. Murphy is another member of the "finest" that have made good, having joined the force in 1897, receiving his appointment from Police Commissioner Roosevelt, he started right out to do police duty, and is doing it yet. His record was so good that our old friend General Bingham promoted him to the position of captain, and he continued to pile up a great record so that Police Commissioner Arthur Woods made Tom Murphy from Wyoming County a police inspector, and when Police Commissioner Enright entered police headquarters as police commissioner, he made Tom Murphy a deputy chief inspector to assist Chief Lahey. Deputy Chief Murphy has endeared himself to all for his good old God-save-all-here democratic spirit, and everyone glories in his promotions.

Deputy Chief Thomas H. Murphy was born of a fighting hero of the late Civil War, for he was the son of Captain Francis Murphy, and from whom he inherits the splendid military bearing for which he is noted. From the very day that he was appointed patrolman in 1897, to the present day, Tom Murphy has been constantly doing good police duty, and this brought about his recognition by every police commissioner as that of a fearless police officer who, without pull, stopped at nothing in his work as a police officer, and in the end was respected and obeyed by all. He was appointed by Roosevelt, made captain by Bingham, inspector by Woods and deputy police chief by Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright.

Deputy Chief Inspector Samuel G. Belton is another man who has made good in the past, and it did not take Commissioner Enright long to see that in Sam Belton he had a good worthy officer, and one who deserved promotion, so that he ordered Sam Belton to report to his office and the Commissioner appointed this good faithful officer to the position of deputy chief inspector, and gave him command of the public service division with headquarters in the old sixth precinct station house on Elizabeth Street, and Deputy Chief Belton is doing good work in that position as in all others.

Deputy Chief Inspector John O'Brien is one of the best known police officials in the whole of New York, for his work on traffic is wonderful, and he is constantly studying the most serious problem of all, and that is to make the streets of New York safe for all who

travel through them, and he, too, is making good, not only piling up honors in our own city, but from far-off France honors are bestowed on this good faithful police officer.

Deputy Chief Inspector Thomas J. Kelly of the twelfth inspection district is another son of the gas house district of little old New York, a good policeman trying his very best to do proper police duty, and at the same time to keep out of trouble. But glory be, that is a very hard matter nowadays, for if you catch a bootlegger you are a son of a gun, and if you don't catch a bootlegger you are a son of a gun, so between the bootleggers and the men of the liquor enforcement department of the United States government, one is in hot water all the time, for to quote the words of Police Commissioners Enright, "the Government is responsible for letting the gol darned stuff come in by the barrel and let us get it by the spoon."

Thomas J. Kelly was appointed patrolman, October 24, 1896, and for his wonderful work as a detective was promoted captain, November 6, 1907, inspector, January 30, 1909. He is known as a good policeman, quiet and unassuming and a good fellow, a credit to the gas-house district. Tom Kelly was made acting deputy chief inspector and full deputy chief by Commissioner Enright, January 23, 1925.

Deputy Chief Inspector Dominick Henry is another member of the force who is constantly going the rounds and doing good police duty, in spite of the fact that certain people in this big town tried hard to ruin this good man. He is still doing police duty in the same old shop, but the gangsters and their friends don't like that, and every now and then they try to put something over on Dominick Henry, but they don't succeed, for Dominick is another one of the protégés of the famous gas-house district of New York, and they are noted like their leader, the late Charles F. Murphy, they never lay down but constantly march onward to victory. I just received word that my good friend Dominick Henry is about to retire after thirty-five years of good service.

Deputy Chief Inspector Cornelius F. Cahalane is another good policeman that is worthy of all that can be said or given to him in the line of promotion. I worked with the deputy as a patrolman, and he in after years became my roundsman, down in the old second precinct, so that I am in the right position to verify all that Con Cahalane has been doing ever since the night on the Staten Island Ferry Boat, when by his good judgment and manly conduct as a policeman he prevented a serious crime, yes, perhaps a murder or two, so that Deputy Chief Cahalane is fully entitled to all that the police department or the good citizens of this great city can give him.

Acting Deputy Chief John W. O'Connor, president of the Inspectors and Captains' Association, is another one of the good old cops of the

long ago, and at one time it was the talk of us old cops as to which of them, meaning John O'Connor and Adam A. Cross, was the best dressed, and they were both of them very natty dressers, yes and they are today. Acting Deputy Chief O'Connor is rendering great service to Deputy Chief Inspector John O'Brien regulating traffic, and although John W. O'Connor is growing old in the service, he is still going strong.

Somehow, while writing on this question of New York traffic, it seems to me that I am writing of the city of Cork, instead of the city of New York, for long years ago we had a Steve O'Brien and his boss Com McAdoo working on this same problem, and here we are twenty-five years later and still have the O'Briens and the O'Connors tugging away at this same old job, and every day doing something new in the interest of our citizens in particular and humanity in general.

Deputy Chief Cornelius F. Cahalane was born, October 18, 1875, and joined the force, September 2, 1900. He was made sergeant, December 12, 1901; lieutenant, December 7, 1905; captain, May 29, 1911; inspector, August 30, 1911, and deputy chief, 1918. Con Cahalane built for himself a very fine record, is known as quiet and unassuming and respected by all.

Now a word about our police inspectors, they, too, are doing something to help along the worthy cause, and I hope to see some of those hard working policemen become deputy chiefs in the future, one can never tell. But unfortunately some of our inspectors are in trouble today, for that cursed liquor question will make trouble even in heaven I am afraid. It has already made trouble in some of our churches whose ministers, instead of going out upon the highways and the by-ways to fill their churches on Sunday, are spending their time denying the birth of Christ, and approving the actions of a man who tells the world that he can get twenty-five thousand dollars put in his hand by a stranger, without even giving a receipt. Oh, for the good old days of the forty-niners and the gold fields of California.

There are other inspectors of whom the same remarks as above may be said, and they are Thomas T. Ryan, a product of good old ex-chief Mose Cortright, a man of few words, but he works a h—— of a lot and can fight just as hard, so they will have to go some to catch Tommy Ryan napping. Inspector Thomas T. Ryan was born, June 18, 1874, appointed patrolman, April 22, 1906, promoted to roundsman and detailed to the office of good old Police Chief Cortwright and promoted to lieutenant, December 7, 1905; captain, December, 1900; inspector, March 10, 1914. Tommy Ryan is known as a good policeman, well learned and a credit to the department. Is a good member of the Royal Arcanum as well as of all police organizations.

Inspectors Sam McElroy, retired, and Joseph A. Conboy, just died,

were two other good policemen and respected by all, peace be to you Joe Conboy, and best wishes to you, Sam McElroy. We hope you are enjoying your retirement so well deserved.

But I am sorry to say that there are a few hungry men still living, some of whom would drink out of a tomato can, and often, have done so when on a spree that they like to go upon every now and then, but ever ready to brew trouble for others; bad luck to them that wouldn't learn to be men. They are constantly squaking, shooting off their vile mouths trying to fool the people into thinking that they are angels; but they are fooling themselves if they think that they are going to keep on prostituting the good name of the crusaders of the past. We are all of us wise to their game and sooner or later they will fall heavy, and then woe be to them. They think that they are making trouble for the police commissioner, but again they are fooled, for Dick Enright knows more in his little finger than do those blatherskites in their whole carcass. They are not making trouble for the heads of the department. No, no, these men have proved their case and are now preferring charges against the inspectors and the rank and file so that the public will not be fooled. These charges are preferred so that each of the inspectors must tell all that they know about this bootlegging that is supposed to be going on.

Inspector Thomas McDonald of the third inspection district is another one of those fine young fellows who no doubt in the past, while doing strict police duty, stepped on someone's toes and today they are trying to get him for revenge; for to give the devil his due the inspector worked wonders in certain districts that he formerly had charge of; and the selfsame thing can be said of anybody that tries to do his duty. I am out of the job, thank God, under the present conditions, but you believe me that if you do your duty as it should be done, then in nine cases out of ten you are a marked man; and I know of what I speak or write. I am quite sure that they will have a hard time putting anything over on Inspector Tom McDonald, for he has the fighting blood of his ancestors, and he can stand right up and fight under any strain. I know it for we have fought side by side in many battles of the long ago.

Inspector James S. Bolan of the fourth inspection district is another one of those clever young fellows that has made good, both in the past and present, and I am sure that they will stick nothing on him either. I have known Jim Bolan some thirty years, and have traveled with him more or less ever since, and I am fully aware that he is a product of good manly Americans, with the red blood of our country running through his whole make-up, and my reasons for saying this is that any young man as he was twenty-five years ago, that would dare



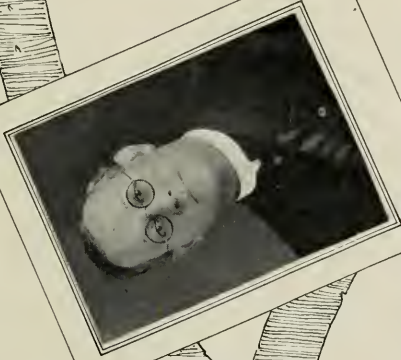
• REV. LAWRENCE H. BLACKEN •



• REV. WILLIAM G. JVIE •



• REV. A. BLUM •



• REV. JOHN J. COOGAN •



• REV. JOHN A. WADE •



CAPTAIN MATT McGRATH,
WORLD'S CHAMPION.



EDWARD S. WALLING,
CAPTAIN, 35TH PRECINCT.



Courtesy of Police Magazine

SERG. PAT McDONALD,
WORLD'S CHAMPION.



WILLIAM H. WARD
CAPTAIN.

jump off a ferryboat in motion, in the dark waters of Hell Gate, endangering his own life to save two others, will certainly die fighting. I was detailed at the Astoria Ferry when Jim Bolan made those heroic rescues, and it was my report that helped to get Patrolman Bolan what he justly deserved—promotion. Inspector James S. Bolan was born June 27, 1872, appointed patrolman, December 3, 1896; sergeant, June 1, 1901; lieutenant, 1904; captain, November 14, 1913, and inspector two years later by Commissioner Arthur Woods.

Inspector George C. Liebers, another blue-blooded American, who has weathered many a storm, and they have never yet pinned anything on George but medals, and he carries a whole lot of them, and I am darned if they are going to stick anything on him today for, like Inspectors Coleman and West, they will have to fight every inch of ground to convict them of graft or neglect of duty, for it is easy enough to prefer charges, but a hard and sore matter to prove them. And my estimation of a man who will prefer charges against his fellow man, let it be for political or any other purpose, and cannot prove them, is a coward, and there is but one place for him and that is where the fires are going all the time, for the engineers and firemen of that corporation never strike, unless they may strike a coward when he arrives there for there are some good men even in hell.

Inspector John F. Sweeney, another one of those good men who have made their mark, a long while in the job, and still going strong, and he is not to be bulldozed or driven from a good job by a grasping crowd of hungry or perhaps, I should say, would-be bootleggers.

Inspector Charles A. Formoso, another good old fighting policeman, who was never before charged with neglect of duty, for any one that knows Charlie Formoso, who sent three of his sons to fight for their country in the late World War, knows full well that he was never known to turn his back on a man's face or hard work in the past thirty-five years. But what's the use, sure if George Washington was on earth today they would call him a bootlegger, a grafter, etc., so it is no use of worrying, you have a good commissioner, and he won't put anything over you, nor will he let others do it.

I earnestly hope and trust these inspectors will win their cases, for it was simply impossible for them to make arrests in many of those cases, and in the case in which they did make arrests the prisoners were turned loose, for some reason or the other, best known to somebody interested.

Before closing, I must speak of two grand old policemen, whom you all know, perhaps better than I can tell, but nevertheless I know a whole lot of the workings of Superintendent Michael R. Brennan of the police telegraph bureau, and the wonderful things that he has done

in the matter of police communication, both with the telegraph, wireless, or radio, and to try to write of all the thousands of miles of wire laid down by the superintendent and his staff in this little work would be impossible, for I could not do the superintendent or his men justice; but I hope later on, when the high cost of labor and material becomes more normal, to write more of this grand old gentleman and his boys, with photographs of all.

Police Captain William H. Ward is one of the "adonises" of the police department of today, a former protégé of Police Commissioner William McAdoo. Bill Ward is traveling in the footsteps of our chief magistrate. Captain Ward was appointed patrolman, October 25, 1893; promoted sergeant, 1902; lieutenant, 1905; captain, 1913.

Now we come to the duke, Acting Captain William F. Brennan, and the able and ever-ready smiling countenance of Bill Brennan, can be seen by all every morning in the white house on Centre Street, New York City; yes, long before the morning line up you will see Custodian Brennan on the job, like the good fellow that he succeeded, the late Police Lieutenant William J. McCarthy (or Bull McCarthy), peace be with him where he is, for it was not often with him in this troublesome bootlegging world. William F. Brennan was born January 1, 1860, in Flushing, L. I.

The libel suit of Police Commissioner Enright against Cuvillier and Corrigan came to what I deem an unsatisfactory conclusion on November 5, 1924, by the defendants apologizing to the plaintiff. To h—— with all apologies; all that Dick Enright wanted was to get this lame duck Cuvillier on the witness stand to ask him a few questions; but that pleasure was denied the Police Commissioner, because of the unwarranted interference of some fine gentleman or other, for I will stake my life it was not Dick Enright, no not at all; he would sooner die fighting, and I know what I am talking about at that. I am sorry that this matter did not come to a satisfactory conclusion before Supreme Court Justice Callaghan, and have the defendants and others of the same type given to understand that they cannot abuse and lie about a man that to my mind is much cleaner than either of these same gentlemen. Richard E. Enright is at least humane and manly; that is more than can be said of his enemies, for h—— to their souls, they don't know what the word humanity means.

However, the case is now closed and Richard E. Enright victorious. And while the defendants may be forgiven, for as the Gospel teaches, "Forgive them, father, they know not what they do." I for one will never for a moment forget the summing up of the first trial of this suit, for it will be foremost in my memory for many years to come. I

have heard of men lowering themselves and their characters, if they ever had any, to attain their point, but in all of my fifty years of experience in and around the police courts and the halls of justice of both this and other cities, meeting with fake lawyers, crooked lawyers, and those practicing and successful lawyers who were never lawyers at all, at all, and many honest able lawyers, from the good old days of Judge Martine, Recorder Smyth, down to the present time, the summing up for his cowardly client Cuvillier, who was afraid to take the witness stand in his own defence, of Counselor Conboy was the worst that I have ever heard, for, to poison the minds against Enright Counselor Martin Conboy made false statements to the jury, that was not at all becoming to a president of one of the greatest organizations in the world for he should be filled with sympathy and not malice toward mankind, in attempting to take from a good man what he could not give back, and that is a good sterling, noble, honest character. This is Public Record.

I know of what I speak, for I was called upon to visit a friend, also a friend of Louis Cuvillier, and prominent in politics in this city. The letter requested me to call was written January 24, 1923, and I then called on my friend Mr. S. Sunday, February, 1923. The first question asked by Mr. S. was, "Mr. Hickey, what kind of a man is that friend of yours?" I asked whom he had reference to, and Mr. S. said, "I mean Enright." "Why," I said, "Mr. S., Police Commissioner Enright is all right, and the right man in the right place." "I don't think so," said Mr. S., "or there would not be so much grafting in and around the city." I replied, "You don't think for a moment that Mr. Enright knows of this alleged graft, do you?" "Yes, I do." Said Mr. S., and he recited a story of a friend of his on the west side of the city who was constantly giving up to the police for protection, and this is the same case that Cuvillier roared about on the floor of the Assembly not long after the conversation between Mr. S. and myself.

After listening to the sad story of my friend S., who also told me other particulars of this case, highly interesting, I assure you, I arose to leave, saying to my good friend, "See here, Mr. S., you of course called me here to hear your story, and to lay same before my good friend, Mr. Enright." And he answered, "Why, yes, Mr. Hickey." "Well," I asked Mr. S., "suppose I lay this story before Mr. Enright, and he orders an investigation, will your friend take the stand to testify against these grafters?" Mr. S. answered, "Oh, no, Mr. Hickey, my friend would not want to be the first to testify against them." Then I answered, "What in h—— can I do, take this bum story to the Police Commissioner and your friend not willing to help the investigation? Good day."

But I was asked to call again, which I did the following Sunday, I think or shortly after our first interview. Cuvillier had exploded his bomb on the floor of the Assembly by that time, and I asked my friend, Mr. S., what he thought of the actions of his friend Cuvillier, and he answered, "Why that fellow is crazy, for he had no right to make such an outcry on the floor of the Assembly." But I was not idle, for I wanted to prove to Mr. S. and the world that our Police Commissioner was not a grafter, nor would he stand for any grafters in the police department, and he made good, for the one responsible was called to police headquarters, and ordered by the Police Commissioner to get out of the department, or he would put him out. And this good faithful officer, having served twenty-five years and arrived at the retiring age of fifty-five, placed his request for retirement before the Commissioner and was automatically retired, and today I understand is holding office under the control of his friends of the Ku Klux Klan in one of our neighboring towns or villages, bad luck to them.

While I may not be quite right about my later dates, nevertheless I hold the letter asking me to call, and a memorandum of what followed, and I am ready to produce them at any old time should the occasion require. So that when this man Conboy was summing up and picturing Enright as a party to whatever grafting or bootlegging there might be among the men of the department, he knew full well that same was not so, and that was the reason that his cowardly client Louis Cuvillier was afraid to take the stand at the trial in his own defense. Shame on you men, and your so-called Americanism!

Counselor Conboy made a sorry mess of his summing up, for instead of poisoning the minds of the jury against Enright, their minds were poisoned against his client Cuvillier, and if it was not for the graceful charge to the jury by the Hon. Justice Callaghan, who stated that if the jury found for the plaintiff, then both defendants were equally guilty. The only trouble with the jury was to soak Cuvillier just as hard as they could, but to let up on Judge Corrigan, because Cuvillier dragged him into the case, but that could not be done, hence the disagreement in the first trial, and this should be a lesson to all of these blatherskites.

This libel case is something like the ending of the great World War, for while our brave American boys and their allies were preparing to fight their way through Metz, some gent or the other, we can't find out who happened along and produced an armistice, and here we are six years after and the whole world still at war, with the powers that be in Washington oiling the American people, and Anderson, the father of prohibition, in jail. Glory be, but to my mind matters of this character should be fought to an issue, and that without any foreign interference

whatever. And just to show my readers what kind of a man this Police Commissioner Enright is, I am going to let you in on a little private correspondence. Remember I bear no brief for Mr. Enright, he don't need any.

I sat in conversation with another good friend of mine, also a prominent citizen of this great city, in his downtown office one day, I think in April, 1923, and our conversation carried us to the Assembly Chamber of Albany, while several bills were before the house concerning Mr. Enright and his administration. I said, "Comissioner, why do those fellows up in Albany look with disfavor on Police Commissioner Enright and his administration?"

My friend the Commissioner said, "Well, Mr. Hickey, all that I can hear is that Commissioner Enright is in bad among the assemblymen and senators, for among others our good friend Senator so and so is sore for he has called upon Enright on several occasions, but has never yet been admitted to his office. I guess Enright don't want to see us people?" A remark freely made by all.

Again I was fully sure that this was another mistake, and to clear my good friend, I wrote the Commissioner of the matter, and the following is the Police Commissioner's reply:

CITY OF NEW YORK, POLICE DEPARTMENT

April 14, 1923

MR. JOHN J. HICKEY,
152 East 21st Street,
New York City.

My dear John:

Thank you very much for your letter of the 12th instant. Your interest and support is very much appreciated.

I am familiar with the attitude of some of the politicians who are never entirely happy unless they can direct the policies of this department and take care of their own particular clique right or wrong. Whenever they have been permitted to do this, to any great extent, the decent men of this department have been deprived of their rights, the service has suffered and, as a result, the party has generally been defeated at the polls.

I have not permitted them to have their own way during my term of office. We are playing the game on the square and giving every man a fair show regardless of his race, religion or politics and, in the meantime, if we can do a favor without detriment to the service, we are willing to do it.

This policy and plan seems to have been successful. At least we have been able to successfully withstand the assaults that have been made upon us, and the party has been granted a further and more extended lease of power with ever increasing majorities. You know very well this would not be the case if the department were handled as it has been handled some times in the past. This is the first time that a Democratic administration has succeeded itself in New York City in a great many years. This could not have been accomplished if the Police Department had failed to make good before the public.

No one can reasonably complain that I have refused to see anyone who has any business with my office, so far as it is physically possible to do so. I have never denied admittance to any of these gentlemen when they have called at Headquarters during my presence. Of course, I cannot see them when I am away from the office and I am necessarily away a considerable portion of the

time. I am seeing ten people in my office to one that any of my predecessors ever saw, and I know it is physically impossible to see many more than I see and handle the business of the department. I put in more hours by far than any police commissioner who ever held the job in order to accommodate the public, as far as I am able to do so.

But, of course, no one will ever be able to please the political cormorants of this town unless he gives them everything they ask for and continues to do so regardless of all consequences. You may grant them ninety-nine favors and feel obliged to refuse the one hundredth request whereupon and because of the last refusal all other favors are forgotten. As far as I am concerned I owe them nothing, and I know I am treating them far better than they deserve. I do not intend to worry in the least as to their opinion of the administration or myself.

I will be glad to see you when I have the time.

With kindest regards, I beg to remain,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) R. E. ENRIGHT,
Police Commissioner.

I ask in all fairness could a more manly statement of facts be written than the above? I earnestly hope that I am not violating the confidence of my dear good friend, and I feel that I am not, for I have known the Commissioner so long that I know full well that he never writes a letter that he is afraid to have see the light of day. Dick Enright feels as I feel in all such matters, for "I could fight with the lion that would roar in my face, but can't bear a cur at my heels."

"FOR HE WITHOUT SIN, LET HIM CAST THE FIRST STONE."

Speaking about fake and shyster lawyers, why I knew a very successful lawyer among the crooks down on the lower east side, and for all the years that he practised at the bar, he had never passed the Regents nor did he have a diploma. I remember well his success for I arrested, after quite a chase, one known as Sheeny Hymie, an all-round thief, after robbing an English sailor on Cherry Hill at midnight. I had my prisoner held for the grand jury, indicted, held for general sessions, and while my complainant fully recognized the robber on five occasions, for I had him committed to the house of detention so that he could not be reached, but they got to him all right, and on the sixth occasion he could not recognize the robber at all. They had gotten him out of the house of detention and fixed him up; so I lost my case, and it goes without saying also the little sleep that I was entitled to on my day off, for all such cases were called on our day off at all times, either cases in general sessions, special sessions, or municipal court. Yes, my bold friend Johnny was a peach of a lawyer, and when it was discovered that he was no lawyer at all, he skipped over to Jersey, and today is a very successful business man in Jersey City.

I knew of another prominent lawyer among the crooks, a politician at that, and the crooks thinking that he could do better for them than another would engage him, and he would get a good fat retainer, appear for them in the police court, have them held for the grand jury

and general sessions, and then say to the unfortunate crook, "Say, you had better take a plea. You ain't got a leg to stand upon," and the crook would go up the river, take a plea. Johnny would go gunning for another such case.

I love to think back to the good old days of Abe Hummel of Howe and Hummel; big Ed Price, the grand old bare-knuckle fighter of the sixties and who practised around the old Tombs for years; also Joe Moss, Jim Finnerty, and last, but not least, "Rosey." Gee, but they were the good old days around old Centre Street; today that part of that grand old street is dead, and I miss the gentle kindly face of Father Luke Evers, visiting his flock for the purpose of consoling and comforting them, for the dear Monsignor passed away June, 1924, R. I. P.

I do wish that I was free to speak, but unfortunately I am not, for I have to be careful of a libel suit, and while I have nothing, for this book has got me broke, nevertheless I have great respect for this book at that, or I could tell you some queer things about the boyhood doings of some of our great men of today. And in speaking about libel, reminds me of the teachings of my good old friend, the late Senator Timothy D. Sullivan (Big Tim). A friend came up to Tim one day and told him that he was going to sue a man for libel, and big Tim grabbed a hold of him and said, "Be careful, young fellow, for fear that the other fellow might prove his case." And to quote another famous Tim, that said, "What the h—— is the constitution, among friends."

God be with my dear old friend the late Congressman Tim Campbell, for if he was alive today they would never put over a prohibition bill upon us poor unfortunate American citizens. No, no, causing a waste of millions and a horrible increase in crime, murder, and devastation on all sides. Well this is the story of that great Irish wit, Tim Campbell, whom I had the honor of knowing personally for the past forty years or more. Tim and his friends worked hard to elect Grover Cleveland president and, having succeeded, he thought that he was justified in asking this great democrat for a personal favor. But the favor that Tim wanted for a constituent could not be granted, and President Cleveland said, "Why, Mr. Campbell, that would be a violation of the Constitution." It was then that Tim Campbell spoke those "historical words, "WHAT THE H—— IS THE CONSTITUTION AMONG FRIENDS."

The writer tended bar on Cherry Street near the "Hook" in 1882 when Tim Campbell was a municipal court judge in that district, Tim was elected congressman, and John Henry McCarthy succeeded Mr. Campbell as municipal court judge (The Little Judge with a wise head).

Many are the stories that could be told about Tim Campbell and the wonderful Irish characters of that day, God be with them.

I love to wander back to those dear old days, the happy days of dear old "Cork Row" and old "Boss Barry," where the Pigs, the Goslings and the goats reigned supreme, and the tough men of that day were Jack Hussey, Jack Radley, and Kilkenny. A policeman was forced to use diplomacy when dealing with this trio for they cared as much for a policeman's night stick as the girls of today think about destroying their beautiful hair by bobbing it, nothing. I shall never forget old Cork Row, for when I was a greenhorn here in 1881 my uncle Jim Donovan took me up to meet a distant relative, old Boss Barry, and while the old gents were talking a big buck billy goat ran foul of me, and I received my first cold reception in America. For the big, hairy, whiskered old divil, whatever he had against me, he would run at me and buck, buck, buck, and all that I could do was to grab his long whiskers, and then the trouble started for fair. And I had to retreat, for I fell headlong down the stairs, breaking my sleeve links and injuring my arm.

Did you ask if I ever shall forget that fight? Well, no, I might forget the "Blizzard of 1888, but never the goat of 1881." And imagine my doing police duty in the same old neighborhood years afterwards. Gee, if I ever ran foul of that old billy goat, I would sure run him in.

LATE NEWS: The newspaper of today, January 28, 1925, are publishing the fact that Justice Harry Lewis of the Supreme Court has thrown the case of some would-be saintly fellow over in Brooklyn, charging Police Commissioner Enright with libel out of Court and demanding \$100,000, but I guess that he is sorry today, for as Big Tim Sullivan used to say to his friends, be careful in suing for libel for the other fellow may prove it on you. Imagine anybody looking to get \$100,000 out of our Police Commissioner! Why if Dick Enright had that much money, he would take the next steamer out and go over and free Ireland. Of course this, like other dirt, is a legacy from the Meyer Investigation Committee of 1921, for it appears that somebody called somebody else by his right name, and this is the result. Just think of it, a diplomat like the Hon. Richard E. Enright, Police Commissioner of New York for eight years, and possessor of the great title of Chief of the National Police Organizations of the World, leaving himself open to a libel suit. It is laughable.

January 31st, 1925—Deputy Chief Inspector Dominick Henry retired today to take a much needed rest, for they all but murdered him in the thirty-five years that he served the city as a policeman, and he *was* a policeman, as the crooks and gamblers knew only too well.

Police Commissioner Enright tonight promoted Inspector Thomas Fay to be Deputy Chief Inspector in sole charge of the detective division. Also Inspector William A. Coleman, placing him in charge of the traffic division of the five boroughs. The Commissioner also demoted many detectives and promoted others from the detective school to take their places.

Before closing this work it would not be fair to do so without writing of the wonderful work of Father W. E. Cashin, now of St. Andrews, but formerly of Sing Sing Prison, the man that made good. After serving a bit of twelve years in state's prison, and becoming a good reliable trusty, attending to the spiritual comforts of thousands of unfortunates, our Hon. Governor Alf. Smith has paroled Father Cashin to the custody of our Catholic Big Brother, his eminence Cardinal Patrick Hayes. And in turn his eminence has sentenced Father Cashin to a life service among the night walkers, the inmates of the Tombs Prison, and any unfortunate passing his way in need of either spiritual or moral assistance. Some contract after tending to the wants of the many unfortunates who were charged with the crime of murder, some of whom may not be guilty of the charge, among them the late Lieutenant Charlie Becker.

And this not being sufficient punishment for this good-natured padre, Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright went the cardinal one better by appointing Father Cashin police chaplain to the New York veteran police. So there you are; this good and faithful trusty, after his twelve long, long years, in that noted white castle overlooking the beautiful Hudson River, the palace of tears and sighs, is promoted to take up the good work of the late Monsignor Luke J. Evers. And now Father Cashin's family consists of the night worker, the crook, the bum, and the unfortunate, and last, but not least, so that he is sure of being protected, he has taken over the spiritual wants of the old policemen. Glory be, what a combination to be sure! Go to it, Father Cashin, more power to you, and may God assist you, for after all it pays to be honest.

CHAPTER III OF PART III

THIS CHAPTER SPEAKS OF THE UNFORTUNATE ILLNESS OF MAYOR HYLAN AND THE UNTIMELY PASSING AWAY OF PRESIDENT WARREN HARDING AND THAT WONDERFUL AMERICAN STATESMAN, EX-PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON, HE OF THE LION HEART, THAT GAVE UP HIS LIFE FOR HIS NOBLE IDEALS, LOOKING FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL MANKIND, PEACE BE TO THEM, FOR ALL TIME; AND OTHER INTERESTING MATTERS OF THE PRESENT DAY

Mayor Hylan was taken sick in September, 1923, and forced to leave the city and Hon. Murray Hulbert, President of the Board of Aldermen, became acting mayor, and along in January Mr. Hulbert became sick and was forced to lay off, leaving the chair to the vice-president of the Board of Aldermen, the Hon. William T. Collins, and wherever the jinx came from Mr. Collins was stricken down, and as the charter does not provide for anyone below the position of vice-president of the Board of Aldermen to act as mayor we were without a head to our grand administration for awhile. I recall that in 1916 the late Mayor John P. Mitchel and the president of the Board of Aldermen, the present Commissioner of Immigration Hon. Henry H. Curran, both were taking military training at Plattsburg in a spirit of preparedness, for what came along after, the great World War. Both of those gentlemen left for Plattsburg on Saturday, and the next in line being sick, the city was then without a mayor, but it was all right when they returned on Tuesday, the chair was still standing in the same old place. So little old New York is not quite so bad as some of the noisy fellows would have it be.

I may add at this time that the Hon. Henry H. Curran joined the colors and did some very good work on the bloody field of Flanders, the writer being in touch with Major Curran while overseas. And John Purroy Mitchel joined the aviation corps, having been succeeded by the Hon. John F. Hylan as mayor of this great city, met with an accident and died in harness.

So here we are today with a police force second to none the world over, protecting six milions of people composed of every known, or unknown, country on the face of God's earth, many crooks and bad men among them doing their dirty work every now and again, until they run foul of Inspector Thomas Fay, and his great detective staff, who

are recorded to have done wonderfully in the last six months, and they will never rest until they have every crook in Sing Sing and murderer in the electric chair. And while the city may be without a mayor, it will never be without protection while police commissioner Richard E. Enright and his grand body of deputies are at the head of the department.

Sunday, February 3, 1924, all the world today is mourning the death of one of America's foremost scholars and a statesman of the first water, whose noble ideals had won for him the love and respect of all good people not only of this country, but of the whole world. Driven to an early death by the miserable ingrates of politicians in Washington, who were jealous of this wonderful diplomat and his noble ideals, and who was happy even in defeat. When he was defeated he simply made these few remarks, which goes to show the nobleness of character of our departed ex-president and policeman's friend: "I would rather be defeated in a cause that some day will triumph, than triumph in a cause that some day will be defeated."

Woodrow Wilson died a martyr to the cause of freedom to all mankind, and his name will go down to posterity as the greatest man of his day, and may he rest in peace, for he died as he lived, in peace and quiteness. And so it is in most all cases of today, one's character is assailed and life is made as hard as it can possibly be made for a fellow, even to the extent of lying about a man for some fancied reason or other, and when you have passed away, your enemies creep into their holes, chock full of remorse; but it's too late, for after breaking one's heart it is impossible to right the wrong. I will quote a little song that I learned as a boy, and perhaps it may benefit some of those sore heads to learn well its words, although it is a mighty hard contract to make black white.

"Strive then to smile, never be sad, whatever your fortunes may be;
If we could all bear our sorrows and could but be glad,
What a wonderful world this would be."

The great city of Brooklyn was once known as the city of churches, but according to the latest reports of the King's County Courts out today it seems to be a city of crime. Here are a few items from this report; read and ponder. "There were 39 done to death, 449 indictments for larceny, and 203 for robbery, and glory be, 721 of these crimesters are citizens, and have been convicted. The Italians come next with 139, and so on down the big line with the poor foolish Irish in the minority."

I wonder can it be that the crime wave they have been talking

about of late has flown over New York, and over to Brooklyn, on its way out to sea, and back to where it belongs?

That wonderful old amphitheater, Madison Square Gardens, was a very busy place on Wednesday, February 6, 1924, a memorable day, one that to the most of us will never be forgotten. In the afternoon the Wilson Foundation, of which I am a member, held funeral services out of respect to our departed leader, "the greatest figure in the world's history that has ever arisen from American soil," a man among men, and one for whom the bitter rascals in the German Embassy of Washington refused to half-mast their flag.

Old Madison Square Garden did its duty in harboring the twelve thousand of good unselfish American citizens there to do honor to our hero. "You have gone Woodrow, but, like George Washington, your name is engraved into the hearts of us all, peace be to you. It's truly can I say, and in so doing I know that I am voicing the heartfelt wishes of my brothers and sisters the world over, GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN." Many thanks to the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of New York, for it was they that made it possible for Mr. Tex Rickard, the wonderful sport promoter, to give us the use of Madison Square.

The grand carnival of the P. B. A. was advertised to be held at the Garden that evening, and owing to their contract, it was out of the question to postpone it, as President Joe Moran told me he wanted to do, so that I trust my readers will not feel sore about this unfortunate but that could not be helped matter. And here we are again to January 31, 1925, and the P. B. A. inviting their hosts of friends here again. The P. B. A. did hold their grand entertainment that evening, and I assure you, dear friends, that it was the greatest carnival of sport and of music ever given anywhere of this same character, and I bar none. All praise is due President Joseph P. Moran and his staff of officers for the wonderful time enjoyed by every one of the fifteen thousand men, women, and children present, and when Joe Moran led the grand march with his pretty daughter, that set the dancing ball a-rolling until early morning.

Speaking of this beautiful city of ours, and why we New Yorkers should be proud, for we hold today most everything that is good, particularly Liberty Bonds and they are always good, but we also have something that is no good, the grasping hungry landlord; but thanks to Governor Smith and his friends there is a muzzle placed on them today, for the signing of the Dunnigan Bill will drive those robbers back into their hole for another two years. It's mighty good that we have such men in power, or, glory be, we, the underdog, would very soon have to emigrate to some place, but God knows where.

I for one want no more emigration or immigration; I tried it once, and like our old friend Henry Hudson away back in 1609, finding the pickings so good I landed here in 1880, and I have been picking ever since.

But I am going Henry Hudson one better; I brought my parents here and we are all going to sleep in the same plot in Calvary Cemetery, God willin'. If I don't go to jail. But why send an honest man to jail when we have so many officials of the government and others buying and selling oil stock, getting so rich it is necessary for them to quit their jobs, so here we are today drinking the oil scandal at every meal, for the newspapers are keeping us well supplied with oil; but it's an oily question anyhow. So instead of closing the jails they might be called upon to build a few more, who knows.

Why, we are so liberal in New York we can even close up the city hall and send our mayor on a vacation. Thanks to our police department we did try to get along without a mayor in January of 1924, and we succeeded. And here we are again in January, 1925, the mayor on a vacation, Hulbert out, Collins in. Just imagine, dear readers, here we had nine thousand, three hundred and thirty-seven ships enter and leave the waters of New York in 1923; this broke all previous records. But it seems to me that they must be oil tankers, we are doing such a land office business in that product, that most every big man is either getting rich, losing his job, or going to jail. Is there any wonder that Woodrow Wilson cashed in the other day; they oiled him out of the White House, broke his heart, putting in another unfortunate man to succeed him, and they broke Mr. Harding's heart, and he, too, cashed in. Peace be to them both!

We old timers of New York often heard of the big four of the police department of the early nineties. I speak of Inspector Tom Byrnes, Billy McLaughlin, Ed Slevin, and little Dick O'Connor, all of them good men and assisted by that clever detective from the East Side, Andy Nugent. They, it is well known to us all, never let a thing get away from them. Here today we have a case of history repeating itself, for we have in New York another wonderful four, a much bigger four than any other four either before or after, and I am forced to say this because of the much greater population that this (big four) are forced to deal with.

The Big Four of which I speak of are Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright and his Police Deputies John Daly, John J. Cray, and Joe Faurot. Can you beat them? Why, no, for they with such well trained policemen as Sam Belton and John Coughlin, and Tom Fay, there is nothing crooked on God's earth can get away from this bunch.

Police Commissioner Enright worked very hard to get a separate

fund of a million dollars together so that the widows and orphans of our brothers in uniform who have made the supreme sacrifice shall not want. But he feels that it is too much money for him to hold, and what is more to their interests will be better safeguarded if this money was held by a corporation with Mayor Hylan at the head; and with that thought in mind, the Commissioner has petitioned the Legislature to pass an act of incorporation, relieving him of the responsibility. There is no reason why this incorporation should not be granted, for to refuse it is not punishing Commissioner Enright, but jeopardizing the best interests of the poor widows and orphans. Yes, robbing them of the comforts of a few weeks' vacation at the police recreation camp in the Catskill Mountains every summer, and it was for that very cause that Commissioner Enright is, and has been working, as well as to take care of the widows and orphans of the poor unfortunate policemen shot down in their prime, having served under ten years in the police department and not entitled to a pension.

Dear friends, we know full well that the people of the whole world today are busy talking about New York's third-term governor, the Hon. Alfred E. Smith and his great ability and capacity for doing things for the best interests of all the people of this, the empire city of the world. Alf Smith, a protégé of the old fourth ward of Manhattan, has made good. "More power to him," our future president of these United States.

Yes, Sir Thomas Lipton is sounding his praises in England; Mayor Rolph in California; Mayor Dever, of Chicago; and by the way this name reminds me very much of one of old New York's greatest political leaders and a true friend of the people; I speak of ex-Judge Paddy Divver, R. I. P., died 1903. Yes, they all are shouting the praises of the wonderful east side boy, even to Emma Goldman and big Bill Haywood in far-off Russia.

But with all due respect to our wonderful governor, I want to say a word or two about the old fourth-ward policeman of my own day, the men that I worked with, slept and played with, and we were always found fighting side by side when it came to fighting the vile creatures of the underworld in bringing them to justice, or in forcing them to obey the law. Yes, my friends, they were the happy days in the old fourth ward, A. D. before Dr. Parkhurst and his leap-frog tactics, when the sailors of the seven seas would find their way to either Water, Cherry, Roosevelt, or James street to greet the women of their hearts' desire, spend their money with them, and when all was gone reship and go get more.

But since the Parkhurst crusade the poor sailor is as much at sea in New York as he would be in the Indian Ocean, for he knows not

where to go to find his woman, but into some tenement or apartment house among decent people, yes, and into some of our first-class hotels, and among the nobility on Riverside Drive. The poor unfortunate girls ran into every hole, they have to live, and men and women must have their pleasures, hence this necessary evil existed in certain quarters of this city, and in those quarters only the young man of that day, after working hard all week, would visit Wooster or Greene Streets or south Fifth Avenue on the west side, Forsyth or Delancey on the east, and finish the job and go home happy for another week, but now and since the Parkhurst crusade brought about by investigation of the Mazet Committee, that wound up like all other investigation committees, doing nothing but robbing the state treasury, and destroying the good name of little old New York, more's the pity. And not being satisfied with that bungling job, along comes William H. Anderson and his prohibition fanatics, trying to do the impossible, that is to take away the rights and liberties of our good American people. But as sure as there is a God in Heaven, Bill Anderson will have to toe the line on judgment day, when He who died to save all mankind will say, "So, you are the man that thought that you were bigger than the master, for the water that I turned into wine at the marriage feast in Canaan, you ordered destroyed, while you knew in your heart it was an impossibility."

Oh, dear old New York, you were once a happy place to live in, but now between the bootlegger, the bandit, the petty larceny gunman, and the crooked automobile drivers, New York is hell. We would not stand for such nonsense in my time on the force, for the moment that we found out that a kid wanted to be fresh, we would take him down a side street and let him kiss the end of a night stick, or maybe kiss the sweet sting of a rubber hose, and he wanted no more glory when we got through with him, believe me.

I recall a remark made by his honor Mayor John F. Hylan to the writer, and it came about in this way. In 1918, I was first vice-president of the New York Police Veteran Association, and the mayor had just appointed to the position of Police Commissioner Lieutenant Dick Enright, and I was appointed chairman of a committee to wait upon the Mayor and present him with the resolutions of thanks. We called upon the Mayor, but first met Grover Whalen, and then the Mayor, and the following conversation took place: "I thank you men for your kindness, stick to Enright and all will be well, give him all the assistance you can, and we will very soon have a clean city."

"And, say, you old policemen were a great bunch," and "my, how you could use that night stick." I answered only when it was necessary. Mr. Mayor, "Yes, I know that full well, Mr. Hickey, for it

was you old cops that made New York what it is today, and you ought to better compensated by the city." Yes, dear readers, we had our day, and we now take a back seat to the men of the present day. Yes we take our hats off to them my own sons, and there are three of them in the department, included, we wish them good luck.

While attending the funeral of big-hearted Tom Foley, January 17, 1925, and meeting with a very few of my old comrades, most of them having passed away, and when I met Lieutenant John Glynn, Governor Smith's brother-in-law, Jere Mahoney, Jack Adams, Jim Reilly, and Benny Malloy, my heart opened and my thoughts flew back to many a lively scene in that same old bailiwick some thirty-five years ago, when it was every man for himself, for then a cop had to fight or get licked.

On another page you will notice the pictures of these old 4th ward coppers both at work and at play, and out of that bunch there are very few living today, for on the steps of the station house where this picture was taken, there are only four of us living, one of the men, Billy Barlow, was killed in the West End Bank robbery, November, 1924; Eddie Sheehan was killed by a yegg in Chatham Square, and Billy Keating was killed on the elevated railroad, so there you go, we are here today and away tomorrow. Then why make this rotten life worse than it is, and God knows that it is bad enough at the best of times. Here we are the richest city in the whole world, and its employees the poorest paid, and its pensioners caused to live from hand to mouth, and scarcely that in many cases, many of us old policemen receiving a pension of six or seven hundred dollars a year. I ask, what is that to live upon in these days of highway banditry, murder and suicide, with many of our boys that killed so many Germans in the great war, become so inhuman that they take us all for enemies, and they delight to keep on firing; they apparently don't want to know that the war is over, and they glory in taking human life, God forgive them.

I would like, if I had the time, to tell you more of these old fourth ward coppers that hounded and chased such ruffians as "Jack the Ripper" and "Jack the Slasher" in the early nineties until they were both brought to justice, and Billy Masterson made a roundsman for the capture of the slasher, in which chase and fight Jim McCrory, Ed Busteed, and others of us took a prominent part. Oh, boys, but they were the stormy days and nights, that brought about the introduction of the police whistle.

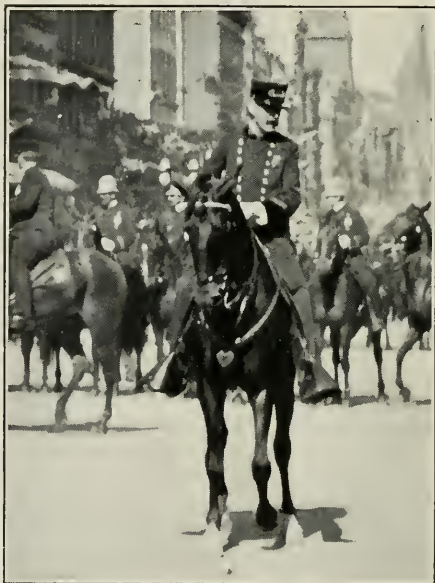
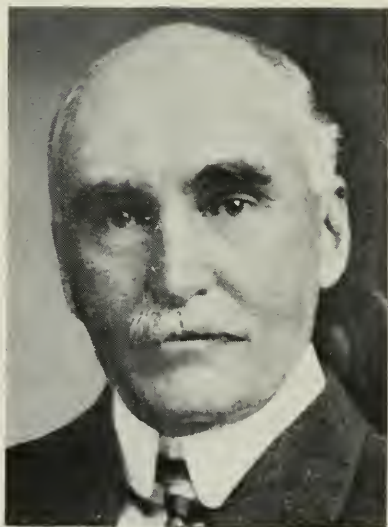


THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE, NEW YORK, 1923.



"LINDSLEY'S OWN."

CHAMPIONSHIP BASEBALL TEAM OF THE POLICE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, 1905—LIEUTENANT CHARLEY MADIGAN, Manager.



FORMER POLICE COMMISSIONER HON. WILLIAM McADOO AND HIS FAMOUS IRISH BRIGADE.

Courtesy of Police Magazine

CHAPTER IV OF PART III

THIS CHAPTER SPEAKS OF THE MANY POLICE ORGANIZATIONS, BOTH BENEVOLENT AND SOCIAL, THEIR PURPOSE AND IDEALS, GIVING THE NAMES OF THE PRESIDENTS OF EACH, AND WHAT THEY ARE DOING IN THE INTERESTS OF MANKIND IN PARTICULAR AND HUMANITY IN GENERAL. ALSO AN ACCOUNT OF THE DOINGS OF A CAPTAIN CHARLES SCHOFIELD AND THE WORLD'S FAMOUS RIOT BATTALION OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, AND HIS WONDERFUL STAFF OF PHYSICAL TRAINING EXPERTS AND DRILL MASTERS. ALSO THE FAMOUS POLICE BAND AND GLEE CLUB, THE POLICE RECREATION CAMP AND THE WIDOWS' RETREAT AMONG THE HIGHEST MOUNTAINS OF THE CATSKILLS, AND OTHER MATTER OF IMPORTANCE TO MY FRIENDS OF THE PRESENT DAY

There are quite a few organizations connected with the police department of today both benevolent and social, each of which are doing good work by taking care of the widows and orphans, and providing for the social entertainment of its members when off duty. We have the Inspectors and Captains' Association with Deputy Chief John W. O'Connor, an old-time P.B.A. organization man as president, and everybody knows that John O'Connor is a good presiding officer, always making good. We also have the Lieutenants' Benevolent Association, a body that was reorganized and placed on its present solid foundation by Lieutenant Dick Enright, who served as president of this one great big organization for twelve years; acting Captain John H. Ayers is the present president, and John also is making good.

We have the Patrolmen's Endowment Association, of which the writer was organizer and its first president, and this great organization is doing today a remarkable work in providing ease and comfort for the member about to retire into private life. We also have the Sergeants' Benevolent Association with Major Sergeant Walter Joyce, president. Everybody that knows Walter Joyce is well aware of the fact that he can prepare a beefsteak and preside over this body of good men equal to any old veteran. Sergeant Walter Joyce being promoted to lieutenant was succeeded by Mike McDermott as president in 1924.

We are also blessed with the Honor Legion, composed of the good

men of the force who have made many sacrifices in the way of saving life, ever and always ready to offer up their own sweet lives to save others. Martin J. Regan is president with Martin Noonan first vice-president, two good men. We also have the Anchor Club, with Frank Gregory president. Frank is constantly looking out for the best interests of the members. Also the Square Club with William J. Noll president, another clever young man, constantly making good, both as president and entertainer. And we have the P.B.A., the mother organization of them all. Yes, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association is the guiding star of them all, leading all others into the prosperity of today, with Joseph P. Moran president. We also have the Police Club, and the Hope Fishing Club, two social and entertaining organizations that have always made good. And last but not the least we have the Holy Name societies of the New York police force, Fathers Joseph A. McCaffrey and Lawrence H. Bracken spiritual directors, ever willing to attend in sickness or trouble and to give spiritual aid to all, Catholic, Protestant, or Hebrew. We are all one big family of big brothers and sisters, patrolmen and patrolwomen alike.

We also have the famous Police Band and Glee Club, both of which are under the direct supervision of Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons, and this unit of the department is doing wonderful work among the sick and distressed; and the New York Police Veteran Association, ex-Captain Barney Kelleher, president. We have the Patrolwomen's and the PoliceWomen's Association, under separate officers, and they, too, are doing good work, caring for their sick and burying their dead. Our Hebrew friends of the department also have organized, for their own mutual benefit, and they too are going to be heard from. Police Chaplain, Dr. Isidore Frank, is delighted with his boys, and so would Dr. Blum be if he were alive. Here we stand today, a department of brotherly love, believing as we do that in union there is strength, one for all and all for one.

Yes, we have two other wide awake associations, one known as the Patrolmen's Wives Association, and another known as the Police Widows' Association, and they are both doing wonderful work. "More power to them." I met Mrs. Currie and Mrs. Farrell at the P.B.A. ball, and they were hustling among the higher ups to help them get an increase in pension, for twenty-five dollars per month is not much to live on nowadays, and I for one wish them every success in their noble fight for life.

Oh, yes, these organizations are all all right, but what about Captain Charley Schofield and his great staff of physical culture professors? Oh, boys, but they are wonderful. They take a lot of green men under their care today, and next week or so they send the rookies out shooting

burglars and holdup men. Well, well, it is a great life if you don't weaken, and old Cap Schofield, the past master of drilling and putting green men over the jumps, is still going stronger and brighter than ever. Charley, you are a masterpiece. But God help the poor rookies by the time they get through with Sergeants Tom Shaw, Bill Spengler, the champion police boxer of the world, and then go over to Sergeant Wallander, who, by the way, is compiling a book as a physical expert, and Wallander knows the game from A to Z.

They next have to tackle Sergeant John Randolph, one of my first and best wrestling champions of the Police Athletic Association of Greater New York in 1905. When through with Champion Johnny Randolph they are turned over to get finished off by two other champions, Johnny Ruff, and believe me he is a past master, and Julius Brilla. And again turned over to Captain Charles for final consideration, but Charley Schofield is a good fatherly fellow, and he uses them with kid gloves. But, oh, boys, when they get through school, they are fit for the field, and many of these same rookies are a credit to Captain Charley Schofield, for most every night one reads of a rookie catching his man. More power to you, Charley, stay right on the job; you are too good to lose. We may get your equal, but we will never get your betters.

There's another unit, the fighting riot battalion, composed of a thousand of the best fighting men to be found anywhere. They have proved it, both on the bloody field of Flanders and everywhere else, either with a musket, a night stick, or the bare fists. They are satisfied, so you can take your pick. But, oh, boys, what a grand showing they sure can make. I saw them up in the mountains of the Catskills last year, and I sure was proud of them. I have traveled over sixty-five thousand miles in both America and Europe since retiring from the force, but I tell you I never came across a classier unit, with a staff of superior officers second to none.

One of the grandest military reviews ever given by the Honor Legion was the one given at the Seventh Regiment Armory, 67th Street and Park Avenue, New York City, on the evening of April 25, 1919. I speak of this particular one because it struck me as being the best that the writer has ever had the good fortune of witnessing, and he in the position of a reporter for the Civil Service Chronicle, have seen many. Drill Captain Jakey Brown and Captain Charles Schofield certainly did themselves credit on that occasion, and that same remark was made by several army officers present. The Police Band and the Police Glee club it must be said also did themselves proud on that occasion; in fact it was one grand night for, after the review, the reviewing officer, Governor Alfred E. Smith and staff

assisted by Mayor John F. Hylan, Police Commissioner Enright, General Thomas F. Barry, Commander of the East, the Hon. R. A. C. Smith, and Sir Thomas Johnstone Lipton, the world's famous yachtsman, and Inspector Adam A. Cross, retired, each of them holding the position of honorary Chief of Police of New York City, held a grand reception. Lord Reading, the British Ambassador, the Hon. Vincent Astor, Lieutenant (S.G.) of the United States Navy, were also present. Mr. Astor had just then returned from France with a German submarine, the U 117. Mr. Astor is an honorary member of our Police Honor Legion, and on leaving for France he had told the members of the legion that he was called upon to go to France to fight Germany, the enemy of our beloved country, and that they could rely upon him bringing back some good big souvenir in the shape of a German submarine. "I fulfilled my promise, and I want you good men to be my guests aboard her lying in the Hudson River off 86th Street tomorrow evening," and the invitation was accepted with three rousing cheers for Governor Smith, Mr. Astor, and all of the guests present. Yes, and they were some cheers, for I do believe that they could be heard out at Sandy Hook. But, taking all and all, that certainly was a glorious night because everybody was so happy that the cursed World War was over and our boys were returning and congratulating each other at the glorious result, but very sorry that they were not allowed to march right into the city of Berlin.

It was thought that when Commissioner Enright gave the department a police clubhouse on Riverside Drive and Sixth Avenue, he was doing a wonderful thing for the benefit of the whole department. Yes, and privileged us retired men to become members. There is no question about it, it was good work, thanks to the able assistance of the Hon. John A. Harriss, Special Deputy Commissioner, who is also, at all times, doing something for the benefit of the force. Today New York can congratulate herself on being the proud possessor of the grandest police club house in the world.

But that is to me mind but a pea in the bucket to the founding of a police recreation camp among the beautiful mountains of the Catskills, and when our Police Commissioner took upon himself with the assistance of his many good friends to purchase the wonderful "Kaplan Estate," he was achieving the greatest good of all. Just imagine a police camp one hundred and thirty miles from the heart of New York, of five hundred acres and constantly growing, situated at the foot of and under the protection of old Indian Head, one of the highest mountains in all of this, the Empire State of the world. Situated on the grounds are "Mountain Rest," the "Waldorf-Astoria" of the mountains, giving lodgings to two hundred and sixty people, with all the comforts of

home, cleanliness, electric lights, shower and tub baths, for men and women, and to top this off, good eats; a swimming pool, one hundred yards long; a lawn tennis court; a golf course; a beautiful quarter mile track, one of the finest in the country, and a baseball diamond second to none; drill and playgrounds for the children, with Mrs. Richard E. Enright and staff consisting of Mrs. Loft, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Larkin, Miss West, and others playing lady bountiful. A large reinforced concrete dam, holding 270,000 gallons of water, fed by mountain springs, furnishes an abundance of absolutely pure spring water for all the purposes of the camp.

I could just keep on writing of the many means of pleasure that this great police camp holds out to the men, women, and children of the police force, not forgetting the fact that on the grounds is built a beautiful stone church to be used by all denominations, for mass and services on Sundays and holy days, and a rural post office delivery every day, connected with the Elka Park post office of that center. Elka Park is about four miles from the camp and is a residential colony for many rich retired Germans, and I presume the future home of old Kaiser Bill if ever he gets past Castle Garden.

The camp is self-supporting, as each person enjoying its privileges pays for his eats, and that is all that is asked. But from a private fund of donations from its stockholders, all disabled members of the force are permitted to board there free of any charges. And one of the greatest blessings of all mankind is the fact that Commissioner Enright, who is forever and always keeping a fatherly eye on the widow and orphan, sees to it that the widows and families of all of our brave heroes who have been cut down in the heyday of sunshine, either by the bullet of the assassin or in some other manner while discharging their duty, are taken from their homes in the best cars of the department and landed at the camp, there to enjoy its comforts for three weeks, and then taken home in the same manner as when going to the camp. And these poor unfortunate women and their families are not taxed one cent for all of this pleasure and comfort each year. Superintendent William T. Davies in command of all.

Now, dear readers, I ask again, is Commissioner Enright a grafter or is he a bootlegger? H—I to the souls of those of his enemies, they never did a charitable act of this kind in the whole of their natural lives. But let us rejoice that with all of their barkings and howlings, Dick Enright keeps right on always with an eye on the gun, and constantly working on some new project for the benefit of his department in particular and the world in general, and on top of all he is continuing to grow better looking every day. "Hail to the Chief."

The board of directors under the Hon. R. A. C. Smith are making

great changes for the best, a building of five hundred rooms. But we must not forget that Mrs. R. E. Enright is not idle; this grand lady with such a pleasing personality is the "Miss Nightingale" of the police department, working very hard both early and late to add to the comforts of all, and with the assistance of her landscape artist they get there every time in adding beauty to this lovely camp, the sleeping place of "Rip Van Winkle."

I don't know of any other man, either in New York or any other city, who could do more for the best interests of the taxpayers than Commissioner Enright, for he is constantly looking and working to improve conditions, and that's the best that any man can do. Do not be misled or carried away with all the trash that you read in the newspapers; they don't at all times print the truth and you know just as well as I do that in every city, large or small, there is to be found a bunch of self-advertised men who are fortunate enough to get in touch with a darn good press agent. One cannot blame the boob of a press agent so much, for he is looking to secure his meal ticket or starve, because he doesn't possess the nerve to become a burglar; he is just built both frail and sneaky enough for his dirty job of stealing men's characters and pocketbooks if he gets a chance. Did you read the testimony of Tex Rickard and Peggy Joyce in the Brevities Case? I was present at a dinner of the Business Men's League not long ago and I heard his Honor, the Mayor, make the following remark: "The Police Department of New York is better managed today than under any other management since Tom Byrnes's time."

I will take the liberty of saying yes or at any old time, for there is no time in the history of the city of New York that our avenues and streets were kept so clean of fallen women, bunko steerers, pocket-book droppers, panhandlers, green goods men, in fact of all vices, houses of prostitution in particular. I am speaking my mind as an old New York policeman, one that has seen both sides of life, for I worked as a cop under Tom Byrnes. When you take into consideration the small population, the small city, and of course the small police force, of Tom Byrnes's time, it is remarkable the good work of the present administration. Far be it from me that I would attempt to take any glory from the late Inspector Tom Byrnes or any other man who is on the level, moreover the dead, for I hold in my heart a great reverence for the souls departed, but the truth must and will be told, and credit given to those to whom it is due.

The Mayor went on to say: "I know that I am talking to hard-headed business men, but I defy any of you to prove that we have not progressed more during our administration in every department of the city than we have done under any other two administrations before

I became your Mayor." And it goes without saying there was not one present to take up this challenge, not that they had any reason whatsoever to fear the Mayor, for they were the very men that made our Mayor. But I do know this much that there were many present who thoroughly agreed with the Mayor. And could you blame them? The records prove all, but worse luck, there are none so blind as they that don't want to see.

That same evening, the newspapermen gathered around Police Commissioner Enright and asked a whole lot of questions, among which were many in relation to the doing away with the old police station houses that had for such a long period of years outlived their usefulness, and the following replies were made by the Commissioner:

"I have saved the city the upkeep of those station houses or pest holes so that the city can sell, lease, or rent the property and have taxes paid on same instead of spending the city's good money on light and fuel. I have saved money by selling inadequate houses and consolidating the precincts, thereby cutting down overhead expenses of at least fifty thousand dollars per year, the salary of a police captain, four lieutenants, and four sergeants, also a clerk that is attached to all station houses in the city. I have taken the patrolmen from one station house that is doing nothing, and assigned them to the precincts that are and have been so much in need of men, so that they will give better service and in the end be much better men, far better than ever before and at a much less expense. There is not so much need for these station houses today as in the past. Take the Bowery, for instance. Why that old landmark is as quiet today as any churchyard, either by night or by day, just go and see for yourselves. Good night."

From an old policeman's point of view, it was a good thing to wipe out those old station houses, many of them standing since the time of "Noah's Ark." I remember some thirty years ago that that grand old police surgeon, now in retirement, but who comes out of retirement to save a man's life occasionally, Dr. Charles E. Nammack, condemned the Oak Street station house, for several of us men were forced to report sick, and one, detective John O'Neill, died.

In the fall of 1923 and the spring of 1924 Fifth Deputy Commissioner William Gillispie worked very hard to improve the camp for the coming season. Building new bungalows and making many improvements for the best interests of all that propose to enjoy the comforts of same next summer, and among other improvements is a staff of waitresses that he is engaging so as to do away with the self-service system now in force. This point alone is a wonderful change, providing that everybody going up to the camp will be on the level

and wait their turn to be served and not worry the waitresses, or ask for prior services over those in waiting. This beautiful recreation camp is established for all, and not for one particular person or party, please remember this, and if you cannot do anything to improve this beautiful camp, please do not do anything to its disadvantage, either by word or deed. This is the earnest desire and request of your Police Commissioner, he that has worked so hard and done so much to establish this beautiful camp for the enjoyment of you and your families, so if you don't feel like boosting, please don't knock.

You know what Police Commissioner Bingham once said of Police Commissioner Enright, when Dick was just a plain ordinary everyday lieutenant of police, "Why that's the brainiest man on the police force today. In any other business he would be worth a salary of twenty thousand dollars a year, but not in the police department. Why if that fellow don't die then Gol darn it, Enright will own this department sooner or later." (Some prophet, what?)

Yes, dear readers, General Bingham was right, and Dick Enright is no longer a doormat for any man or men; he is our boss today, and he wants you and your families to enjoy that which General Bingham, or any commissioner ever thought of giving you, and that is ease and comfort, so stick to your Commissioner and help him make good, either at the police camp or elsewhere.

In 1904, Charley Price, the old police headquarters reporter wrote a very long letter for the press, and this was the headline:

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IS ENTIRELY DEMORALIZED.

"The Shoofly" system has so upset the patrolmen on post, that they are unable to watch the lawbreaker, they are simply watching for these shooflies."

You don't have to do that today, men, and why, simply because you have a Police Commissioner that understands human nature; then stand by HIM.

CHAPTER I OF PART IV

THIS CHAPTER IS MORE OR LESS A CHAPTER OF TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS. IT TELLS THE OLD STORY OF THE BIGGER MAN OPPRESSING THE SMALLER ONE, THE WEAK MORTAL FIGHTING HIS STRONGER BROTHER. A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS, AS IT WERE, THAT MAY BE READ AND PASSED UPON, OR SET TO ONE SIDE. YOU ARE THE BEST JUDGES OF THAT, MY FRIENDS

The newspapers of today, January 22, 1924, are publishing the story that the taxpayers' suit against Chief of Police William J. Lahey, before Supreme Court Justice Isidor Wasservogel, was taken up yesterday and the taxpayers won their case. The following remarks were made by Justice Wasservogel, in deciding the case: That in accepting the post of Deputy Police Commissioner in 1918 Lahey relinquished his connection with the uniformed force and was not eligible to be taken back when he was appointed chief inspector. The suit was instituted by William J. Schieffelin, head of the Citizens Union, Leonard Wallstein, attorney of record. I have no fault to find with Mr. Schieffelin for bringing the suit, he is master of his own acts and is within his rights as a taxpayer. Nor do I hold any brief for Chief of Police Lahey, but I will say this, that to my mind the decision was very unfair, for the following reasons:

Chief Lahey, the storm center of many police rows, but not of his own seeking or volition, is and has been a faithful servant as a member of the police department of this city some thirty years, paying into the police pension fund two per cent of his salary, which by all laws and rulings give to him a vested right; and simply because, he like all good policemen, obeys the orders of his superior in leaving the position of police inspector to take over a higher office, he is to lose his job. It is a well-known fact that if a member of the police, or in fact any other position, refuses to obey the orders of his superior, then he must answer a charge of insubordination, and on conviction be dismissed from the force. Let me ask, what is a man to do under such circumstances? I am glad to hear that the case is to be thrashed out before the Court of Appeals, or the Legislature of the State, we the citizens of New York are to be considered and we must have a ruling.

I cannot understand why a policeman should be promoted from the ranks and not be able to pick the men of the department whom he

knows by experience can assist him to run the department on police lines, and that is for the bettermen of the city and its taxpayers. And if one will read the police report of 1923, and other years, then he will be well satisfied with the good work performed by these same men.

Dear readers, it is a mighty hard pill to swallow to think that after spending the best part of your life connected with any concern, moreover the police department, raising yourself by your good conduct to a high position, and then on a simple technicality, lose all. Is that justice? The writer of this work knows full well the injustice of such a case, for he, too, was a victim of another such a case, and to show to the world that I have nothing to be ashamed of, I will lay the whole case before you.

Surely there are some amongst us who still have some sympathy left in our hearts for a fellow creature; if there are not then it is a cold, cold world, and I for one will have no regrets when our Divine Redeemer in his wisdom and judgment calls upon me to cross the great divide. I can assure you that I, for one, am tired of the hard knocks one gets battling for a living in this miserable world, and it is not so much for one's self as it is for the poor woman that he made his wife, and the poor simple children that God sends one to provide for. That is the hardest pain of all, to see those angels suffer for a bit to eat, and a bed to sleep on, when Daddy unfortunately loses his job, by no fault of his own, or a knowing injustice on his part. I have been through the mill for I lost my job, with a good wife and ten kiddies, seven of whom are living today and a credit to me, and as good as the thousands of other fine citizens of this great commonwealth. But the mother was driven to her death by a broken heart, going to sleep the sleep of peace in the fond embrace of the three children who had gone before her, peace be to them all.

Please do not think that because I am writing this confession, or, as I take it, a heart to heart talk, that I am looking for sympathy. I want no sympathy, for that will not bring back to me the joys that I was robbed of, namely a good wife and a good position. I have slept on both sides of the hard plank, and have roughed it all my life, and have often been forced to fight for my existence, and that often before breakfast mornings, in my early days in this lovely city, following the career of a New York longshoreman, working early and late along the river fronts of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey, and then to get a good job only to lose it by an unfortunate piece of underhanded work of the political bums of New York of forty years ago, for this is how it happened. I was born of a poor but honest mother and father, and of course like the good old Irish of the past my parents had a large family. They did not consult the hideous books of the present

day, such as birth control; they were satisfied to welcome all that God sent, and we were raised to do likewise, and that is just the reason that one will find so many of my name and blood in both New York and Brooklyn, yes and elsewhere.

Knowing the condition of things at home, I said, "Say, dad, you can't do for all of us, you are not getting a square deal with the little wage that you are getting. It's only enough to keep yourself and mother, so I am going away where to at present I know not."

After three attempts I succeeded in getting a passage to America. Bidding my family good-by I sailed for New York, and like thousands of America's best citizens I landed at Castle Garden with just fifty cents in my pocket, but a thousand dollars worth of joy in my heart, to think that I was the pioneer of the Hickey family, landing in this great city.

I wanted very much to go to New Zealand to join the Cape Mounted Rifles, a unit of the British army, but my dear old mother and father would say, "No, Johnny my boy, no son of ours will ever join the English army, bad luck to them." And after the third attempt I sailed for America from Queenstown harbor, County Cork, Ireland, on the good ship *Erin* of the old National Line May 11th, arriving in New York May 29, 1881, a poor simple omadaun with just fifty cents in my clothes, on that never to be forgotten eventful long musical happy night. This being Decoration Day eve, there was lots of music flying through the air, and I commenced to congratulate myself in arriving in such a grand musical country, but lo and behold, after Decoration Day, I did not hear any more music for most another year.

I passed through Castle Garden next day and walked up Broadway, and it was here that I received my second surprise, for by the holy St. Jack stones I saw, as I imagined, everybody running to a fire, so I said to a young man outside of the old Washington Building, No. 1 Broadway, "Say, matey, where's the fire?" "Why, there is no fire, everybody runs that way here, and you will soon be running yourself if you are going to stay in New York," and believe me he said a mouthful for I started in then and am still running.

I recall a story of an English professor visiting America for the first time, and on his return he was asked what he thought of America and her people. Professor Arnold laughed outright and said, "My dear friends, the people of America are all right, but they have one drawback that I don't like, they are at all times running as if to a fire." Yes, by Jove, it reminds me of a person born a half hour behind his time and is constantly running to overtake the time lost. And that's me, I learned to become a first-class athlete by running away from the

pocketbook dropper and the bunco steerer and con man of the old Bowery. No, I will never go there any more.

But I was reminded of the promise to my parents on leaving home, that I would work hard both night and day to bring them over, and with that happy thought in my noodle, I gave up tending bar among the nanny and billy goats and pirates of good old Cork Row, Cherry Street, New York, to go alongshore because there was more money into it, and I scurried around the beaches of New York early every morning to get a job, for if there was no ship in New York then I would hustle over to Brooklyn or along the Jersey coast. And I am proud to say that in one year and six months I had paid the passage of my mother, father, three brothers, and three sisters, and then after providing a home for them I married a beautiful Irish queen Mary K. Ward of Cookstown County, Tyrone, Ireland, may the heavens be her bed today.

Mary Ward Hickey became the proud mother of my ten children, five boys and five girls, and I thank God today that I can boast of three sons in the police department, two daughters married to policemen, and myself after my long years of service living on a pension from the police department, taking things easy and for pastime writing books for publication. I was forced to work both day and night for the first few years, but having fulfilled my promise to my dear ones, I took things easy, working a night now and then, but every day, providing I was lucky, with no strikes to keep me down, and we had a few of them to. As I have always said, one never wins a strike because he loses so much before winning that he is impoverished starting in again, And well I know it as we suffered our dose all right in the longshoremen's strike of 1886, lasting twenty-five weeks, only to lose, which was most trying, but such is fate even old man "Bonaparte," met with a greater defeat in Moscow. So after that terrible lay-off in 1886, I came to the conclusion that I must move the boat, joined several organizations both social and benevolent I soon became a regular fellow, yes a full fledged citizen of these United States. Who could ask more?

I will ask your indulgence to go back a few years. After I was in New York for a few months I learned that to get anywhere in America one must become a citizen, and I went at once and declared my intentions of becoming a citizen, and waited and waited, and at last the time arrived and a fellow down in City Hall Park, one of the political loungers, asked me for two dollars and he would get me my papers. Gee, but I was happy, I was so happy to think that I was a citizen that I would not call, "finn mc cool," my uncle. That was just before the election of 1886, and I was proud to say that I could cast my first vote, and this is how I cast it. I

remember about that time an Edward L. Carey who was in after years one of my vouchers for the police force; Grover Whalen's dad was the other. I met both at club meetings. Ed Carey was at the head of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and he had called on Mayor Hewitt and asked to have the Irish flag floated over the City Hall on St. Patrick's day. That was when the parade started at the City Hall, but the Mayor refused point blank. Holy gee, you should have seen the Irish in New York that election. Many of them had voted for Hewitt before, as County Democracy Democrats, but never again, they were out for Hewitt's scalp, and if the machine was worked as it should be Hewitt was a beaten man, and there is no question about it.

I was President of the Sarsfield Protective Benevolent Association, with four hundred and fifty members, and I had every man jack of them out marching in battle array for a whole week before election. We voted Henry George, as United Labor men, but had we known Teddy Roosevelt then we would have voted for him, and surely defeated Hewitt and his machine. But just notice how Mr. Roosevelt got hunk in after years, of course he didn't know me or the sky over me at that time, but my, how fate will work its good and bad deeds.

Well I had tried several professions but I had to go back to long-shore work again, as there was more money at that game than any other, and as our kiddies were coming along one every year or so, I had to get money. So, in 1889, a Mr. Pape, counselor at law, our landlady's son, came to my house and said to me in the presence of my wife, "Mr. Hickey, my mother and myself have been talking of your getting a better position than what you have, and if you will make an application for the police, I am sure that I can have you appointed."

These "Reminiscences" are a pleasure to me, and I hope they are the same to my readers. I said, "Mr. Pape, I thank both your mother and yourself, but my education is not what it should be, so I am afraid I would fail." Mr. Pape answered me in these words, "Mr. Hickey, one don't know what he can do until he tries. You make the application, and while same is pending I will give you some home studies, and no doubt Bryan Riley next door will give you some more instructions." I thanked Mr. Pape, and followed out his instructions to the letter. I informed Mr. Riley, who, by the way, is the nephew of Bryan Riley, an old-time alderman of this city, and himself then a school teacher. Today young Bryan Riley is a principal of a public school in Brooklyn.

I was very strong and active physically, so that what I lacked in mentality, I gained physically. I passed the examinations and my name was put on the eligible list for appointment, and I waited a year for the result. Another unfortunate incident then occurred in the following

manner: It came to pass that Mr. Pape had called upon the then president of the police board, Commissioner Charles F. McLean, and he promised to appoint me. Sometime after, Mr. Pape met me going to work, and he said, "Mr. Hickey, why did you not answer your call to police headquarters for appointment." "Why," I said, "Mr. Pape, this is a great surprise to me, I never received any notice or I surely would have been on the job." "Well," he answered, "Mr. Ryan, Commissioner McLean's secretary, told me today that you were sent for, but did not appear." This was an awful blow to me, so I went out to do a little detective work and found out that by a little manipulating at police headquarters that my notice was sent to another Hickey on the list. This man was married into the family of a big politician in the city, and he received my appointment, and I had to keep on working alongshore much longer than I should have done. And when my time had come for appointment, Commissioner McLean refused to appoint me because I would have been thirty years of age before my probation was at an end. The commissioner had made it a rule not to appoint any man who was thirty years of age or over, although the law at that time called for thirty-five years. Gee, I had trouble getting on and trouble getting off the force, but thank heaven, there were two good friends of mine at the big building, police headquarters, that day, Senator Edward F. Reilly and Alderman Andrew A. Noonan, both members of Court Conran of the Order of Foresters, of which I was presiding officer, so that I was appointed that day after all.

I went along in good shape, getting into trouble every now and again like all good cops, and meeting with several accidents, the painful injuries of which caused my retirement, the effects of which I do today, and will for all time, suffer great pain. But what I am leading up to is this, just before I retired there was an order read from the desk to the effect that all members of the force of foreign birth must leave their citizenship papers on the desk on or before six P.M., August 6th, 1906, and by the way it was my birthday as I was born August 6, 1860. Lieutenant John Glynn, Governor Smith's brother-in-law, was in charge of the desk. Well I went home to supper that night and looked up my papers, laid them on the desk, and thought no more about them until some time later I was called to the U. S. Commissioner's office, in the post office building, to answer a lot of questions, the answers of which did not suit. I was placed under arrest and called before the late Judge Chatfield, one of the finest men that ever drew the breath of life, peace be to him. So that after appearing in court six or seven times and being in conference with District Attorney Stimson and his staff for several hours, I was again hailed before Judge Chatfield and discharged.

I shall never forget the remarks of that grand man, "Mr. Hickey, on the recommendation of the District Attorney, the indictment against you is dismissed." Stooping over and shaking my hand, he said, "Go your way and good luck to you, you never should have been brought here. Good-bye." I am now doing jury duty in that same court, is that making good? So you see my friends I, too, was a victim of a clerical error, this man that I met in City Hall Park being so anxious to make a couple of dollars was responsible for my trouble more than twenty years after. And while all of this case was going on, I was forced to give up my work as I could not do proper patrol of eight long hours with shooflies on every corner of the streets, and my leg bleeding from varicose ulcers that came about from the spraining of my left ankle on the morning of New Year's, 1891, driving back the crowds at the City Hall steps that morning. So I was ordered before the board of surgeons and examined, and on the recommendation of that board that I be retired on full pension, Commissioner Bingham placed my name on the retired list and I am doing the best I can living on a pension of seven hundred dollars per year; not much, but I thank God that I have that itself. I cannot stand on my legs but a few hours so that I cannot accept any other position; but I have never been called upon to ask assistance of any one, or thank God will I, however long or short I may live, hope never to be without a dollar.

But now comes the saddest part of it all. Several months after my retirement Police Commissioner Bingham heard of my trouble with the Federal authorities, and he at once ordered my pension stopped, and it was held up for nine months, until taken before a Supreme Court Justice who decided the case in my favor, with the following remarks: Part I, Supreme Court, October 15, 1907. In the case of *Hickey vs Bingham*, the Hon. Justice John Ford decided, "That a power once exercised is gone forever, and I doubt if you can review a judicial determination of your predecessor or yourself. Especially in a case where vested rights have intervened, I thereby grant the motion as requested, and order the Police Commissioner to pay to John J. Hickey all back pension monies, amounting to four hundred and twenty-three dollars, also the cost of the court, in the sum of fifty dollars. This money was paid by Police Commissioner Bingham to me. He said, "Damn it, Hickey, you are the first man that I ever had to go down into my own pocketbook to pay." I answered, "It is your own fault, Commissioner. You took away my bread and butter and you have starved my wife and children for the past nine months." The General replied, "Damn it all, Hickey, I am sorry, I did not know anything of your case. Good-bye."

There was my life's work gone owing to my injuries, and this

cursed case in the Federal Court, and when forced to retire my name was on the eligible list for roundsman, so you see I had very bright prospects before me, and if kind fortune had not knocked at my door so hard, I might today be the proudest man in New York, blessed with a good home, a happy wife, and a high position in the police department, for I had civil service well studied, and with my education much improved, and that with my practical knowledge of long service, I no doubt might today be a credit to my many friends and my big family. But what's the use of worrying at my age. I thank God I am as I am; I never did a wrong knowingly to any man, so why should any man do me wrong; this world is big enough for all, and instead of being lambs in wolf's clothing, we should be more like brothers, forever holding out the right hand of good fellowship to all mankind, making this unfortunate world a much better place to live in.

I promised to tell you, dear readers, where the late Colonel Roosevelt first came into my life. It was while President Roosevelt ruled supreme in Washington that the department of justice was ordered to look up the citizenship of the members of the police department of this city, commencing in the first inspection district, the Battery to 14th Street. I was then working in the old fourth, now the fifth, precinct, No. 9 Oak Street, hence I was unfortunate to be caught in the first bunch of foreigners. But when my case was presented to President Roosevelt, he was very sorry to know that J. J. Hickey, the father of ten children, was caught in his net, and President Roosevelt requested his, and my friends, to do all that they could for Hickey. Now here is the standing of my case. If I had committed any crime some twenty-five years before that, then my case would be outlawed, and "Latches" would have set in. And again if I was aware of any discrepancies in my papers, then all that I had to do was to ask for a transfer to be near my home, and that was the fifteenth district at that time, I being forced to move from Yorkville to Sheepshead Bay to save the life of my dear wife who had suffered so much in her last two confinements.

And be it known to all men present, that after the mix up they made in the case of J. J. Hickey, the investigation was stopped, so that this poor sucker and his wife and family were the sufferers, God forgive my enemies. It was not my intention to ever speak of this case; I expected to carry my pitiful story to the grave with me, but reading of people in high position today who are placed almost in the same boat as I was, that is to say, they too are called upon to give up the position that they had worked so hard some thirty years or more to obtain, I could no longer remain silent. Knowing Chief Lahey and the other good policemen also connected in the case, I could not but tell my story, as I have nothing to fear, I being fully satisfied that I have suffered



POLICE COMMISSIONER ENRIGHT AND AIDS ON PARADE DOWN FIFTH AVENUE.



WILLIAM J. LAHEY,
CHIEF INSPECTOR.



WILLIAM S. DEVERY,
FORMER CHIEF INSPECTOR.



JOHN D. COUGHLIN,
ACTING INSPECTOR, DETECTIVE
DIVISION.



PATRICK FITZGIBBONS,
ACTING LIEUTENANT, LEADER OF
BAND AND GLEE CLUB.



POLICE DEPARTMENT CHAMPION BASEBALL TEAM, 1924.

enough, and I leave myself now in the hands of my maker. He is the best judge.

But even with all of that, mistakes and persecutions still continued to follow me, and here are the particulars. I publish this little story as a lasting remembrance of thanks for the kindness of one of the principals in this present case before the bar, namely, Counselor Leonard Wallstein. I did the best a poor man could do to give my children a decent education, and I placed two of my sons in, as I thought; the best position going at that time, that is Civil Service. I had each of them take an examination for the position of first grade clerk. They were appointed, Thomas, the eldest, in the office of the corporation counsel, or law department, and Timothy in the tenement house department of New York City. In 1917, after America's entry into the late great World War, and when our President was calling for young men to volunteer to fight for their country, and needing men badly, my son Thomas enlisted. He was but nineteen years old at the time when he left his desk for lunch but not to eat, before he had signed up to fight. He asked and was given a leave of absence and joined his regiment to do or die wherever duty called him, remaining with his outfit two years and a half.

My son had enlisted on May 8th, but could not leave until his leave of absence was granted by Commissioner Arthur Woods. The leave being granted my son joined the colors May 16, 1917, and the next few days saw him marching in full uniform aboard ship for overseas. It so happened that the late John P. Mitchel, then Mayor, had issued an order dated May 10th, that no member of the city service could enlist without first obtaining his, the Mayor's, consent. This order was not generally known until my son had left, and the fact that he had enlisted on May 8th, two days before this order was issued, led me to believe that his position was safe for him if he ever returned. But lo and behold, I was thunderstruck to receive a letter from my son reading as follows, 'Dear Dad. I am in receipt of a letter from the office and enclosed is a resignation blank for me to sign, and forward to the office of Deputy Police Commissioner Godley, forthwith.'

Well it goes without saying, my son did not sign away his hard-earned position, and he lived to return, and thanks to Mr. Wallstein, my son is back at his desk and doing well. Of course we would all like to be in a position to do better. Tom is married and has just been blessed with a big bouncing daughter, and his dad is stopping with him for the present, but my heart is in little old New York, where I hope soon to return, with all due respect to Brooklyn. I want to live in the limelight, I will be in darkness long enough after

I am gone. I believe as Governor Smith believes, and that is, that Brooklyn is a good place to sleep in.—Good night.

I will now relate to you, dear readers, how I first came to meet Mr. Leonard Wallstein. I wrote the Mayor, and did not forget to speak my mind in relation to the injustice in the matter of my son's position, and I received an answer to my letter, and, to use a common phrase, "passing the buck." But I am glad he did, or I would never have met Mr. Wallstein. I was informed that the matter was no longer in the hands of the Mayor, but in the hands of an advisory committee, appointed by the Mayor. The next puzzle was to find out where this committee met, and who was the chairman of same. Some contract!

After weeks of search, I consulted my friend, Henry H. Curran, the present Commissioner of Emigration. I wrote to the chairman of the committee, whom I learned was Mr. Wallstein, at that time a perfect stranger to me. I recited the whole story of my son's case in a letter to Mr. Wallstein, closing with the question, "Do you think that justice, Commissioner?" Mr. Wallstein wrote me back, "I have taken up the case of your son with the Advisory Board, and I am pleased to say that your son's position will be all right on his return."

Let me ask you, my fair-minded readers, supposing that my son had without consulting his father returned that resignation blank all signed up, his job would have been gone forever, because of all other men in public life, John Purroy Mitchel would never reverse himself.

I learned to know the late mayor and study up his character. We were both members of a prominent Irish society of this city, and I there learned to know John, as I knew his father and his patriotic old grandfather. They were all stern and painted with the same brush of determination. They are all of them dead and with their maker today, peace be to them.

But I hope that I won't have to say a prayer for Leonard Wallstein and my thousands of other good friends for many years to come. And in closing these remarks, or to be frank, my confession, I wish to all of my dear friends in particular, and humanity in general, a happy and prosperous New Year, coupled with the following slogan:

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."

While connected with the police department of this great city I ran into many celebrated characters, both international and otherwise, for I was never so foolish as to let an opportunity pass me by, and hence the many letters, autographs, and friends, both here and abroad, from such people as the following personages, to wit: King George of England, the Prince of Wales, King Albert of Belgium, Presidents

of these United States—the Hon. Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, receiving nine letters from the late Colonel, among them the last letter that the good old Colonel ever wrote, November, 1918, and died January 6, 1919, peace be to them all. Four of those letters are today on exhibition in the Roosevelt House on East 20th Street near Broadway.

I also hold letters from such noble heroes of the late great war as General John J. Pershing, Commander in Chief of our American forces on the bloody battlefields of Flanders, also from General Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief of the British Forces in Flanders, Major Henry H. Curran of the Third Ammunition Corps, all from the fields of battle.

A police favor of little or no importance, in 1903, brought about the life long friendships between Sir Thomas Lipton and the writer, Governor Alfred E. Smith, and many more notables among whom were the late John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, and successor to the late Charles Stewart Parnell, peace be to him, and all our departed.

Now, my dear friends, I will leave you to read all the nice things that Mr. Joe Mitchell Chapple, the very able editor of the *International Police Magazine*, wrote about the author, and reprinted by the courtesy of Mr. Chapple.

VETERAN NEW YORK POLICEMAN NUMBERS MANY NOTABLE PEOPLE AMONG HIS FRIENDS

An impressive scene of loyalty and comradeship in the Police Department of New York was evidenced when Commissioner Enright at a public dinner brought forward the veteran John J. Hickey, sixty-four years old, and insisted that he owed much to the man who first took him out on his beat as a young cop.

In return, John Hickey insisted that young Dick Enright was a bright young man who took himself out when assigned to the old Fourth, now the Fifth Precinct. "It was my lot to have this bright young fellow assigned to me while he was on probation. Every night when out on patrol, either on Cherry Hill or Park Row, which were busy posts in those days, I led the young cop a lively pace—and he was always two lengths ahead of me."

The old veteran continued in his enthusiasm: "Young Enright was wonderfully good natured, but he asked too many questions for an old veteran to answer, who was in a hurry to get home to his family of eight children. He asked many questions relating to the Penal Code and Ordinances that I could not answer.

"One evening when standing outside of the Press Club I said,

'See here, young fellow, for God's sake give me a rest. If you continue to ask so many questions, why, some day you will be the Police Commissioner.'

"Little did I think then that the prophecy would come true in 1918, and that we would have a Commissioner not equaled in any other city in the world."

After his thirty days' probation Patrolman Enright was appointed a full-fledged policeman by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner, and was assigned to a Precinct in the Bronx. Later Commissioner Enright finds his headquarters where he had assumed his first full fledged responsibilities, replaced with one of the best police buildings in New York.

Truly John Hickey was a real schoolmaster, and the friendship between them continued uninterrupted through the years. He has in his possession as a gift from Commissioner Enright, the identical "night stick" that he carried on Cherry Hill when it took a courageous young man to be a patrolman in "the bloody Fourth Ward."

"Patrolmen were not keen on going out with probationers in those days, but how that fellow could just keep on talking about history, books, religion and politics and—Irish history. He is the only man that I was ever with who made me wish that the nights were longer, for the hours flew by swiftly in such company."

He addressed the Commissioner as "my old pal, Officer 4020," and signed himself as "Officer 787."

During those days John Hickey was winning medals in athletic contests. He is the champion long distance runner of the Police force, charter member and past president of the Police Athletic Association of Greater New York; a member of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the Patrolmen's Endowment Association, Past Regent of Royal Arcanum, Past Chief Ranger of the Foresters of America, a member of the Board of Directors of the Holy Name Society of New York, and a member of the Police Club, but the greatest distinction of all, he insists, is the fact that he is a friend of Dick Enright.

Sir Thomas Lipton for over twenty-five years has always found his way to greet John J. Hickey, and no matter in what part of the globe Sir Thomas may be, he remembers the patrolman whom he met in New York many years ago.

Governor Al Smith, the boy born in the Bowery, does not forget John Hickey either.

John Hickey has written four books. One is dedicated to Commissioner Enright; one to Gov. Al Smith and one to Sir Thomas Lipton.

"Not so bad for a poor old New York cop in retirement," he said with a keen Celtic twinkle in his eye.

Thirty-four years ago he joined the force, and retired in 1906 physically disabled after receiving injuries in the performance of duty on three occasions. John Hickey knew what was going on along his beat and was never known to fear anything in the line of duty, nor forget a friend in rain or sunshine.

CHAPTER II OF PART IV

THIS IS ANOTHER CHAPTER SIMILAR TO THE PREVIOUS ONE BUT RELATES THE STORY OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE PATROLMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION AND WHAT FOLLOWED. IT ALSO RELATES THE INTRODUCTION OF ATHLETES INTO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, AND THE CHAMPIONSHIP FIELD DAYS OF OCTOBER, 1893, AND WHAT FOLLOWED; THE ORGANIZATION OF THE POLICE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION OF GREATER NEW YORK, AND THE RUNNING OF A CHAMPIONSHIP MEET IN CELTIC PARK, LONG ISLAND CITY, AND THE BREAKING OF FOUR WORLD'S RECORDS, OCTOBER, 1905. THE REQUEST OF THE HON. PERRY BELMONT TO HAVE OUR ATHLETES VISIT NEWPORT, R. I., FOR THE "PERRY DAY WEEK," SEPTEMBER, 1905, AND WHAT FOLLOWED

I would like very much to lay before my readers the trials and tribulations of us old coppers in our endeavors to bring about the establishment of the grand old organization, the "PATROLMEN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK," the mother organization of them all. But space will not permit. Later on, I wish to have the names and work of the organizers of this wonderful organization, also that of the officers and men of the present day organizations, enrolled in a book that I hope to publish shortly, as a memorial to our workers both past and present. I have spent many years in compiling this work as a monument to the past and an incentive for those coming after. In conclusion, dear readers, I earnestly appeal to you men of the city government to be steadfast, join and stick to your protective and benevolent associations, aid and assist your presidents and officers, and I promise that you will never have any reason to be sorry for the time spent in this grand work, of providing for your families in life and protecting the "widow and orphan."

If it was not for such men as Richard E. Enright, Frank Prial, and Joseph P. Moran, who are constantly working in your behalf, you, my friends, would very soon again go back to slavery days of long hours and poor pay, do you want that? No, I guess not, or does this grand old city of New York and its good taxpaying citizens want it? The days of slavery have gone forever, but you each and every one of you must aid and assist your officers who are constantly watching and

waiting, both night and day, with their eye on the gun. Stick to Joe Moran whom you have constantly elected year after year because Joe Moran, Guinness, and others have been sticking to you. My dear good friends, let your motto be for the New Year, and in fact for all years to come, "A FAIR DAY'S WORK FOR A FAIR DAY'S WAGE." And may God bless the cheerful giver.

But talking about mistakes and what they cost some unfortunate people I will tell you a story that no doubt will surprise you of the conduct of some of those miserable get-rich-quick curs that creep into our organizations today, it makes no difference if it be a benevolent or a social organization, they will get theirs. When the writer entered the police department, it was a case of everyone for himself; the men were a body non-united, and when the hand of God touched some one or the other of the men, it was a case of going around with the hat to bury him, and this was very distasteful to an old member of organizations as the writer, for I at the time was chief ranger of the largest Court of Foresters in America, and president of several other organizations both social and benevolent. Well it came to such a pass that a few of us got together and from the conferences that were held sprang the present grand body of men known the world over as the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of the City of New York. I did not become a cop until the fall of 1890, and November, 1891, we had the P.B.A. running and in good condition. But we had our work laid out for us, and each and every mother's son of us had to cut short our sleep and rest to organize and procure new members, doing missionary work among the different precincts, up town, down town, and cross town, it made no difference. Several of us would meet at a certain point and go to several precincts each day. We started in by charging our members twenty-five cents per month dues and paying one hundred and twenty-five dollars at the death of a member, and we were very hard pushed for several years. So to help to advertise ourselves to get new members we ran a picnic in Sulzer's Harlem River Park, 127th Street and Second Avenue, New York City. We had a very successful picnic from the point of numbers present, but no financial returns, and I could not make that out, but not being on the committee, all that I could do was watch and wait. So at the next election I was elected first vice-president and I lost no time in proposing a picnic and games. The committee was appointed, five from each platoon and I was elected chairman. I called the committee together to procure bids, and going to Sulzer's Harlem River Park, and old Lion Park, West 108th Street, for I was determined to find out why our organization received no returns from the picnic of 1902, and I did.

We met at the office of Herman Sulzer that morning, and I said, "Mr. Sulzer, we are a committee appointed from the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, to ask you what terms you will allow us to run a picnic and games this year on your grounds," taking good care that the members of this committee who were also members of the previous committee of 1892 did not get to Sulzer first. And the answer that Mr. Sulzer made that day to my request amazed Martin Cahill, Tom O'Neill, myself, and one other who were not members of the former committee. I ask him if that was the best that he could do and he answered "yes." Then I said good day and we withdrew. Gee, but what a bunch of soreheads the six of this committee were who served on the committee of 1892. Suffice it to say that as bad as our association needed money not a cent was turned over to our treasurer that year. It just goes to show how low some people will stoop.

I said, "Gentlemen, it is getting late and I am going over to old Lion Park to interview the manager. Will you come?" But no, they wanted no more of J. J. Hickey that day, and forever after I had a hard road to travel with that same bunch. The four of us went over to Lion Park and made out O.K. I explained to the manager what our mission was, and we talked the matter over pro and con, and we came to final arrangements, the manager consenting to grant all that we asked and to allow ten per cent on all kegs of beer sold over and above a certain number. He provided two bands of music, paid for all printing and advertising and said, "Mr. Hickey, I have one hundred dollars for you, will you take it in cash or will I make out a cheque." I said, "You will please draw a cheque payable to the Treasurer of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association of the City of New York," and I at the next meeting of our Association presented my report and the cheque for the one hundred dollars, receiving a vote of thanks from our members, and so ended the picnic and games of the P.B.A. for 1893. That same cheque should be among the papers of the association today, for there is no reason why it should have been destroyed.

Understand, dear readers, that in those days we were not allowed to charge even as low as ten cents for admission, everything connected with these games was by invitation. Our prizes we obtained from the business people who were so far carried away with the thoughts of our having athletic policeman on post to protect their lives and property, that they gave freely of medals, cups, and other more useful articles in the shape of an order for same, this order to be presented to the winner of any contest and he to present same and receive his prize. Your humble servant won the one mile championship, the potato race, and came a close third in the half mile for the championship that day, which, by the way, was October 5th, 1893. There are several members

of the committee of 1892 living today, and I defy them to question my statement, as I hold the proof of my assertions.

Along in later years, several crooked athletes, who were then winning and holding records thanks to their friendship with the handicapper, should have been classed professionals instead of amateurs.

I was congratulated for the successful athletic meet and asked to devise ways and means for organizing a policeman's athletic club. I being an athlete all of my life, for in the old country one had to run before breakfast, or by ginger he would get none, and very often fight before supper or get none, so that I was well hardened to face trouble. I set to work to bring about the greatest police athletic association in the world, I started well on my way in organizing "The Police Athletic Association of Greater New York," by electing to honorary membership the best men of our country, commencing with the President of these United States, the late Colonel Roosevelt, asking nothing but, sending ten tickets for our championship meet that was held in Celtic Park, October, 1905, free of charge. All of these good men accepted their election to honorary membership by return letters of thanks; yes, and one of the most prominent of whom was that wonderful fighter and all-round athlete, ex-District Attorney the Hon. Travers Jerome, a fighting hero at that time.

I fortified myself with a strong backing of bankers, brokers, and prominent officials and men about town, and could see victory in my grasp. I also had the support of Police Commissioner McAdoo, who gave me permission to run the souvenir program so as to help the organizing of this coming great athletic association. But I received a sad blow at the sudden death of Deputy Police Commissioner Harriss Lindsley, the managing director, killed by an auto in Chicago. I had the support of most every one of note, both in and out of the police department, and I could see a grand future before me. But it was not to be, because the first crack out of the box was by one of my athletes, now dead, who came to me and said, "Jack I want a hundred dollars." This was even before I had got rightly started, so you see what I was up against.

John Flanagan, at the time the champion weight thrower, sent me a dollar for his membership fee, and congratulated me, saying, "You are doing what I think is the grandest thing ever, because the Irish A.C. think they own us fellows body and bones, but with our own club they can't bother us. You will find enclosed a dollar as you ask for membership fees, but if you at any time want more, you can have it." And another miserable rascal was one Patrolman Carrette, whom I withdrew my entry for him to succeed me as I did not run in these games.

But with all that these three same gentlemen, in spite of the fact that I held their letters and placed them in evidence, denied on the witness stand that they were members of this association, and that was why Mr. Jerome, the District Attorney, wanted me to proceed against Mike Cregan, John Flanagan and Eddie Carrette, for perjury; but I said I thank you, what's the use, two wrongs won't make one right, and banished the thought. I simply name these men so that you will understand my story later on.

Just prior to our championship meet, in September, 1905, the Hon. Perry Belmont was holding a Perry Day week in New Pork, R. I., and he wanted to give some glory to little old New York by asking Commissioner McAdoo to send our athletes on to give an exhibition on the common at Newport, Saturday afternoon at four P.M. I was patrolling Cherry Hill when summoned to report to Chief of Police Nicholas Brooks at police headquarters forthwith, and he asked me to get my athletes together and take the boat on Sunday to Newport, as these were the wishes of Commissioner McAdoo. "Why," I said, "Chief, that is impossible, how am I to get my men here." "Well, it must be done, John," said the Chief. Then I said, "you must give me the use of every phone in the building," and he said, "all right." In an hour I had thirty men present in the old trial room, and picking out twenty of the best, I reported to Chief Brooks that I was all set and where is the money for expenses. Brooks answered, "Oh, that you will have to take care of, you will receive your expenses from Mr. Dan McGowan, chairman of the citizen's committee, who will meet you in Providence tomorrow morning." Well holy smoke, there was I without a dollar to my name, near five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and compelled to raise one hundred and fifty dollars to pay all expenses of this bunch. That was not bad enough until Carrette brings with him a woman, and I had to pay her fare also; but if it was tomorrow I would just throw he and her overboard into the Hudson River, for what good they were.

But constantly looking forward to the success of the Athletic Club that I was working for, and knowing that this going to Newport would be a big boost, I borrowed the money, ordering the men to meet me at four-thirty P.M., Sunday, at the boat landing. Sunday evening I paid the fares and bought the suppers, and then my next contract was to keep the men out of the cafe on board, knowing full well that I would have to keep them in good condition, not knowing but that we might be forced to compete against the champions of the Eastern States, and with that thought in mind, I ordered all to retire at nine P.M. and to be sure that they could not leave their berths, I gave the chief steward a five dollar bill to lock all doors and not open them until

reaching the pier in Newport, and then I sure had my men in prime condition. Oh, but what a howl they put up, the idea of turning the key on such a band of notables. They wished me everywhere and nowhere, but nevertheless we arrived and were met by buses and a band of music, and for a change New York and her cops were well boosted that fine September day in 1905.

Now for the most serious part of my story, when the unfortunate mistake was made, but innocently, I presume, by the First Deputy Police Commissioner Thomas F. McAvoy, who ordered charges preferred against me for conduct unbecoming an officer, with dismissal staring me in the face, and my wife and ten kids to go a-begging, I being charged for some other man's misconduct. The story is too long to relate here but suffice it to say that after I had been placed on trial on December 29th, Commissioner McAvoy, himself wanting to try me, and if it had not been for my good friend the late John F. Ahearn, Borough President of Manhattan, the trial Judge Thomas F. McAvoy, I would have been tried and dismissed that same day, December 29, 1905, a rank injustice.

Second Deputy Commissioner Hagerty of Brooklyn tried me, and he was so disgusted that he postponed the case. Well out went Commissioner McAdoo and Tom McAvoy, and in came Commissioner Bingham and his deputy, the late James Mack, and my case was called again, with Commissioner Mack tried judge. Commissioner Bingham came into the trial room, sat down for ten or more minutes, and he, too, went away disgusted, for he saw it was a frame-up, pure and simple. The case for the prosecution had fallen down. I said, "Mr. Commissioner, I am the next witness if you please, and I don't want any assistance from my lawyers, they are trying to do me." Commissioner Mack said, "Then proceed with your case Officer," and the very first crack out of the box I turned over the fly leaf of the souvenir program, and said, "Mr. Commissioner, I will show to you the photograph of Chief of Police Nicholas Brooks, the prosecuting attorney in this case, and under the photograph you will notice in print the following: Nicholas Brooks managing director of the Police Athletic Association of Greater New York, and this by consent. I will ask to have this photograph marked exhibit A."

Commissioner Mack took the book, saw that I was right and rapped his gavel for order, for everyone in the trial room were laughing at the fact that the defendant was turning the tables on the complainant. When order was restored Commissioner Mack arose from his seat and said, "Case closed, and I give you one week to submit briefs," and left the room. And one week from date by order of General Bingham, the charges against Officer John J. Hickey of conduct un-

becoming an officer were dismissed. And that was the end of this so-called sensational charge of being the president of an organization that was not supposed to exist—it is laughable. But it was not finished in my heart; I swore to get my rights some day before God called on me to come, in the shape of an exoneration from the Hon. Thomas F. McAvoy, and I did. But what was an exoneration to the breaking of my good wife's heart. But look what I was up against. When Chief Inspector B— told me that I was to answer charges before the Commissioner, I said, "Very well, but as a friend of mine, who will I engage to defend me?" "Oh," said he, "John, that is no question to ask me," but I knew full well what I was doing, and I said, "I beg your pardon, Chief, but I thought you said you were a friend of mine." "Yes, I am too, but go and ask Sergeant C— in the other room," meaning Sergeant Henry C—, I went in and said, "Sergeant, the Chief sent me in to ask you who would be a good lawyer to engage to defend me." "Oh, I don't know, John, see Weill and Weill in the World Building," and I did see these two cagey gentlemen, and I submitted my case to them after telling them who had sent me. They started to tell me that my case was a very serious one, and that if they took the case they would want five hundred dollars as a retainer. Well I had to laugh. I said, "You two can go to h—l, here is one hundred dollars to keep me in the business, but not a cent if you put me out," and they grabbed the case, but for what?

Well, there I was up against a fine combination, my prosecutor and my counselors all members of the same club, and I guess you know what club I refer to, and they tried like the very dickens to put me out, knowing full well that the old game was, five hundred to put you out, and a thousand to put you back. But J. J. Hickey had traveled too much to be fooled, and the statement above, made by me in the same manner as I confess to my good father confessor, was the result. And the moral in my case is, trust no one but yourself, so long as that you are right you don't want a lawyer, when you tell the truth, and that is all that I could or would do under that or any other circumstances. But it is a tough piece of cheese, boys, to be charged with the crime of another, and no one recognized that quicker than did Tom McAvoy when he had learned the true facts of the case, and that was Dan Fogerty's own admission to both Commissioner McAvoy and myself, after his retirement. Yes, we are and were all out of the department at the time.

In the spring of 1906, Police Chaplain Father Chidwick sent to the Oak Street station house asking that I report forthwith to police headquarters, and when I arrived he told me that "Commissioner Bingham wanted me to stage a field day in September," and I refused, saying

that I had had enough of athletics after the dose I got over the last games, and Father Chidwick answered, "Mr. Hickey, I showed Commissioner Bingham your souvenir programme, and he said, rapping his stick on the floor, 'Hickey ought to get a medal and not a complaint, after bringing about a book of that kind. Go to it.'"

Some time after my case had been fought and won, I was walking downtown one day when of a sudden I was stopped by ex-Sergeant Dan Fogerty, who had just retired, and he said to me, "Say, Hickey old pal, I am awful sorry, but I had to stand in the trial room at headquarters, and listen to you being charged with the crime that I committed, but I knew that you were going to beat it, while if I had pleaded guilty they would put me off the job." Oh, yes, that was great consolation; he did not care all the trouble that he had made for my whole family, besides being the cause of knocking down the foundation that I had worked hard to build, that is the foundation for one of the greatest athletic clubs in the world.

That was my only object in neglecting my wife and family every day off, running around seeing this one and that one to lend me their assistance in promoting such a mighty but worthy object. I had succeeded in getting every man of note and money in the whole city interested, and I had the promises of several monied men to call upon them for funds when I was ready to start building the clubhouse. And I defy any man, woman, or child to say that I ever asked or did ever receive a red copper; my ideals were too high to fall for a few dirty dollars. I was constantly looking forward to a bright police athletic future, an athletic club composed of the greatest athletes the world could ever produce. You may ask me why I make this assertion? Well, I will tell you, it was my intention to give each athlete who was on the level and assisted in winning glory for our club, a bonus every year; something that would not be violating their amateur standing. It could be done very easily, and the club would not lose anything either, for the two outdoor meets and the championship meet to be held each year in Madison Square would more than cover all.

My friends, if it was my intention to become rich by taking money from the funds, or in other words, to become a dirty crook, then I would never have asked that the name of our honorable district attorney of the time, the Hon. Travers Jerome, be elected to honorary membership in this coming big club. Yes, and Mr. Jerome accepted his election with thanks, I have all of those letters locked away.

So you see what the selfishness of ex-Sergeant Dan Fogerty did for me. He more or less destroyed my police life, and assisted in driving my wife to an early grave, suffering from a broken heart,

and for what, a miserable few dollars. Yes, I was hounded and pounded, called a damn thief, and all of that for the miserable doings of another; the strong foundation for the police athletic clubhouse undermined and the project ruined. Would to God we were blessed with such manly and noble athletes as Lieutenant Matt McGrath, Martin Sheridan, Pat McDonald, Tom Donohue, and others then. For there is no deputy police commissioner nor chief of police this side of hell could make these men take the stand and perjure themselves to rob another poor man and his family of their bread and butter as did the damned crooks before mentioned, namely, Flanagan, Cregan and Carrette, each of whom never should have been accepted into the police department of New York, disgracing the company of the other good members of same. But while such men may fool the people for awhile, they cannot fool God, and they each received their reward, Flanagan running back to Ireland, Cregan picked up by the roadside dead, and Carrette, if out of jail then is back at his old game, that of private secretary to some fallen woman. I thank God that I am able to say that I don't have to ask a dollar of any Tom, Dick, or Harry, at the loss of a good wife and mother, I can go wherever I please, constantly living in the fear of God, and ever ready for him when called, my conscience is clear, and I forgive my enemies.

You see, dear readers, the writer could not have been so bad because two administrations called upon him to bring about or stage a champion field day, and he complied with the wishes of both, for it was your humble servant that staged the field day for General Bingham in 1906, and again when in retirement for Police Commissioner or Colonel the Hon. Arthur Woods in 1915, and I hold letters pertaining to these requests. Or any of my readers are privileged to call on the Rt. Rev. Monsignor John P. Chidwick, Pastor of St. Agnes R. C. Church on East 43d Street, Manhattan, for the present Monsignor was our first police chaplain, and the police chaplain at the time that General Bingham asked me to stage these games of 1906, and I hold a letter from Third Deputy Police Commissioner Lawrence Dunham on the matter of the games of 1915.

Seven years after, or 1918, Tom McAvoy was excise commissioner, and he also held a prominent office in the New York Police Veteran Association of which I was the first vice-president, and chairman of the employment committee. It was my duty to procure employment for our men out of work, and I came to the conclusion that now was the time to fulfill my sad promise, which was to square things up with the Commissioner for the bad position that he placed me in in 1905, 1906. And with that thought in my mind above all

others I was up bright and early and at the office of the former first deputy police commissioner. I said, "Commissioner, I came to ask you if you won't use your influence with Frank Farrell to have our men employed to police the ball field of the Greater New York ball club." That matter being settled, I then went right to work on the old question, by saying, "Mr. Commissioner, some seven or more years ago, you called me a G—— d—— thief and you ordered charges to be preferred against me, for something that I was no more guilty of than an unborn child, and this cruel injustice to me broke my dear wife's heart so that the mother of my ten children is no more; she was taken from us, for it was more than she could do to swallow this base injustice, and she took to her bed and died. Now in justice to my family growing up, and who will have to face the world when you and I are laying low, I want you to give me a letter of exoneration, if you will, please, so that I can show it to your good friend and mine, the Hon. John F. Ahearn, Borough President, as he is as deeply interested in this case almost as I am. And what is more, it is and will be a safeguard against the abuse of my character when dead, and my sons can use it accordingly." The Commissioner answered, "Say, Mr. Hickey, I am sorry, for you knew more about that case than I did. Hugh J. Grant came to me in Tammany Hall, and said, 'Say, Mac, what kind of policemen have you on the force? One of them held me up today and would not let me pass until I gave him ten dollars.' And I, knowing that you were running this championship meet of games and picnic, I made this infernal mistake. Yes, I will give you a letter of exoneration, for I am very sorry for the wrong that I did unknowingly to your family and yourself.'" I was then happy, but what was this happiness to the loss of a good wife and mother?

At the time of this unfortunate trouble, thanks to John Ahearn, I was detailed at the Old Dominion line pier nights, chasing the pirates of the North River and other rowdies that resorted on the west side in those days. I reported to the lieutenant in charge of the Leonard Street station house every midnight, to receive my orders, and to my utter surprise Lieutenant James H. Kelley, today Captain Kelley, retired, said, "John, you are ordered to report at the office of First Deputy Police Commissioner Thomas F. McAvoy, at ten A.M. tomorrow," so you see I had no time to inform my sick wife, who was then living in Sheepshead Bay, that I would not be home. So I waited around until ten A.M., expecting that I was to be promoted to the position of roundsman, my name being on the eligible list at that time. I was happy in mind waiting for ten o'clock to swing around. Oh, but glory be, promoted, eh? Well I received the damndest pro-

motion that I or any other poor devil of a fellow ever received. Listen, watch, and don't miss a word of the conversation of two so-called friends.

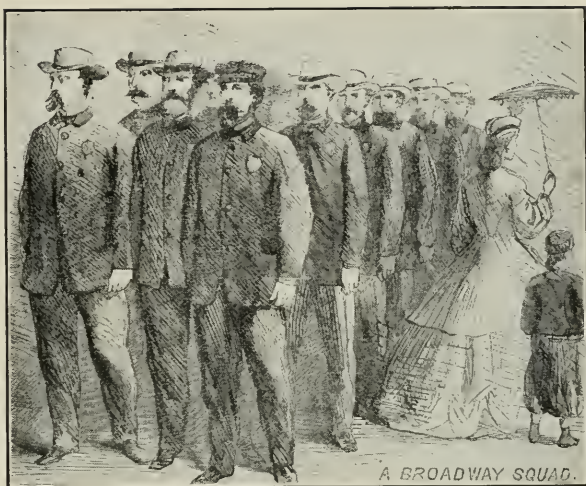
Yes, we all looked upon Inspector Tom McAvoy as our friend in the old days and were sorry to lose him in retirement, and besides that I had met the Commissioner at his clubhouse after his retirement. But listen what happened. The victim, "Good morning, Mr. Commissioner." No answer. The big, fine, good looking commissioner choking with madness. I said again, "Good morning, Commissioner," and then he shouted in a very loud and angry tone, "What the hell kind of business are you running." I answered, "Why, Commissioner, what does this all mean? I don't understand you." "No, you don't. You're a G—— d—— thief." Well, jumping Jerusalem, I was astounded, and could not get my breath for a minute or so, but when I did, this is what happened. "Mr. Commissioner, please don't repeat those words, or if you do, Commissioner or no Commissioner, I will tell you what I think of you." And again, nothing daunted, Tom McAvoy said to this poor slob, "You're a G—— d—— thief." And I made answer by saying, "I am no thief, but you're a G—— d—— liar."

My good friend the Commissioner was boiling with rage, and he said, "Get out of my office. Hey, Bill," calling upon the present Chief of Police William J. Lahey, who was detailed there as lieutenant, "Put this fellow out of my office." I said, "Don't you put a hand on me, Bill, I will go, but you will pay for this."

Unfortunately I was up against trouble all of my life. Not that I was fond of trouble, any more than any other decent Irishman, but when it came to me I met it with a stout upper lip, and fought it down every time. It made no difference to me, whether he was a small man or a tall man, for I, like good old Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons, used to say, "the bigger they are, the 'arder they fall." The fact is that I did not speak of my ups and downs of my early days, passing through the life of a stowaway and other hard knocks, but my leaving longshore work to do police duty in the old fourth ward, yes and in its palmy days that was enough to make anyone tough. For the many dark days and nights that we boys were looking for such vagabonds as "Jack the Ripper," and "Jack the Slasher," not speaking of the men of the sea, the "Bucco" sailors, and the many land sharks that we had to get after and wallop once now and again, or get walloped instead, yet I love to sit alone and chuckle over our deeds of the past, and I would love to go all through that same old life once again. But it cannot be, those days are gone forever, and my next police duty will be done in another world.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.
FORMER POLICE COMMISSIONER.



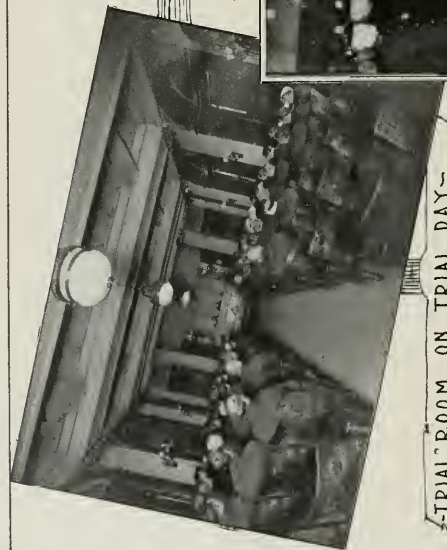
Courtesy of Police Magazine

THE BROADWAY SQUAD OF 1860.

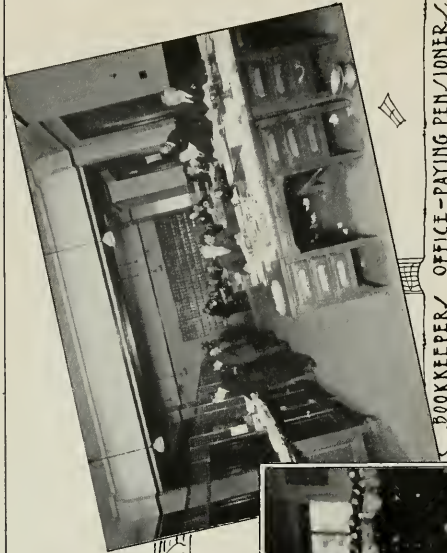


Courtesy of Political News

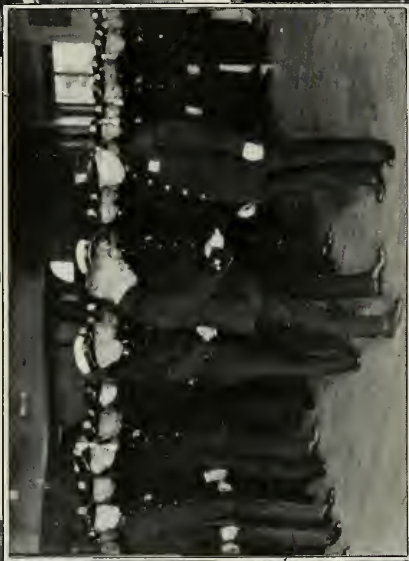
HON. JOHN P. MITCHEL, FORMER MAYOR, AND HENRY H. CURRAN, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION, AT PLATTSBURG, 1916.



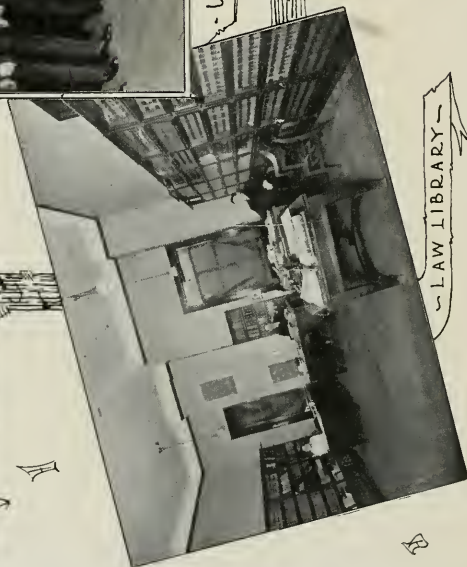
TRIAL ROOM ON TRIAL DAY—



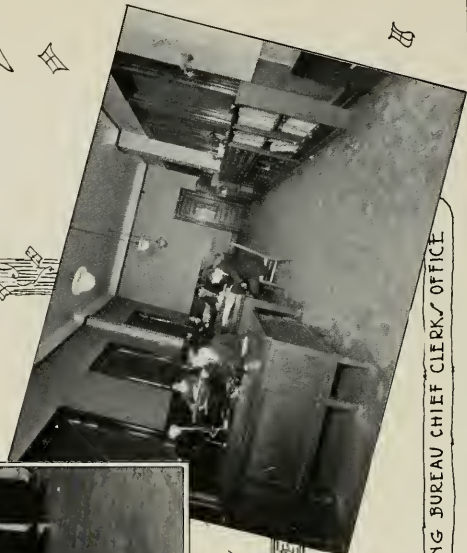
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Before closing this little work, it would not be fair to do so and not say a word or two about our great police band, the world's greatest. These boys are constantly giving aid and comfort to the unfortunate persons in our hospitals and other institutions. But I am sorry to say that my good old pals, the organizers of this wonderful band, are fast passing away; there are but few of them left to tell the good old tale of twenty-five years ago, namely George Semerlein and perhaps three others.

Our Police Glee Club is another wonderful body, with Lieutenant Paddy Fitzsimmons, from the grand old "Gas House District," Tim Murphy in the rôle of Dutch comedians, singing Irish, Italian, and German songs, and a Dutchman, Billy Drexler, singing Irish songs. They are a great bunch, and we the citizens of New York are proud of our young McCormacks and Carusos. "More power to our living members, and peace be to our dead."

Oh, boys, it is but fitting that I close this little work with a line or two about our great army of the traffic squad of this great city, these good men that are ruling New York today, who by a swing of the hand can stop the president of these United States, or beckon him onward. Wonderful power is given to our gallant sons of "Granuaile," presided over by that kind and genial young gentleman, Lieutenant Paddy Crane.

CHAPTER III OF PART IV

THIS CHAPTER TELLS THE UNFORTUNATE STORY OF POLICE LIEUTENANT CHARLES BECKER, HIS TRIALS AND EXECUTION, CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF HERMAN ROSENTHAL, A NEW YORK GAMBLER, WHO TO MY MIND WAS MURDERED BY HIS OWN FRIENDS AND GAMBLERS BUT PASSED UP TO POOR BECKER.

THE MURDER OF HERMAN ROSENTHAL

At two A. M. on the morning of July 16th, 1912, Herman Rosenthal, a New York gambler, was shot and killed in front of the Metropole Hotel, 149 West 43rd Street, New York City. There were executed for this crime four foolish boys and a lieutenant of police, but to the writer's mind, whatever part the boys might have taken in the murder, Lieutenant Becker was charged with and electrocuted for a crime that he took no part in, while the guilty ones were allowed to escape the chair. I make these remarks because, like many others, I worked with Becker and we were in the school of probation together, and I will swear before God that Becker was not a man in my mind to be a party to such a sensational murder case. There is no doubt that Charlie Becker did many things that he should not do, that is, he may have grown money mad, and he was in a position to get rich by taking the money of these gamblers for protection, and while things were running quiet and easy this money was coming to Becker every week. Then why should he be so foolish as to order or take part in a murder which he knew full well would bring about his undoing. I leave this question open to any right-minded man or woman to decide for themselves.

I was then in the employ of the *New York Herald*, 35th Street and Broadway, and reported at one A. M. But on this particular morning I was somewhat late and had just arrived at the office when this shooting was reported. I walked down from the subway at 42d Street and Broadway, just about a stone's throw from where the murder had been committed. Of course this murder like all other such crimes among gamblers did not cost me a thought, as I knew all of this element while working as a policeman in the downtown precincts, and of course was all well aware of what they were capable of

doing, so I passed it up. But when after a day or so had passed, and I saw the name of Lieutenant Becker mixed up in it then I read more of the case and I arrived at the conclusion mentioned above.

This was a gamblers' fight, pure and simple, it was a case of Rosenthal going to the district attorney to make a squeal, and this the other fellows could not stand for, and they came to the conclusion that Rosenthal must be silenced and this murder followed, and to protect themselves they passed the buck to foolish Becker, who had lowered himself so much as to invite these rascals to his own home to dine, at different times. This act was to my mind the very thing that caused Lieutenant Becker's downfall, his loss of a fine position, thrown into jail, and after two trials marched to the electric chair in Sing Sing. I may be wrong in my way of thinking, my good friends, but the argument I give must surely be worth considering, for Becker had everything to win by there being no murder committed, and on the other hand he had everything to lose, position, character and freedom. Then don't you think that my way of thinking may be a correct way of thinking at that? But be that as it may, Becker is dead, and far be it from me to judge anybody. I will leave that for the good Lord on high, and if you my readers knew Becker as well as I did, and perhaps there are some of you that might have known him better than I, as I know that today, and there will be for all time many thousands who share the same opinion of this case as the writer does and ever will. There was certainly a whole lot of false swearing going on during these several trials, and I feel free to say that the actual murderers are free today, but while they might fool the people and some of our learned judges, and prominent attorneys, it goes without saying that they cannot fool the supreme Judge before whom some day sooner or later we will all have to appear and be judged.

To go into the whole details of the case would be a waste of time, but I am free to say that my old friend ex-Captain Dominick Reilly knows quite a lot of the facts of this whole case, because he made many of the arrests, in fact all the arrests in the case, that is, he arrested Frank Seidenschue, alias "Muller," alias "Whitey Lewis," a thief; Frank Cirofici, alias "Dago Frank," a burglar; Harry Harrowitz, alias "Gyp the Blood," a burglar; and Louis Rosenberg, alias "Lefty Louie." Those four boys were hired to do the shooting and were taken to the scene of the crime and told just what to do to Rosenthal when he was invited to step out on the sidewalk by one of the gamblers. There were two automobiles on the scene, and while the boys fired their shots, nevertheless, to be sure that Rosenthal was killed, one of the men in the other automobile, Harry Vallon, I be-

lieve, who was under the influence of liquor, fired a shot at Rosenthal, so it is alleged.

The question is and was, did Harry Vallon or the four boys kill Rosey? Be that as it may, they were all a bad lot, both employers and the employees, in such an infernal crime. I knew them all as newsboys downtown around the old "Sun Pharmacy," kept by Dr. Charlie Perry, in the "Sun" building in the nineties, but they were all good boys then, who in after years became crooks and gamblers. I will not write any more of this rotten case, but I will write a

CHRONOLOGY OF THE CASE, TO WIT

Herman Rosenthal shot and killed July 16, 1912.

July 18, Jack Rose surrenders to the police, and to square himself gives evidence of police corruption to District Attorney Whitman.

July 20, the *New York Herald* gives for the first time a description of the four "gunmen" in the gray automobile used by the murderers of Rosey to escape from the scene of the crime and three of the gang, namely Harry Harrowitz, alias "Gyp the Blood"; Louis Rosenberg, alias "Lefty Louis"; and "Whitey Lewis."

July 21, "Bridgey" Webber, "Jack" Sullivan, and "Sam" Paul arrested, charged with being connected with the crime.

July 22, the *New York Herald* publishes exclusively the name of "Dago Frank" Cirofici as the fourth "gunman" who was in the fleeing automobile after the murder of Rosenthal.

July 25, "Dago Frank" arrested in Harlem, by Deputy Police Commissioner George Dougherty and Detective Sergeant Dominick Reilly.

July 29, Police Lieutenant Charles Becker arrested and indicted on the evidence of gambler "Jack Rose."

August 1, "Whitey Lewis" arrested at Fleischmann's, New York.

August 20, the four gunmen are indicted for the murder of Rosenthal.

September 14, "Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louis," are both arrested in a house at Glendale by George Dougherty and Dominick Reilly.

October 5, Big "Jack" Zelig, a gambler, murdered on Second Avenue, New York.

October 10, the trial of Lieutenant Becker commenced.

October 25, Lieutenant Becker convicted of murder in the first degree.

October 30, Lieutenant Becker sentenced to die December 9, 1912.

November 8, the trial of the four "gunmen" commenced.

November 19, the four "gunmen" convicted of murder in the first

degree before Justice John Goff in the Supreme Court of General Sessions of New York.

November 26, the four "gunmen" sentenced to die in the electric chair.

November 27, 1912, Becker gets a stay of proceedings.

December 3, the appeal of Becker is argued in the Court of Appeals and the four "gunmen" make an appeal.

February 24, 1913, a new trial granted Becker; the case against four "gunmen" confirmed.

February 27, Lieutenant Becker leaves Sing Sing for New York City, and lodged in the Tombs prison.

April 5, Governor Martin Glynn refuses to grant a reprieve to the four "gunmen."

April 11, Justice Goff refuses a new trial for the four "gunmen."

May 22, 1915, the second trial of Becker is commenced, and he is convicted and sentenced to die by Judge Seabury.

July 23, 1915, Becker's counsel makes an appeal to the late Justice Philburn for a new trial, and Justice Philburn took the papers under advisement, but was forced to deny Becker's appeal.

July 30, 1915, guilty or not guilty, Lieutenant Charlie Becker was put to death in the electric chair at Sing Sing today, and may the Lord have mercy on him. He went to the chair just as game as going to his dinner at home, and his last words were, "Oh, Lord, I proclaim to the world that I am innocent of this crime."

Friday played an important part in the life of Charlie Becker at this time, and none feared Friday more than did poor Becker, and why, well you read on. Rosenthal made a squeal on Friday, June 11, 1912. Becker was found guilty of murder in the first degree on Friday, October 25, at midnight. Charlie Becker was taken to Sing Sing on a Friday, and when the Sheriff's men came to take him back to New York for a second trial he said I am mighty glad, boys, that you did not come for me on a Friday. And after the second trial and conviction, Becker begged that he be not taken back to Sing Sing on a Friday.

Charlie Becker was the one hundred and sixteenth person to die in the electric chair, in this state, and he was the biggest man physically of any one of the others who were electrocuted prior to Becker.

The electric chair in this state of New York was first operated July 28, 1891, and they celebrated the event by electrocuting four men, on that same day, among whom was Smiler Harrison, first to the chair, second came James Slocum, the old baseball player, then came James Wood, followed by Skukeck Jugega. A h——l of a fine day's work,

oh, glory be. Warden Brown was in charge when the four died; William Leigley of the Bronx was the one hundredth person killed in the chair, with principal Warden Connoughton in charge. Leighley was his last execution.

CHAPTER IV OF PART IV

DETECTIVE STORIES

GIVING A DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF SEVERAL FAMOUS ROBBERIES THAT WERE COMMITTED IN NEW YORK CITY UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF POLICE COMMISSIONER, HON. RHINELANDER WALDO, 1911 AND 1912. ALSO THE INTERESTING PART PLAYED BY DEPUTY POLICE COMMISSIONERS GEORGE DOUGHERTY AND WILLIAM FLYNN, ASSISTED BY DETECTIVE SERGEANT DOMINICK REILLY, WHO WAS PROMOTED TO THE POSITION OF POLICE CAPTAIN FOR THE ABLE DETECTIVE WORK THAT HE PERFORMED IN THIS AND SEVERAL OTHER CELEBRATED CASES OF THAT SAME PERIOD. THE CASES WRITTEN ABOUT ARE THOSE OF "FORSBREY," THE NOTORIOUS ROBBER AND DOUBLE MURDERER, AND THE FAMOUS TAXICAB ROBBERY OF TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, BY A CHAUFFEUR, GENE MONTANI, AND HIS NOTORIOUS GANG OF EIGHT MEN CONNECTED IN THE ROBBERY, AND THE FIGHT OVER THE SPOILS THAT BROUGHT ABOUT THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF THE EIGHT RASCALS. ALSO A FEW REMARKS OF UNFORTUNATE OCCURENCES IN THE LIFE OF A NEW YORK POLICEMAN ENDEAVORING TO DO HIS DUTY.

We old policemen have seen some lively times in the past forty years, in such cases as the Captain Unger murder on the east side of New York, and the Shakespeare murder, and the case of Jack the slasher who admitted killing seventeen men for a fancied grievance before we nailed him. These two cases were also down on the east side of New York, in the old fourth precinct. But the daddy case of them all was the Rosenthal murder case, and, by the way, the administration of Police Commissioner Waldo was notable for its police records, for, besides the Rosenthal murder, we had the case of Gene Montani and his twenty-five thousand dollar taxicab robbery, and again we had the notorious case of FORSBREY, THE BANK MURDERER.

One cold winter's morning in February, 1912, a man was murdered in a haberdashery store at 799 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, New York. The murderers made off with everything they could carry in the shape of watches, chains, neckties, razors, and so forth, and twenty-five dollars in cash, leaving no clue behind them. You can see, dear readers,

that the murderers were a mean set to murder a man for such a trifle, but "Murder will out," as this story proves it, for even though they left no clue, they were traced and captured. The name of the unfortunate man murdered was Walter Meserritz. The detectives visited every pawnshop in Manhattan and Brooklyn, and at last came upon some of the stolen goods pawned, and they had the pawnbroker go with them to recognize the man that pawned them, and he recognized the man, a James Cassidy, whose picture adorns the rogues' gallery in police headquarters. The detectives then had something to work on and they lost no time, believe me. They went out on a still hunt and soon got their man Cassidy, and his pal, a Frank Redmond, arresting both and charging them with the murder. Cassidy was wearing one of the stolen neckties at the time of the arrest, but they soon learned that there was a third man, a John Clark, connected with the murder, and they went hunting for him. July 29th following a man, running a jeweler's store at No. 8 Delancey Street, New York City, was shot by an unknown man. The victim was Morris Schwartzkopf. The same day a clerk for the United Cigar Company at 35 Cooper Square, New York City, was also held up and shot by an unknown man who had entered the store for the purpose of robbery, but he was arrested when making a getaway.

He gave the name of Charles Wilson, and when presented to the detectives on the morning line-up at police headquarters next morning, he was recognized as Reynolds Forsbrey, alias Clark, alias Robinson, an ex-convict, and the third man wanted for the murder on Flatbush Avenue. He was also recognized by Mr. Schwartzkopf of No. 8 Delancey Street as the man that shot him. The detectives worked up such a clean-cut case against him that he pleaded guilty to the murder on Flatbush Avenue. He was held for trial and lodged in the Tombs prison, but he had an Irish sweetheart and she was not long in bringing about his escape from the Tombs September 2nd, 1912, and after a good long chase from one city to another, he was at last caught and landed back into a different cell in the Tombs prison, and a special day and night watch kept at the cell door.

Forsbrey was tried and convicted for the murder of Morris Schwartzkopf who had died shortly after the arrest of this desperate villian, Forsbrey, and was sentenced to serve twenty years in state's prison at Sing Sing, but the indictment for the murder of Walter Meserritz, of 799 Flatbush Avenue, is still hanging over his head, if ever he lives to get out of Sing Sing.

It may read strange to you my friends that a man can commit two murders and the punishment meted out to such a vagabond be twenty years in state's prison, but like all other things there is a reason for

everything. For in the first place there is a reason why the good Lord above will permit a scoundrel like Forsbrey to live to murder a fellow man in cold blood, and the Lord only knows how many more this imp out of h——I has killed in his time?

You see when a crook finds that he is in bad, then he takes a plea of murder in a lesser degree than first degree, thereby saving the state the expense of a trial, and for so doing he lessens the sentence. You may ask, then, why was he not tried for the murder that he pleaded guilty to; my answer is that because he being arrested for a crime committed in New York County, he must be tried in New York County. No doubt, in my mind, it would have been much better to have turned the rascal over to the Brooklyn authorities, and then he sure would have been sentenced to die, thereby saving the state the support that they are in duty bound to give him, and besides that the care and watchfulness that the warden has to give a brute of that nature, who at any moment may turn around and kill the warden or jailers, or perhaps a fellow prisoner. But under the unfortunate circumstances it could not be helped, because the authorities of New York county had so much evidence against him that they were forced to try him in this county.

In 1919, this desperado and his pals in Sing Sing were planning to make a getaway, but owing to the information of a good trusty this plan was frustrated and a heavier guard placed upon them. But we must not lose sight of that Irish colleen, wherever she is, for it is the devil to beat the Irish, for they will get you if it takes them seven hundred years to do it, and that is why Ireland is free today. She will get Forsbrey out of Sing Sing if there is a chance at all, for she will try every means in her power even to bribing the jailers.

Do you ever sit down and think just what a policeman, walking his lonely beat, is up against in the dark hours of the morning, with such fiends as Forsbrey and his kind prowling around ready to shoot to kill anyone, and at any old time, a policeman in particular? There are many like Forsbrey, stalking around this big city of ours, it makes no difference how watchful our police force may be, one cannot catch the crooks in the act at all times, and if you don't get the goods on them, then you have a poor chance of convicting them, for their pals on the outside of a jail can always get money to buy the freedom of the crook after committing a crime, whether it be by feeing some infernal bonding company, or fixing someone connected with the prosecution.

Why I could tell you some interesting stories of my own experience in arresting highwaymen and others, that if you could know of the

prominent persons who dare come and intercede for these crooks you would be amazed.

Yes, and if you don't tell them that you will let up on their friends, the crooks, then they will find a way to block you, and the first thing a policeman knows is that he is told, "Oh, is that all the evidence you have against them, Officer? Well we can't indict them on that," and your time off to work up the case, taking them to court and all this stuff, is of no avail, the right party has been seen, to h——l with the officer.

Why the writer had a case of highway robbery at three o'clock in the morning down on West Street, arresting three men after a chase, and finding a gold watch and chain on one of the crooks that was taken off the person of an assemblyman sitting in the side room of an all-night cat house, a so-called hotel, the bartender of which was an eye-witness to the robbery. I took them to the Tombs Court after my night's work on post was done, hung around until near noon before they were held for the grand jury, then went back to the precinct and reported the disposition of the case to the sergeant in command, arriving home for breakfast and sleep about four P. M. There was no excuse for a poor devil of a cop, it made no difference how much time he lost in and out of court, working up his case, nevertheless he had to be ready to turn out on patrol for the next tour 6 P.M. or get a complaint.

But the worst of all is, that after working up such a good case, down on your post at the next tour comes these busybodies interceding, in one instance the captain of the precinct came and congratulated me on the arrest that same tour of patrol after the arrest. But before leaving me he told me that a certain big politician in the ward had come to ask him to have Hickey let go. I thought a whole lot of my captain for he was a big-hearted good fellow, one that would give a patrolman a square deal and would see that the men behind the desk would give one a square deal, for they, too, can raise the dickens with a policeman when one steps on their toes, and in the past this often has been done, but not today, no, no, that time is past, thank God. Well in reply to the statement made to me by my captain, I said, "Captain, you are one of the squarest men that I have ever had the good fortune to work under. You come to me and congratulate me when I drive these cursed shooflies out of the precinct, and again after several other good arrests that I was fortunate to make, getting convictions in each case. Yes, you have done more, you have given me a night off for making these arrests or have ordered the sergeant to put me out on special duty in citizen clothes. Yes, you have at all times recognized a good piece of police work, and I for

one would go to h——l to do anything for you. But I am sorry to say to you that I am not going to let go in this case, for I don't care what happens to me, I may get transferred, and I don't give a d—— if I do; I have a good job, and we are receiving a union scale of wages wherever we are working. But, Captain, I feel sorry for your position in this matter, but if you will go tell Mike so and so, that if he wants favors he must come and ask the officer, and not put it up to the captain of the precinct to do his dirty work, then I will tell Mr. Mike what I think of him."

"All right, Mr. Hickey," said the captain, "don't blame me for speaking to you."

"Oh," said I, "Captain, that is your privilege. I love to merit your kind words on any or all occasions. Goodby."

The next evening out on patrol, I was met on post by captain so and so and his big political friend, Mr. Mike——. It was understood between the skipper and I that I should be at Cortlandt and West Streets, the end of my post, I having to patrol at night from Cortlandt Street to the Battery, at seven P. M., and I was there waiting.

The captain said, "Good evening, Officer Hickey," and I said "Good evening, Captain, how are you tonight." The captain then said, "Officer Hickey, this is Mr. S.——n, the man I spoke to you about."

"Oh, yes, how are you Mr. S.——n? The captain turned and walked about ten feet away, and I said, "Mr. S., Captain so-and-so told me that you were to see him in that matter of arrest of Billy Mc. and two pals charged with highway robbery."

"Yes," said Mr. S., "I asked the captain to speak to you about the case as Billy Mc. is a friend of mine and a good member of the organization."

"Now see here, Mr. S., I too am a mighty good member of the organization. They put me on the police, and I have never forgotten them, nor do I ever intend to forget them. I will keep up my membership with that same organization as long as God gives me the health to earn a dollar. I think a whole lot of my captain, and I am sorry that you compromised him in this or any other case, for I hate like h——l to refuse a man of his sterling character. But it is men like you that destroy a good man and bring discredit upon the organization of which both you and I are members. You thought that Captain S. was going to say to me, 'Say, Hickey, I want you to let up on these fellows, they are friends of mine,' and of course old man Hickey would have to let go, but you have the wrong man in both the captain and the officer, and I am not going to let go of anything. Now you go over to the district attorney's office and beat me if you

can, for I am going to push this case for all it is worth, and if I am beaten, then I will want to know the reason why."

Well it goes without saying that I was beaten all right, and could get no satisfaction nor decent answer to all of my inquiries, but the captain was always my friend, even when transferred out of his precinct and detailed on traffic, may the Heavens be his bed tonight.

Yes, dear readers, it is mighty hard for a policeman to neglect his home, wife, and children, and lose his rest to do proper police duty and then be beaten, but this same thing happened to me several times before. For instance, I was standing on Cherry Hill, just at the site of where General George Washington once lived, and thinking, "Gee, if George Washington should be coming up the hill now!" It was midnight and I was waiting for my relief, when all at once I heard, "Police! Police!" and off I went hell bent for election, and after running five blocks I grabbed my man, a smart young fellow of twenty-one, and oh, how he could run, but I at that time held the championship for the one-mile run, and I too could run. Well, I took this fellow, whose nickname was "Sheeny Hymey," a pickpocket, in fact an all-around crook. So I again lost my case.

Yes, I could keep right on telling you of such cases that happened not only to me but to many other good policemen.

Why, one time a certain district leader was the sitting magistrate in the old Tomb's court, and we were very good friends, and he one morning spoke to his clerk, a prominent figure in after years, and the judge said, "Tell Officer Hickey to come into my chambers as I wish to speak to him." I went in and said, "Good morning, Judge," and he made answer, "Good morning, Officer. Say, John, it is reported to me that you are making a marker of my friends bringing them to court all the time."

"Yes," said I, "Judge, if I was not bringing them to court, they would not have a dam bit of use for you nor the organization on election day." Well he smiled and answered, "I think that you are right, John. Pardon me for speaking to you; go do as you are doing—good police duty." Yes, dear readers, a poor cop is up against it all the time, for if he doesn't make an arrest he is a son of a gun, and if he does make an arrest he is a son of a gun.

There is only one thing for him to do, and that is join the same organization and be independent of those political bums that would abuse you for a crook, for a member of the same club, you have a fair and square chance of fighting them, and telling them to go to where the fires are never out.

Yes, I am reminded of a funny story I heard during the war. It appears that a man named Murphy. Oh, yes, there are a whole

lot of Murphys and all fighters, for they learned that in the fair days in old Ireland.

Well this Mr. Murphy was a New York cop, and he, being a good Irishman, wanted to get into a fight, so he enlisted, and one night on sentry he stopped for a moment and said, "What a dam fool I was to leave the police force of New York where I could sleep all the time. Sure here if I lay down to sleep they will shoot me, and by jabers they will shoot me if I stay awake. This is a devil of a place to be, glory be."

Before closing I will tell the story of the famous taxicab robbery. It was on February 15, 1911, that little old New York was thrown into a wild state of excitement. The newsboys were running around like mad shouting out, "Extra, extra, a great robbery, two men killed and no one injured. Extra, extra." It happened that that same day witnessed one of the most brazen robberies that was ever sprung in this or any other city, and this is how it happened. Two bank messengers were sent from the East River National Bank at Broadway and Third Street, New York City, to draw the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars in currency from the Produce National Bank at Broadway and Beaver Street. They had often filled the same or like contract before without any mishap, and traveled over this same route. But it is an old saying, that one will carry the pitcher to the well once too often, and so it happened in this case. The messengers were unarmed, one of them was an old man and the other a mere boy. But of course, they have to live too. The taxicab driver, a man named Gene Montani, was also regarded as a trusty employee. He operated two cabs from a stand facing the bank and was frequently called upon for such trips. While the messengers were returning uptown through Church Street, five men suddenly pounced upon them, closing in upon the cab, and, according to the chauffeur, a sixth man caused him to slacken speed by his stumbling in front of his car. Immediately two men, one on each side of the car, opened the doors and entering, brutally blackjacked and robbed the messengers of the money, the \$25,000, before mentioned. And while this was going on inside the cab, two others of the accomplices were running along the sidewalk, and a fifth man had jumped onto the seat with the chauffeur, and held a pistol to his side ordering him to drive fast.

At Greenwich and Chambers Streets, the chauffeur was ordered to slow up and the robbers made a getaway, meeting in a certain liquor saloon later to divide the spoils. But in all of such cases there is a fight over the division of the spoils, for several other men of the same gang of robbers who were asked to take part, but refused,

came in and asked for their share of the booty. After fighting several hours it was concluded to give these same men who had refused to take any part in the robbery ten thousand dollars hush money.

Detective Sergeant Dominick Reilly was put on the case and it did not take him long to get after the robbers and he aided in arresting them and their confederates, eight men in all. The first four men arrested were Gene Montani, the chauffeur, and the three men that got into the cab and robbed the messengers. They were indicted, tried, and convicted, receiving sentences as follows: Gene Montani, eighteen years and two months in state's prison. Edward Kinsman, six years in state's prison. Eugene Splaine, seven years and six months in state's prison. Robert Delio, six years in state's prison. They were tried and sentenced by Judge Seabury in general sessions in the city and county of New York. Their confederates were tried and convicted by Judge Vernon Davies in general sessions and sent to jail.

Before closing this part of my book, I think a word about our former commissioners would be appropriate. Of the many police commissioners of my time, there are but few living. John R. Voorhis is still living and in harness at 96 and going strong. Bernard J. York is still holding his own at 78. I met Mr. Joyce, the advertising manager of the Southern Pacific R.R. yesterday and he told me that his uncle, former Commissioner York, was doing pretty well. Now and then he gets an attack of sickness, but he is still strong enough to fight it off. William McAdoo is our chief sitting magistrate, and looks very fine. I meet the judge very often and we spend a few minutes talking of the good old days. Theodore Bingham is still going strong in our government service. Rhinelander Waldo is in fine shape, spending much time in Washington, and of course there is a reason for all things. I wish him good luck. Douglas McKay is in fine shape and constantly attending to business. Arthur Woods is also in pretty good condition, doing a very fine business with an office on Broadway.

Deputy Commissioner Thomas F. McAvoy is looking very well. I saw him at the funeral of Tom Foley and I was mighty glad to see our grand old ex-inspector, and ex-commissioner looking so well, and he is good for many more years, God willing. George Dougherty is also in fine shape, attending business every day. William Flynn also is looking fine, and full up to his eyes in business. There are others of these past deputies that I don't think are worth losing my time about, such men as Hanson, Lord, and Dillon. Oh, yes, Avery Andrews and Leon Godley are both doing well. Good luck to them all.

CHAPTER I OF PART V

THIS CHAPTER SPEAKS OF AN EXTENDED VACATION OF OFFICER "787," WHO HE MET AND WHAT HE SAW IN HIS SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND MILES OF TRAVEL THROUGH EUROPE AND AMERICA, VISITING THE WORLD'S EXPOSITIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, IN 1914 AND 1915. A POLICE PROPAGANDIST.

You will remember that in the Rosenthal story I stated that I was working for the *New York Herald* and had been in their employ several years. My wife died in February, 1912, and on receiving the life insurance that we often went without other necessities to pay for, and having paid my outstanding debts and provided for my children, I came to the conclusion that I had earned a vacation for myself. I went to the office of my good friend, the general manager of the *New York Herald* in 1913, Mr. Frank B. Flaherty, and I asked him to present my application for a vacation to the board of control, then running the business of the New York Herald Corporation. Mr. Flaherty did so, and I was granted a two weeks' vacation, but it had such a long string of extra work for me to do on my return that I thought to myself a trip home to the old country would be a fine thing so that I could visit the birthplace of my father and mother, both of whom were dead, and laying in Calvary Cemetery. So I booked passage and left New York on the S.S. *Oceanic*, of the White Star Line, and when off Sandy Hook sent a telegram to Mr. Flaherty asking him for an extension of my vacation, explaining my reasons for so doing. We arrived in Southampton July 11th, having left dear old New York on July 4th, amid the roaring of guns and flags and bunting flying everywhere, for it was the day we Americans like to celebrate.

Arriving in Southampton, I received a telegram from my esteemed friend, Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart, K. C. V. O., the noted Irish yachtsman, advising me to remain in Southampton and wait on board the yacht *Erin* lying off the clubhouse of the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, until he came down from London. And by the way he was there to witness the fight between one of America's fighting men, Gunboat Smith, and the French champion, Georges Carpentier.

Well I did as requested and spent a very happy week with Sir

Thomas and his men, and on July 19th Sir Thomas was about to send *Shamrock IV* over here to lift the America's cup. It was one continuous round of pleasure, and we bade Sir Thomas aboard the *Erin* and his men aboard the *Shamrock IV* goodbye as they sailed through the great English fleet that day, on what I stated their mission to America was to be. But the races were postponed on account of the breaking out of the great World War of 1914.

I might say at this time that the S.S. *Oceanic*, on which I sailed from New York on July 4th, made one trip back to New York and on her return was sunk off the Irish coast by a German submarine. Sir Thomas Lipton gave his yacht *Erin* over to the British Government fitting her out himself as a hospital ship. She was also sunk by a German submarine in Soloniki harbor in Greece in 1915, and the S.S. *Cedric*, on which I returned, was nearly wrecked off the banks of Newfoundland, so that your humble servant was up against it in 1914, and remembering also that the S.S. *Erin*, belonging to the old National Line, that I first crossed the ocean on, also sank the following trip, I commenced to think that J. J. Hickey was a Jonah.

Sir Thomas, before leaving Southampton, asked me to take good care of a good old friend of his, who also was on board the *Erin*, Magistrate George Doherty, a pork butcher of the city of Londonderry, Ireland, and I was not to forget that George Doherty, J.P., must be in Ireland for the pork market on the following Wednesday. I found Mr. Doherty to be one grand old Irish gentleman with a beautiful rich Irish brogue that drew the attention of all passers-by, the pretty girls of Southampton in particular. Yes, my dear old Irish friend could dance a jig just as good as Kitty O'Neill in her palmy days. Sir Thomas having left Southampton, there was nothing to keep me there any longer, so I told my good friend Mr. Doherty that I was paying my hotel bill to leave for London on the 11.10 p. m. train as I wanted to attend high mass next morning, Sunday, at St. George's Cathedral, where I often attended as a boy, this is in Lambeth, London, the seat of the bishop of Southwark. Well, it is then you should have heard the Honorable George Doherty! He started off in this way, "Say, Hickey, glory be to God, don't you men in America never rest, or what the divil kind of men are you anyway, for here you are, you have not been to bed any night this week until early in the next morning, and now be jabers you want to travel all night. Glory be to me, but I will let Sir Thomas know the kind of a man you are, and how you are treating me, but what the divil can I do. I must go with you or be lost among the damned English men and women here." So we started and believe me it was some night arriving at Waterloo Station at 2.15 A. M. We put up

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SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR MANHATTAN, BRONX AND
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PRESIDENT MANHATTAN, BRONX, RICHMOND.

Courtesy of National Holy Name Journal



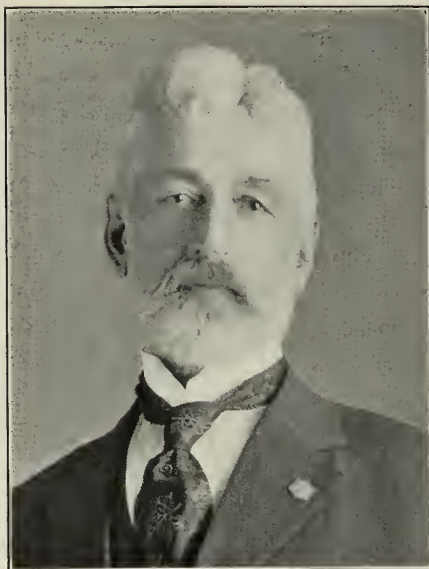
JEREMIAH J. CONCANNON.
PRESIDENT BROOKLYN AND QUEENS.



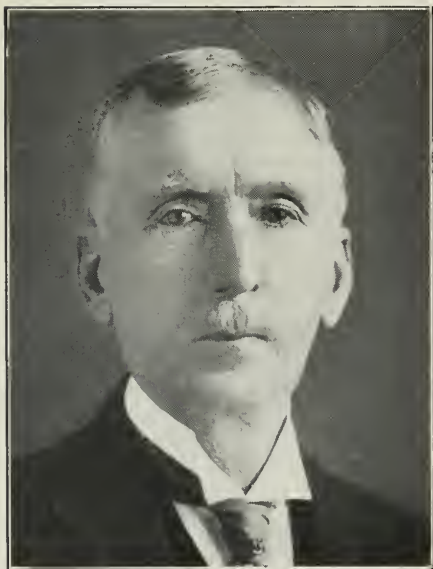
Courtesy of the P.B.A.
JOHN P. MORAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE PATROLMEN'S
BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.



JOHN W. O'CONNOR,
DEPUTY CHIEF INSPECTOR.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM F. BRENNAN,
CUSTODIAN.



MICHAEL R. BRENNAN,
SUPERINTENDENT OF TELEGRAPH.



JOHN J. HICKEY,
Veteran patrolman, champion long-distance runner of
the New York Police Department, Past President of
the Police Athletic Association of Greater New York,
and prominent in police and social clubs, numbers
many eminent personages among his personal friends.

at the York House, a hotel near at hand, and went to St. George's next day.

The cathedral is about two miles from the hotel, and I am one of those fellows that like to walk in a strange place so that nothing passes me, but my esteemed friend from Londonderry, a fine fat little gentleman with a boodle alderman stomach and a wee pair of fat legs, wobbled along. I used to have to turn my back to enjoy a quiet laugh at the sight, for every now and then Mr. Doherty would say, "Say, Hickey, don't you ever ride? Glory be to God, you have the feet worn off of me." Well there is no doubt of it, we Americans can walk when we want to and I don't know of any nation that can keep up with us. It sure is not such a person as a Londonderry magistrate, although I certainly did give my good friend a lovely walk, for after leaving St. George's Cathedral I walked him over the Westminster Bridge, to the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, then up Victoria Street to St. Patrick's Cathedral, Ashley Place, to hear the late Monsignor Hugh Benson in his last but one sermon before his death.

And we continued this same program each day, because if Mr. Doherty was to leave his good friend Hickey, the cockneys of London would be selling him a gold brick or a painted cocksparrow for a canary bird, and all of his money for the hog market would be squandered in dear old London. So that the Hon. George Doherty, the Londonderry magistrate, was highly pleased at all that was shown him in London, but he was more highly pleased when I took him to the railroad depot and put him on a train bound for Holyhead, for he knew then that he was on his way to the Emerald Isle, and he sure would be present at the hog market on Wednesday. I would like very much to tell you more of my experience with this grand old Irish magistrate in the big city of London, it was so amusing to me, and I think it would be to you. His droll sayings and actions and his jolly old Irish wit were very amusing I assure you.

But I am way ahead of my story, and with your permission I will return to my passage over, and some of the things that occurred to us on the wicked English coast, and when I say wicked I mean by that those darned English Coasters it seems save up all their fogs until a passenger steamer from America is in sight and then they open their flood gates. For when we were nearing this desperate coast we were enveloped in a dirty black thick fog, we had lost our bearings and were at the mercy of old Father Neptune, soundings were made by third petty officer Monroe, all through the night.

He was a jovial good fellow, always ready to help at most anything. During the intervals of dropping the lead he told me that

this was the roughest voyage he had ever experienced and I do not for one moment doubt his word, for all through the night the ship's siren was constantly in action, and with its unearthly shrieks sleep was out of the question. There was not a passenger on board that did not know that we were lost on the ocean, and a more doleful crowd would be hard to find. Prayers instead of smiles was the order of that night, and I am not ashamed to admit that I prayed more in those few hours than I had in all my previous life I think; but even misery has an ending and at about four-thirty A. M. the fog lifted and much to our surprise and greatly to our pleasure we found we were off the Eddystone Light, having ran past Bishop's Light in the thick fog.

Happiness was once more with us and before I was aware of it, I was singing an old song of my boyhood days, of more than forty years ago, and I speak of that famous old mariner's song, the "Eddystone Light," as follows:

My father he kept the Eddystone Light.
He married a mermaid late one night.
They came together with an offspring of three,
Two of them were fish, and the other was me.

CHORUS:

The jolly nore, the stormy nore,
The winds did blow anore and nore.
None such a life was there on shore
Than the life that was led by the man at the nore.

This and many other catchy songs were in existence in my boyhood days. I will mention a few others such as "Champagne Charlie," sung by George Leybourne, "Darling, I Am Growing Old, Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Tom Sayers' Farewell," "Have You Seen the Prince, Oh, Have You Seen the Prince. Its an interesting story I am going to commence. They hit me and they kick me and they knock me into mince. All because I asked them, oh, have you seen the Prince." Those good old songs that have been laying dormant in the back of my head all of these years, every now and again, and without any effort, spring into life, but if I tried to sing them I would undoubtedly fail. But what's the use of trying to account for the human mind, it's there and if it feels like it it will do the unexpected every time. So to get back to my story.

We ran along up the English coast for hours, and at last we saw grand old Plymouth looming up in the distance, and a very pretty harbor it is; and we anchored there for several hours landing passengers, then leaving for Cherbourg, another pretty harbor on the coast of France, landing more of our passengers, we then pulled out and made our way to beautiful Southampton, arriving there at seven

o'clock in the morning, July 11th, 1914. It was a beautiful sight to see the great white chalk hills in the distance and the huge cliffs, one higher than the other, over-looking this grand old harbor of Portsmouth, Cowes, and Southampton. Passing up the coast we rode between the many beautiful white sailboats riding at anchor, and the fleet of the Royal Yacht Squadron laying off the royal clubhouse at Cowes, Isle of Wight, among them the yachts *Erin* and *Shamrock* III and IV of the Great Lipton fleet. Arriving at the White Star Line pier we were not long in landing, and we passengers bade each other goodby, each going his own road, but promising to meet in London later on.

I remember on entering the harbor, third petty officer Jack Munroe and I were talking on the quarter deck, and he caught me by the arm, saying, "Mr. Hickey," he pointing away off on our star-board side, "you see that big bed of water off there?" I answered yes, and he continued, "Well two days ago an English tramp steamer was coming up the harbor and the German merchant ship *Kaiser Wilhelm* was on her way out loaded down with coal, and the English steamer struck the German steamer smashing five plates of her star-board side, sinking her in the shallow water near by." What was she doing, a first class passenger ship loaded down with coal? This was July 11th and no signs of war, but history today records the reason. Jack Munroe also told me that the *Oceanic* was to lay up for ten days this trip for overhauling in the great dock at Southampton, and all preparation had been made to receive her when discharged.

But when this contract was made there was no thoughts of the *Kaiser Wilhelm* being sunk and forced to throw her cargo of coal overboard to lighten her up so that she could be towed to the drydock for repairs, and then what to happen? There was but one drydock in Southampton big enough to take either the *Oceanic* or the *Kaiser Wilhelm*. What was the consequence? The German government requested the drydock officials to dock the *Kaiser Wilhelm*, or she would sink and become a total loss. The drydock people at once got in touch with the officials of the White Star Line, explaining to them the condition of things, asking them to permit them to dock the German boat first, put every man to work both night and day, get through with the *Kaiser Wilhelm* in five days, then dock the *Oceanic* and have her also ready in five days. This arrangement was satisfactory to all, and the company fulfilled its contract, having both ships ready for sea again in ten days, a most remarkable piece of work to say the least.

The *Kaiser Wilhelm* took on another cargo of coal and sailed where to God only knows, as the great World War was then brewing, and the German warships were receiving their supplies preparatory

for the bloody contest soon to come, bringing with it the destruction of this, then, happy world, of 1914. To my mind the *Kaiser Wilhelm* was taking this coal to supply the big German warships, namely the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* laying off the Irish coast, and the whole world remembers the destruction that these two infernal warships brought about, they bringing about the entry of Turkey into the great war of desolation and destruction.

I had no trouble passing the custom officials, as I was prepared for them, knowing that to violate the customs' duty would cause trouble. I took with me only just what the law allowed me, so that I was soon on my way. There was one little article that I was forced to conceal, and that was my old police revolver, my good old pal for so many happy years. I would have been lost without it; we slept together and we worked together, ever ready for emergency.

I put up at Hooper's Hotel on Oxford Street in the heart of Southampton, and here is where I began to learn that the New York cop did not know everything. My baggage consisted of a steamer trunk and two suitcases, and they were two and a half pieces too many and were an everlasting source of trouble and expense, a tip here and a tip there and more often than otherwise, you would have to follow them instead of you going ahead and they following. With a small hand bag, holding all that you actually need, one can go about just as he pleases, and if it is in the way it is easy enough to have it checked either at the railroad station or at the newsstand.

But enough of this. Having booked at the hotel, I took a refreshing bath, then after a hearty supper strolled about the town in search of a church, the next morning being Sunday I wanted to be fully prepared to hear mass. In my wanderings I came to the spot where the Pilgrim Fathers embarked for the new world, and it struck me very forcibly that they had taken all the churches with them, I was having so much trouble in finding one. At last in a very out of the way place, I located a pretty little church and having succeeded in my efforts I made my way back to the hotel and turned in for the night. My precautions, however, came near being of no use to me for I slept like a log and it was only by spurring that I managed to get to church in time.

Southampton is a place well worth seeing, many of its grand old buildings date back to the thirteenth century and look as if they could weather another round of ten centuries before they really showed the effects of age. It is astonishing how well preserved they are. There are many beautiful monuments erected to the memory of the heroes that have gone before. The one that took my eye the most was the grand monument erected in commemoration of the terrible Titanic dis-

aster. Most of the crew of that ill-fated ship had their homes in Southampton, and this big monument is but a faint tribute to their memory.

The spots to visit in this old town are many and of great interest. A goodly number of the buildings possess a history which, could they but speak, would thrill the heart of the most blasé man or woman in America. They existed long before Columbus conceived the idea of a westward passage, and so interwoven is their story with that of England's that to separate them would be impossible.

I am not, however, going to tire you with a lengthy description of what I saw, but I will take the liberty of suggesting to those who can afford the time, to stay a day or more in Southampton, make it more if possible, and I assure you there will be no regrets.

Somehow the fact that I was a member of the finest police force in the world leaked out, and when I visited the Court of Assizes, which corresponds to our criminal court, I was honored with a seat close to the presiding judge. This building brought back to my mind the old Temple Bar that formerly stood at the head of Fleet Street in London. The resemblance between the two buildings was to my mind striking, indeed. They both had arches over the street and were greatly alike in other particulars.

Temple Bar was the entrance to the city of London, and in the early days it was necessary to have these gates unlocked before one could gain admittance. As a boy I witnessed the ceremony of passing the Golden Keys by the Lord Mayor of London to the High Sheriff of the county to permit Queen Victoria to enter on her way to services held in St. Paul's Cathedral, for the recovery from serious sickness of the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. My recollections of the affair are very vivid indeed, for it was an event I had long looked forward to.

My father worked with the carpenters whose duty it was to prepare the cathedral for the great occasion, that of building platforms and chairs to accommodate the thousands of persons permitted to enter on that big day of thanksgiving, a day that will forever live in my memory. I was but a small boy, wandering around after school hours to see all that was to be seen, just like many other boys. I wandered along Fleet Street, High Holborn, in fact I went where the crowd carried me, I had no option. My feet being sore, I took off my shoes and tied them around my neck, and that was my downfall, and my reasons never to forget that memorable and happy night among the lights of dear old London Town. And while I was not very far away from the Seven Dials, or Drury Lane, the former hang-out of Fagin and his band of thieves, there were no Fagins

left to tell the tale, but nevertheless there were other light-fingered ladies and gents in these great London crowds. Well, I don't know who it was that robbed me that night, but my shoes were gone, and gee what a terrible stew I was in, for when my father should hear of it, he having nine others of us to provide for on a very small salary, it caused me to cry and to cry aloud.

But all the crying in the world would not bring back my shoes or boots that night, but it did bring to me some very fine people, both ladies and gentlemen, who took pity on me in my deplorable condition, and they passed me so much small change that, while I had to sneak into the good old London homestead, when Daddy had gone to bed, I had in my pockets enough small change to buy for my dear old mother and myself a fine pair of boots. That's the reason why I remember that great night, because all through my life I have made it a practice never to forget a kindness, hence my love often goes back to dear old Lunnun, and why not?

Returning that evening to my hotel I wrote a letter to Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart, K.C.V.O., whom I have known since 1901. Our acquaintance began in a way that was somewhat out of the ordinary. At the time that I am speaking of, August, 1903, I was patrolling West Street, New York City, and fortunately for all concerned I was on duty the evening Sir Thomas Lipton arrived. It will be remembered by many that our President, the late Theodore Roosevelt, had invited Sir Thomas and his party to dine with him at the White House, Washington, D. C. With the party was our former Dock Commissioner, the Hon. R. A. C. Smith, and now I will give you a little inside history of the affair which, to the best of my knowledge, has never appeared in print.

About ten o'clock that night one of the neighbor's children came to me and said that there was a wild man running around the docks looking for a berth. I immediately went in search of this wonderful person and before long I overlook him and asked him his business. He told me that he was Col. Duncan F. D. Neill, commodore of the Lipton fleet, and that he was trying to find accommodations for his party on their return from Washington. He was looking for a berth for the yacht *Erin* and he could not find one. Unwittingly he had come to the right party or, perhaps, it would be just as well to say, the right party had gone to him, and in a very short space of time I managed to get him exactly what he wanted and a more pleased man would be hard to find.

So grateful was he that when the gates of pier 8, North River, were thrown open at twelve thirty A.M. to receive Sir Thomas and his party that he went out of his way to find me in order to intro-

duce me to Sir Thomas. I had heard and read a great deal about the titled sportsman, but I had no idea that he was the kind of a man that I found him to be,—democratic, whole-souled, and decidedly magnetic. Before I was aware of it I was chatting with him as if I had known him for many years instead of minutes. We even went so far as to talk family matters and when he found that my wife was a native of Edinburgh, he gave me two tickets in order that we might view the first race from the deck of the *Erin*. But that was not to be for Mrs. H. said that the deck of the *Erin* was no place for a New York policeman and his family of ten on an occasion like that, and insisted that I return the tickets and ask for a signed photograph of Sir Thomas instead.

I followed her instructions to the letter. Policemen, you know, are taught to obey and respect authority, and I have never regretted it. In a few days I received the picture at the station house and it is superfluous to say that I have it yet. Thus it was I first met Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart. From time to time we hear from each other and every time he visits America we make it a point to meet. The reply to my letter was the following telegram:

Dear Mr. Hickey:

I have just received your letter. Do not leave Southampton until I arrive. I have wired Mr. Chambers, the chief steward aboard the *Erin*, to have you taken care of. Will see you in a few days.

To say that I was elated would be putting it mildly indeed for here was a chance to see and talk to some one that I knew, and I can tell you I was getting sore with John J. Hickey. He is a good fellow in many ways, but I do not like to be with him too much alone.

After I had seen G. D. aboard his train I went directly to the House of Commons and sent my card in to Mr. Redmond, Ireland's leader. His greeting was warm indeed and he saw to it personally that I had a good seat in the strangers' gallery, for such is the name given to that part where visitors are allowed as spectators. The proceedings were extremely interesting to me and I was greatly surprised when it came time to close at one thirty A. M.

I had not contemplated any trouble in getting back to my hotel, but when I reached the street I learned that in this particular part of the city the buses ceased running at one fifteen A.M., and then I knew that I had a good walk before me. In fact it was a walk of more than four miles and here was a splendid opportunity to see London by night, so instead of taking a direct course I made my way along the Thames Embankment. The night was warm and pleas-

ant and the stone benches all had their tenants sleeping away the dark hours.

There is something to me that is very pathetic about this side of life; one would think that by this time I would be hardened to it but I doubt if I ever will. The poor unfortunates without a roof to cover their heads always make an appeal to me which leaves me sad and pensive. My rambles took me around Scotland Yard. Isn't it strange how one will navigate and hover about that which he knows the most. I could no more resist going to this celebrated police center than I could fly; thence to St. George's Barracks, through Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, down Bond Street, past the British Museum, across Covent Garden, into Bloomsbury, and finally arriving at my hotel something about five A. M.

And now while we are all here in London I want to give to any of my readers who may visit London a little piece of advice on a subject which few indeed give any attention to until the very last minute, and even then it is not attended to as it should be. What every visitor to London should do is to purchase an up-to-date map of the city. Get the latest published, otherwise trouble is likely to ensue. The topography of London, like that of New York, is always being changed. New streets are cut through and frequently the old ones for some reason or other change their names. It would be the height of absurdity for me to attempt an explanation, and instead of doing so I will, with your permission, give you in a few words the history of King Edward Street, a thoroughfare that I knew from beginning to end. Its first name was Striking Lane which it bore for quite a number of years, then it was renamed Chick-Lane. Why? I am unable to say. The next we hear of the place it has become Blowbladder Street and tradition has it that the butchers used to kill their sheep there and were in the practice of blowing the liver up with pipe so make it appear thicker. Before long the Lord Mayor prosecuted these people and the name of the place became Butcher Hall Lane which it retained until 1843 when it received its present title. This is only a sample of many that I could cite and it shows why I advise the use of an up-to-date map. Of course the leading thoroughfares will always bear the same names but visitors are not expected, and they would not if they could to stay on the principal streets. London at its best is a hard proposition and they who are deficient in orientation should protect themselves in every way possible.

As I said my arrival at the hotel that morning was in the neighborhood of five o'clock and much to my surprise it was closed. This, however, did not bother me very much. There are more ways than two of getting people out of bed and a cop is supposed to know at least

three, so I was quickly in my bed but not to sleep. Do what I would I was fast awake and I stayed so until I arose thoroughly disgusted; took a bath, dressed myself, and went in search of something to eat. During the repast I cited my experience to the proprietor. For an instant he seemed to be worried, then he asked what room I had. I told him Number nineteen. "Ha, ha," he laughed, "that accounts for it. The room is haunted," then seeing my look of astonishment he quickly added, "but not by evil spirits," and after a moment or two of reflection he said, "I might as well tell you now, and tonight you will sleep all right. This hotel you should know, Mr. Hickey, is one of the oldest in all of London. More than three hundred years ago it was the property of Mr. James Harper, the Lord Mayor of London, and was known as No. 5 Harper Street and many of the greatest men of the world have slept in it. In your room, Number nineteen, Peter the Great slept for a goodly number of nights while he was in England by invitation of William III. That he was in England at the time was not generally known but from what I can read no precautions were taken to keep it a secret, and let me tell you, Mr. Hickey, that Alexeywitch was some king, and at the same time what do you imagine he was in England for? For a vacation? Not on your life. He was out for information at first-hand. He wanted to see how things were done, and just before coming to England he had been working as a common everyday laborer in a shipyard seeing how ships were made. That's the kind of man he was, and it's no wonder he was called great. He certainly was a hustler and when he left England, what do you think he did? He took with him more than five hundred of our best engineers, surgeons, and artisans of all kinds, and it was said, and I don't doubt it for a minute, that he knew personally every man he hired and what's more he knew the class of work he could do. This little family party left England in April and arrived in Russia sometime during September.

"They were called upon to slow down in those days. It was so many miles per day if the weather and other conditions permitted, if it didn't it was only another day added to the journey and they were all just as well pleased. So you see, Mr. Hickey, you had good company. Another of the occupants of your room was Thomas Bamington Macauley, better known nowadays as Lord Macauley. Of course he had the room before I assumed the management as did Peter the Great, but the records show that he occupied them for a considerable spell and I am told that some of his best writings were done in room nineteen. But be that as it may I am not charging you extra for the fact that you have the room in which these noblemen lived and worked, but

if your spirit has come in contact with their spirits you should be a better man."

Perhaps I am, but the only thing I am certain of is that thereafter I slept much better and therefore felt better.

Either in a paper or on a poster, I forget which, I read that there would be an excursion to Paris Saturday, July 31, and as it was to be at greatly reduced rates I thought it would be a good time for me to go over to France and begin my traveling once more. So with this thought in mind I visited the American Consulate and made known to him my intentions. They listened attentively and politely but when I was through talking they told me in so many words not to go. They gave me no specific reason only a veiled hint at coming trouble, the worst thing they could possibly have done. Me, Hickey, a New York cop, staying away from a place just because there might be a little trouble? Why that is what I had been hunting for for the last twenty-five years. Could you possibly conceive of anything more ridiculous? The advice had its effect. I went back to my hotel, packed a grip, bought a ticket, and was in Paris at midnight. My arrival was not quite just as I had thought it would be, for instead of finding quietness I found the reverse. Everybody was excited, and to make matters worse they all talked French, and of course I did not know what it was about. But fortunately one of the party understood the language and he told us that they had just killed two men, Germans, and were hunting around to kill a few more and advised us to get to a hotel and stay off the streets until daylight. This time I did as I was told, but sleep was out of the question. It was noise, noise, noise, and occasionally a little more noise just to keep things going. Towards early morning it slackened up and I did manage to get a few winks; it proved a good thing for me that I did. After a bath and breakfast I went out to get some idea as to what Paris looked like.

Naturally I was loath to go very far or to make many turns. I would not have hesitated had I understood the language, but being handicapped in this respect I had to observe a certain amount of caution so as to keep by bearings. As to where I went and what I saw I have no idea of. I know that the people seemed to be excited and nervous, but withal orderly. After a good midday meal I again took to the streets, this time, however, things looked different and at a little after three P.M. August 1st, war had been declared. It seemed to me as if they were crazy, great shouting and hurrahing and I could feel that something was wrong. It was up to me to get back to my hotel as quickly as I could but it was no easy job, let me tell you. The streets were packed with men, women, and children, and they all seemed to know each other. At last I met a person whom I took to be an

Englishman. He wasn't, however, and if it had been left to him he would have undoubtedly said that he was a better man than that for he came direct from Ireland. He told me that war had been declared and everybody was wild. The news was enough for me and to this day I cannot say whether or no I thanked him. I now knew why the American Consul had advised me to stay in London and if I had been in a hurry to get out of there, I was certainly in one to get back. It only took me three minutes to pack my grip, pay my bill, and hustle to the steamboat landing. And therein I showed my wisdom, for long before we were ready for sailing the gangplanks had been drawn away and people by the hundreds were refused passage; as it was I had to remain on deck and sleep the best way I could. Sometimes a woman's heel would tap me on the head, then I would get a push in the back, and not being satisfied with this somebody would try to roll over me. It was indeed an enjoyable trip. We were all happy, though, for each and every one of us were imbued with the same thought, "How lucky we were to get away from Paris."

Looking back at it now I am glad I took the trip, I have been in Paris and I had seen Paris. How much I saw of it I cannot say, neither can I tell you what I heard but the experience was worth the risk. It is not given to every one to witness what I did in Paris and for that matter I would not of my own free will go through the affair again. Once is enough and I think I know when I have had enough.

When I went back to the American Consul's office and told him that I had been in Paris every one looked at me and smiled, and ended up by asking me why I was back in London. Just as if they did not know better even than I did what had happened; then the Consul congratulated me on my safe return and advised me to postpone my trip to Berlin. I had told him before what I contemplated doing and he had such an innocent face that for a moment I took him seriously but only for a moment, for I saw the absurdity of it and began to laugh. The rest of the office joined in. They all said that I was a good example of a New York cop and would like to see more of them. (Bull) I shook hands all around and left in good feeling.

If Paris was excited London was not much better. It is said that Englishmen dislike to show their feelings but if you had been in London during the first few days of August, 1914, you would have said that it was just the reverse. Here in London I was more or less at home. I could understand what was being said and knew exactly where I was. Business had come almost to a standstill and every one was on the streets. It was impossible to stay indoors, the desire to hear the news overpowered every one. England was not, as yet, at war but she might be at any minute, and to miss hearing it proclaimed

would be a calamity which could not even be thought of. Night was turned into day and they who had to sleep did so much against their inclinations. The arguments for and against war were plentiful and greatly to my surprise I soon learned that England was by no means united. I witnessed many things that would not have been tolerated in New York for instance.

Talk about the freedom of speech in America, it's a hollow mockery compared to what I heard on the streets of London, and the police! Oh, how proud they make me feel of the boys in New York. We have been called the finest, and let me tell you the New York policeman is far ahead of anything in the way of police that I have seen. One striking instance comes vividly to me, I saw it through from beginning to end. It was at a demonstration, as they called it, in Trafalgar Square. The orators were against war and their audience were with them to a man. Hundreds of flags, some red, others black, were constantly waving; at first the proceedings were orderly but this soon became too insipid for the speakers so they plunged headlong into assertions which were as remote from the truth as the sun is from the earth, but what mattered that to them. They wanted the people driven into a frenzy regardless of the means and consequences, and they succeeded. Then there appeared the mounted police. Oh, I thought, now order would be restored, but my God, I could hardly believe my own eyes—a policeman on horseback would drive into the crowd, snatch a flag here and there, and then try to get away. Mark me well, I said *tried* to get away. Why I was never more surprised in my life than when I saw the crowd surround the policeman and take from him the very flag that he was ordered to seize, and he allowed them to do it. Man alive, I could hardly credit my sight, and I stood spellbound for several minutes, thinking back to little old New York, and what us policemen would do under the circumstances. That is the reason why the good taxpayers of New York should be proud of their policemen because they can at all times depend upon them doing their duty, in an emergency of that character in particular. Why, we policemen of New York would call that cowardice, and we would not dare show our faces in the station house again if we valued our lives, for our position would automatically be gone, we would be drummed out of our job in disgrace, and that scarcely ever happens in New York, we have but one case in the history of the police department.

That is one thing that you have to take your hat off to a New York cop for, there is nothing in the line of police duty that he goes after that he doesn't get, and woe be to him that would dare attempt to take it from him, for it would be death for either one or the other. Experience makes fools wise, and the writer, by his thirty or more years

of police life, has been through the mill and is well experienced to write or talk on a subject of that nature. Human nature is a wonderful thing and none of us, not even in a casual way, can understand it. I was walking along Threadneedle Street between the Bank of England and Royal Exchange buildings, and there on the steps of those two large buildings were many clerks and other employees laughing and joking among themselves. The seriousness of the moment did not appeal to them at all. For here was their bank closed, not on account of the lack of funds, oh, no, not because there was any danger of a run on the bank, but it was because its directors were afraid of tomorrow and what it might bring for it. They, the directors, knew that there was an absolute demand for war, there was no possible way to avoid it, and they feared not only the consequences of the future, but of all time, also of the lives of their loved ones and their laughing companions.

When the writer took it upon himself to visit the old country, there were other things beside pleasure in his mind. Of course there was no thought of war on July 4, 1914, when I broke away from home to sail across the briny ocean. I had been in touch with several friends of the city of London police force. We were exchanging views about our standing as men of the force in both countries, and they were very much pleased to hear from me that we had instituted an organization for benevolent and protective purposes. I was asked to take a long vacation and come to London to organize the men of the London force, but I wrote them saying that that was impossible, but from time to time I would send them the information desired for such an organization, and on some future occasion when retired I would pay them a visit. In the meantime the forces of London organized A NATIONAL UNION OF POLICE AND PRISON OFFICERS, founded October, 1913, with the motto of "Tyranny is not Discipline." The two principal organizers were Inspector John Syme and J. Wilkinson. Inspector Syme was sent to jail for eight months charged with libeling the head of the force, who, by the way, is a cabinet officer, and while in jail the organization was carried on successfully by Mr. J. Wilkinson. So when J. J. Hickey sailed from New York it was more or less as a police propagandist, for I have been consulting the police in most every town and village that I have entered, and in such places that I learned were unorganized, I would preach instant organization to the men whom I met either on post or off post, and on leaving London I was asked to convey the best wishes of the London police to their brothers in every part of the earth that I might travel. And with that one thought uppermost in my mind, I did as requested, even in the few short hours that I was in Paris I talked shop to several of the "gendarmes," and explaining it also to the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary in

Dublin and Cork. Wherever I put up I would make it my business to get in touch with some policeman who was willing to listen and prosper by my arguments. So that I was well received by the inspectors on duty around the House of Parliament and elsewhere, for when I would visit there I was escorted all over, and I was taken into places where the public is not allowed. I sat on the Lords' Woolsack and other places, and I did not have to trouble my parliamentary friends, John and Willie Redmond, T. P. O'Connor, or Sir James McCullum for a ticket for the strangers' gallery. The moment I arrived I was taken right up and given the best seat in the gallery, it made no difference how long the line of waiting was, or who the notables on this line—J. J. Hickey, the New York bobby, was first of all. Some favor I can assure you, particularly among the members of the London force. In spite of the great World War breaking out, and thousands of the policemen being called to the colors, for every member of the force is a reserve soldier or sailor, and can be called upon at any old time, the organization is now in fine condition. Besides that, they that is the Catholic members, like their brothers in New York, parade in a body to St. Patrick's Cathedral, there to be received by his Eminence Cardinal Bourne, and after the communion breakfast, or Benediction, they sit down to a collation served by the priests and spend a very pleasant day. They are known as the members of the "CATHOLIC GUILD," and the last reports received by me are that they are nearing a membership of one thousand. Just imagine a thousand Catholic policemen on the police force of London. Of course, like in New York, there are some very poor Catholics who are more or less of a disgrace to their religion, for they are afraid to show their real colors and march out with their own Catholic brigade, and show to the world that even though you are a policeman you never forget your duty to God. I love to talk to the few old timers that I meet of organization, and what the London policemen have done since 1913, raised their pay and lessened their hours of patrol, and made their life worth living. But alas, I don't find many good old time cops around any more; there are one or two grafters still living and they are still in the same old grafting scheming game. After grafting their promotion and a house or two they are still grafting in retirement. I know them and am man enough to tell them just what they are, but what's the use, their day is coming just as sure as the night turns into day, so surely will they fade away.

My last letter from the London police was from Mr. Wilkinson, stating that Inspector Syme is well and the membership is growing stronger every day, and that he was on his way to Scotland and the north of England, putting the police of each and every place that he

travels through on an organized footing, and hopes to have the United Kingdom organized before Easter.

I wish that I could convey to my readers what London was like the first four days of August, 1914. We could all feel that war was coming, but until it did come there was in the words of many a sporting chance, and even if it did come it was only a matter of days, perhaps two or three weeks, and surely no longer than a couple of months. I hardly believe that at that time there was a soul in London, except those in high authority, who had any idea that the war would last more than six months, at the longest, and in a way it was a good thing that they thought and felt so. It had its psychological effect and aided materially in keeping down the panic which would surely have followed had they had even the faintest idea of the years of suffering they would have to look forward too.

I now bethought myself of a duty I had promised to perform. A certain police official had asked me to look up the standing of a broker of London, who ran over to New York every once in a while, and he sure gave me some contract, for besides going into the different places where I might obtain the information desired, I also had to go into the army and navy club, and in war times this nosey business is dangerous, and none knew it better than your humble servant, but it had to be done. I walked into this club with an air of importance as if I was a member, but I was quickly stopped and put through the third and fourth degrees, asking me many pertinent questions, that, at any other time, I might have told them in good plain Cherry Hill language what I thought of them. But when they resorted to asking this old cop, "Mr. Hickey, what was your capacity as a policeman." They were getting altogether too darned personal, especially as I could see no place handy to prove it. But between the gigs and the jowls I obtained all of the desired information and wired it back to my friend in Police Headquarters of New York and he was happy for it saved him a trip across.

How quickly men can change their minds. Prior to August fifth London was filled with people who were loath to leave it and were inventing all manner of excuses in order to remain longer, but with the dawn, yea, long before sunrise, there was not a steamboat ticket office in the whole city but what was besieged by a frantic mob all intent upon getting away, and few indeed who cared how they went as long as they could go. Inventing every story imaginable, such as a telegram from my boss to come right back. But the best excuse of all was made by one of the prettiest young ladies one could ask to know or see, and it goes without saying she succeeded. I was watching her and was near the window when she approached. Taking her

return ticket out of her bag she presented it to the man in charge and said, "My fiancé is an Englishman, he is now in New York and will not leave there until I return. England will need him so I am shortening my visit by six weeks as my ticket shows." There was a short conference, then the young lady was asked to step into a private office; she was only in there a few minutes when she came out smiling. I hope she was telling the truth but a pretty girl and documentary evidence sways many a jury over to her side. I speak from three corners—I was a policeman, I am married, and I have five daughters. Do you want me to qualify further?

For my part I had no desire to return to America. I had left it with the idea that I was to stay away for at least a year and I was not going to return until I had to, but that is not to say that I was going to stay in London much longer. I was getting tired of extra, extra, extra, extra, war, war, war, and I have often wondered how much the papers of London made in this the first week of war. I have seen papers sold in New York during an excitement but nothing on the scale it was carried on in London. The presses must have run night and day. It was a harvest for the newsboy and others.

Now I am going to say something about London that is seldom mentioned in good society or by travelers. In all of my readings about the wonderful city, and let me say I have managed to consume a vast quantity of material, I do not believe that I have ever read more than six or seven thousand articles regarding fog and rain in London. For some reason, difficult of explanation I will admit, no person who has ever been in London overlooks the chance to speak of its fogs and rain and more often than otherwise what they have to say on the subject is far from being complimentary. There seems to be no middle course and from what I can gather there is but one course, and that is not taught in a school of elocution. I thoroughly believe in being charitable and I am emphatically opposed to fault-finding, but I do not believe there exists anywhere in the world a writer that can do the subject justice. If there is one who thinks he can I would like to meet him, or her, and before we had talked many minutes I will convince him or her, that the thing is impossible. There may be some sidelights on the question which an expert could handle, in a way, but when it comes to taking the question as a whole London rain is too much even for the proverbial duck.

It would be all right if it was only damp for a day or two, even for three or four days, but when it is stretched into weeks as it was while I was in the big city it quickly loses all of its charms and becomes material that will keep a man out of heaven for the rest of his life. It seemed to me that it would never stop raining, and I was



JOHN McCULLUGH,
FORMER CHIEF OF POLICE OF N. Y.



Courtesy of The National Police Magazine
HONORARY CHIEF INSPECTOR ADAM
A. CROSS.



Courtesy of Police Magazine
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND—THE LONDON BOBBY.

THE OLD OAK STREET BOYS



1893—GOING ON PATROL, ROUNDSMEN WILLIAM WILBUR AND CONNY TUBBS IN COMMAND.

Courtesy of Joe Mitchell Chapple, National Magazine



AND AN ENJOYABLE DAY OFF, SEPTEMBER, 1906.

forced to carry with me, it made no difference how hot it was, an umbrella or a raincoat, and it was this fact more than any other which impelled me to hasten my departure, and when I received a letter from my good friend George Doherty of Londonderry, inviting me to call on him I had no hesitation in arriving at a decision. But before leaving London and its rains and fogs, I will tell you, my readers who some day may be fortunate enough to visit the city, of two plagues; it no doubt will prove of great value to you when there.

No matter whichever way a man may turn in London he is sure to spy a flag, sometimes it is the ordinary English Jack, but more often it is a flag that he or she is entirely ignorant of. These flags are not as one would naturally suppose used for ornament or decoration, but each and every one of them have a significance which, when understood, makes things easy. For instance, when Parliament is sitting the Union Jack tops the flagstaff and it is a waste of time going there if not flying, unless to inspect the building. If the Royal Standard is flying over Buckingham Palace the king is in residence; likewise if the Prince of Wales is in town his standard is flying over St. James Palace. It is a very pleasant sight to see the different embassy and legation flags in the residential quarters of the West End of London, they tell their own story. On the edge of the Horse Guard's parade grounds a blood red flag with a yellow anchor flaunts itself in the breeze marking the Board of Admiralty. Over the Mansion House at the foot of Cheapside in the heart of the city of London proper, can be seen flying the Banner of England. It is a pretty flag, pure white with a glaring red St. George's cross. Trinity House has its own banner differing from that of the Mansion House in the fact that in each of the four corners is an ancient ship. It is in Cockspur Street, however, that one meets with flags, flags, and more flags, in every conceivable color and size, but they are only the flags of the different steamship companies and have no further significance.

As an illustration of the old saying that the world is small, and no matter how far away from home one may be, you will meet at some time some where some one whom you know. I will recount an incident. It was at the height of the excitement in London, England, August 5, 1914, and while walking along the Haymarket I was saluted with, "Hey Hickey, old man, how are you?" Turning about to see who it was, I could have dropped in my tracks, for it was no less a personage than Mr. Charles Oscar Maas, lieutenant commander of the American Red Cross and an old-time acquaintance whose office was on Nassau Street, New York. Our greetings were hot. I was going to be conventional and say warm but the word lacks that difference which is to be found between the two—hot and warm. We talked of this and

discussed that and he, being a lawyer, we reviewed several of the cases in which I, as a policeman, and he as a counsel, had participated.

His surprise at seeing me in London was no greater than mine, at seeing him there. We had lunch together and when I told him of my intentions of going over to Ireland, he tried hard to persuade me to go back home by the first boat leaving, but he had overlooked the fact that he was talking to John J. Hickey, one of New York's finest, and when he at last realized to whom he was talking, he broke out into a laugh, and said, "Mr. Hickey, if I had your sticktoitiveness I'd be on the bench today."

It did me a whole lot of good to meet Mr. Maas, for it is a pleasure for one to meet a man from his own home town, particularly at such a time. Of course we had to speak of the war, but only to merely mention it, the bellicose had to for the time-being retire to the rear and let friendship come to the front. Before we parted he requested that I write him and keep him posted as to my whereabouts and admonished me to make it my first duty to call upon him if through some mischance I should happen into trouble. I promised to do so and although I wrote him several times I never heard from him, and since then I have learned that my dear good friend has gone to Blighty. Peace be to him.

CHAPTER II OF PART V

RAMBLING THROUGH OLD IRELAND MY STAY OF SEVERAL WEEKS IN DUBLIN, VISITING MR. RICHARD CROKER AT "SANDYFORD," VISITING THE BEAUTIFUL "VALE OF AVOCA" AND TOM MOORE'S TREE, AND TRAVELING OVER THE WICKLOW HILLS, THE HUNTING GROUND OF "BRENNAN ON THE MOOR" THE FAMOUS IRISH OUTLAW, WHO ROBBED THE RICH AND GAVE IT TO THE POOR. ALSO VISITING TRINITY COLLEGE, THE BANK OF IRELAND, FORMERLY THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY HOUSE, DUBLIN CASTLE, GLASINHAVEN CEMETERY, PHOENIX PARK, THE HILL OF LOETH, IN FACT ALL PLACES OF INTEREST, BOTH IN AND AROUND THAT GRAND OLD CITY

I left London on the eighth day of August, 1914, at 11 P.M., arriving in Dublin the next day and in no way was I disappointed. In fact, I can truthfully say that what I had heard and read about this wonderful old city had not prepared me at all to realize what Dublin is really like. In a way I was conversant with its history and also the stories of its principal buildings, but when I came to see them face to face I was more than astonished. I was enraptured. I roamed about the city "from early morn' till late at night." I watched the brave lads embarking for the seat of war to take part in the bloody battle of Mons, then at its height, and many were the sad partings that I witnessed.

In some way or other it had gotten into the heads of the powers that be, the army and navy officials, that it would be much easier and that it would expedite matters to send the men away during the wee small hours of the morning, just as if the mothers, wives, and sweethearts of those good men would not brave the darkness to bid them a last farewell. But it was shown then and there that they did not understand or know the feelings of the Irish heart, or they would have known that these poor women would have faced hell's fire to say goodby. There is one trait in the Irish character that no one with truth can say they are lacking in, and that is affection.

No more sympathetic people live than the Irish, they may be hot-headed and unreasonable at times; they may have their fights and their brawls, but when it comes to extending pity they are there not only with words but with deeds, be it enemy or friend that is in trouble. I would

like nothing better then to tell my readers of what I saw in and around Dublin, but when I remember that there are upon the shelves of our libraries in New York more than seven thousand books devoted to Ireland and twice that number that only devoted from five to one hundred pages on the subject, I lit my pipe and reflected. I saw that once more Ireland had to suffer an injustice, only seven thousand books. Why man alive fifty thousand books would not begin to tell anything about this wonderful little emerald of the sea, and the longer that I studied the question the more impossible I found it to be.

After being in Dublin a day or so I wrote Mr. Richard Croker, my old Tammany Hall boss, informing him of my visit to Dublin, and that I was, if he so desired, going to call upon him before leaving Dublin, for I had known Mr. Croker for many years. I received a call that evening, "Come tomorrow, John."

Next morning bright and early found me on my way to the Harcourt Street railroad depot, booking up for Rathdrum, I fully enjoyed the long ride through the beautiful country, and when I arrived at Rathdrum, I found a car waiting. We were very soon at the beautiful estate of Mr. Croker, one of the finest domains in all Ireland. Mr. Croker came out to greet me and was very glad to have me call and tell him all about his many good old friends in New York, among whom were ex-Corporation Counsel John Whalen, P. J. Kendelton, and others. I spent a very pleasant afternoon with him and a more ideal host it would be hard to find, for he took me under his personal charge and after a hearty luncheon we went together on a tour of inspection.

What a grand place it is and how proud the old chieftain was of it, but if he was proud of it as a whole his feelings were concentrated in his stables. He waxed eloquent over them, and his men were just as enthusiastic as he, and it is my private opinion that Mr. Croker could sit down and talk horse for a week and then not feel as if he had done the subject justice. I never met a man more carried away over a hobby, but then I am not what would be called a horseman. I can talk of yachts and boating by the day, week or month, and perhaps longer so I guess it is only the way you look at it after all. Richard Croker, say what you may in regards to his politics, was a magnetic man for he drew people to him and it was never better shown than right here in Ireland. It would be more than your life is worth even to hint that Mr. Croker was not some sort of a human god, for he was beloved by all and every one was more than anxious to do the thing that pleased him.

When it came time for me to leave, he asked me to say to his friends in New York that he sent his best wishes and hoped soon to be in New York with them, and with a hearty shake of the hand we parted.

I wrote to my old friend E. W. Drew of the *New York Herald*, and mentioned the fact that I had called on Mr. Croker, and I received the following letter in reply :

Herald office, N. Y. C., Sunday morning,
August 24th, 1914.

Dear Mr. Hickey:

I was greatly pleased to receive your letter which arrived early Sunday morning, about two o'clock. I am inclosing a clipping of what the *Herald* printed about your friend, officer "Dan" Rinn, now in London, England, and I did not want to see the doings of John Hickey left out, hence this little enclosed item, which may interest you.

I am glad to hear that you are enjoying your vacation and hope you will return home safe and sound. Also that this reaches you O. K.

Sincerely your friend,

E. W. DREW.

Editorial staff of the *New York Herald*.

Imagine my feelings when I opened the letter and out dropped a story about ten inches long of Officer John J. Hickey, retired from the New York police force, now in the employ of the *New York Herald*, calling on and taking luncheon with Richard Croker in Ireland. I am holding this letter among many others of a like character for future reference.

This notice of Mr. Croker coming to America soon was a beat on all the other papers, and it so happened that Mrs. Croker number one died shortly after, and Mr. Croker came to New York to bury his former wife. I met Mr. Croker at the Democratic Club, and explained that the news report published in the *New York Herald* of August, 1914, was not of my seeking, and the good old gentleman said, "you can't help those things, Mr. Hickey."

On my arrival at the Claredon Hotel, overlooking the "Liffey" River, where I was stopping, among others was a letter from my old friend Mr. George Doherty, the magistrate of Londonderry, Ireland, containing the following news item, to wit :

Londonderry, Aug. 10th, 1914.

My dear friend Mr. Hickey:

I am very sorry indeed to have to inform you of the fact that I am in receipt of a letter from Sir Thomas, forwarded to me by Mr. Westwood, stating that on account of this unfortunate war the yacht races in New York will have to be postponed so you will be relieved of your contract, that is, to take the *Sham-rocks* from Londonderry to Sir Thomas in New York, but remember that this does not release you from calling upon me in Londonderry on your way back to fair New York. I have a fairly good time awaiting you and I assure you that you will not have to walk around hungry when you call upon your esteemed friend. I will show you, my dear friend, how we treat our friends in Ireland. I am not by any means casting reflections on our innocent visit to mighty London, no, no, but when I see Sir Thomas, indeed I will tell him all you have to answer for.

And in conclusion, my dear friend, trusting that you are enjoying the beauties of dear old Ireland, believe me, I am as ever,

Yours sincerely,

GEORGE DOHERTY, J. P.

MR. JOHN J. HICKEY,
c/o Clarendon Hotel,
Dublin, Ireland.

There was also a letter from Sir Thomas, per J. W. Westwood, his private secretary, calling my attention to the postponement of the yacht races in New York, September, 1914, and some other personal matters.

Well there I was free and clear to go where I pleased. I could not call on my friend George Doherty, J. P., because of the trouble between the Irish volunteers and the Carson volunteers; I had done all of my fighting in New York as a policeman, and was not looking to get mixed up in the Donnybrook Fair fighting of my Irish friends, but as a matter of fact I did join the John Redmond volunteers while stopping at Turner's Hotel in Cork City, and I still retain my card of membership and badge presented to me, and continued to pay my dues after returning to New York.

Of course, I realized that as far as the continent of Europe was concerned it was entirely out of the question at this time, consequently I was forced to change my program. But why worry, there I was in dear old Ireland, the home of my ancestors, drinking good Irish buttermilk, and a sip of Hennessey's best every now and then, with plenty of sweet Irish colleens to be seen and heard poking fun at the Yankee, telling me that I will never leave Ireland again, so that I was having a h——l of a time. But there was one happy thought with me at all times, and that was that I would return in good health before my dear old mother would be summoned to her maker, and I thank God I did, for I returned and found my mother fit and well, God taking her in May, 1916, aged eighty-four. I paid a visit to the "Vale of Avoca," and bid Dublin goodby, visiting Cork City and the many counties I passed through, Limerick, Cashel, Tipperary and Waterford.

After a visit to Guinness's Brewery, just up the Quay from my hotel, I returned to answer the letter received from J. W. Westwood, secretary to Sir Thomas, describing to him my feelings at the bitter disappointment and hoping to meet Sir Thomas and Mr. Westwood in New York at some future date. We met in 1919 and again in 1920, in which year Sir Thomas Lipton won two races out of five, and to my mind he would have won the third race had Captain B. had the backbone to answer yes when asked by the racing committee did he care to race today, it was blowing hard, but *Shamrock IV* could stand a gale, and would surely have crossed the line a victor. The brave-hearted sailors were perfectly willing to take a chance; they had faced worse when

crossing the big pond, and they are at all times willing to lay down their lives for the "BIG CHEIF" who, on many occasions, has proved himself a father to his employees, constantly doing something for humanity.

The one good kind act of Sir Thomas that should stand out more to us New Yorkers is his contribution of five hundred dollars each and every year to the Christmas fund of one of our newspapers. I wonder how many of us Americans are aware of this charitable act of kindness? But that is not all, I could keep on writing of the many good deeds of this world-wide sportsman and noble character. The good people of Glasgow, Scotland, presented Sir Thomas with the freedom of that great city, October 2, 1923, for his kindness and charity, and I am free to say that there are many more honors awaiting this generous son of "ERIN."

Sir Thomas will be here again in a few months, bringing with him a new boat, *Shamrock V*, and he will again attempt to win the famous "Americas Cup." His never say die spirit, never leaves this good-hearted baronet, and I, for one American, wish Sir Thomas and his *Shamrock V* every success. Yes, dear readers, there are many other Americans feel as I do in this matter, for they believe as I do, "Success is the reward of perseverance," and God knows that Sir Thomas has persevered and deserves to win this famous cup that has been resting here since the year eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and it is time to give it freedom.

December 6, 1925. After a happy stay of six weeks Sir Thomas sailed for Southampton, England, aboard the S. S. *Leviathan*, and his old friend, J. J. Hickey, was the last of his many friends to say goodbye. And to my surprise I received a radiogram at 1.30 A. M., Sunday, December 7th, from that famous Irish sportsman on the high seas:

S. S. LEVIATHAN, WSN—RCA—NEW YORK.

JOHN J. HICKEY, HOTEL ELTON MADISON SQUARE NEW YORK WARMEST THANKS FOR LOVELY FLOWERS GREATLY APPRECIATE KIND THOUGHTS AND BEST WISHES.

THOMAS LIPTON.

I simply want my readers to know how this great Yachtsman appreciates a kindness, it makes no difference be it from rich or poor, it is all the same to Tom Lipton the man. Sir Thomas is quite a storyteller himself, and don't forget that this very busy man also enjoys a good story, and when you get Police Commissioner Dick Enright and this world's renowned yachtsman, Tom Lipton, together you can rest assured that you are in for a splendid night's fun. As the author of this work has often enjoyed the company of these two great men, he is privileged to write of such.

But I am going to tell you a few stories about Sir Thomas and his several visits here that will cause you to laugh some, and no doubt some more. Sir Thomas Lipton, in spite of the fact that he cannot keep all of his engagements while here, never forgets to motor to Sing Sing and to say a word of cheer to its inmates. Just before leaving for home Sir Thomas paid his usual visit to this great penal institution on the shores of the beautiful Hudson River, and having talked to most all of the prisoners he got up against a big, fine-looking fellow in citizen clothes, who was telling Sir Thomas of the splendid position that he held in the jail and how he appreciated the job. Sir Thomas shook hands with this great trusty and wished him luck, hoping that he would live many years to enjoy his good job.

But to the surprise of Sir Thomas one of the party tucked at his coat tails, and said, "Why, Sir Thomas, you have made a great mistake."

"Why, how is that," said Sir Thomas, "the fellow told me of his good job and I congratulated him, hoping that he would be there many more years to enjoy it. Was not that in the right spirit?"

"Yes, Sir Thomas, but you did not know your man, that man is a prisoner serving time for perjury. That is Anderson of prohibition fame."

"Heavenly Father," said Sir Thomas, "How was I to know that man. Dear me, I am no mind reader. Come, let us get away home Westwood. Good night, Warden."

J. W. Westwood has been the faithful secretary to Sir Thomas for more than twenty years past, and they are always together, yes, bosom friends. I recall on a former visit of Sir Thomas to Sing Sing, the grand old sailor refereed a baseball game among the prisoners for a silver loving cup that was presented by Sir Thomas. And the boys were more than made happy that day, and in fact every day when they were visited by that great Irish yachtsman, and they are always happy to hear of his coming back to New York. And for his many kindnesses to them the men of the Welfare League of Sing Sing Prison has elected Sir Thomas Lipton to honorary membership of their great organization, but that is not all. When Sir Thomas was about to sail for home the members of the league called a meeting, passing a vote of thanks and success to Sir Thomas, and they called upon Commissioner Weinstock to convey same to Sir Thomas forthwith, also a message of thanks, joy, and a fond farewell. And just before the first whistle blew all ashore Commissioner Weinstock came running on board out of breath, handing the message to Sir Thomas, who asked his many friends to gather around to hear the message read.

I was not sure that I was included and I held back, and Sir Thomas turned around and said, "Come, Mr. Hickey, hear the reading of this

message." I was carried away for I thought it was a new deed of gift, that the commodore and officials of the New York Yacht Club had drawn up, handing over to our great sportsman friend the American Cup, and God knows that he deserved it, for never was there a gamer sport ever try to lift it than Sir Thomas, unless Lieutenant Henn many years ago. But to my mind there is no comparison.

Well Sir Thomas, gathered his friends all close together, and called on Commissioner Weinstock to read the precious document. All was quiet until the Commissioner came to one particular paragraph that read as follows: "Sir Thomas, we the members of the Welfare League wish to you a happy and a joyful voyage over and a successful speedy return, and you may be sure, Sir Thomas, that on your return the gates of Sing Sing prison will be wide open to receive you." I at once burst out laughing and everybody looked at me in amazement, until I said, "Commissioner, please read that paragraph again," and having done so, why the whole party laughed and laughed a plenty.

"Heavenly Father," said Sir Thomas, "gentlemen, I don't mind coming to visit your beautiful shores to try to lift that blooming mug, but darned if I want to become an inmate of your prison, no, no."

The whole party stayed so long laughing over the joke, that the first thing we knew the *S. S. Baltic* was sailing down the Bay, and tug-boats were sent out to take us off. Oh, but those were the happy days.

Sir Thomas has met with many wonders in his travels around the world, even treading upon ground that no other white man ever trod, not even the late Colonel Teddy Roosevelt, meeting with such characters as Mike Kelly of Drogheda, Ireland, in the service of the Burmese government and an old-time member of his staff who had gone to Hell and was appointed sergeant-at-arms to the devil and all of his domains, on another of his visits in a far-off land. But this was the greatest and most trying wonder of them all, to think that for being kind he was to be reconciled to membership as a member of Sing Sing's Welfare League. The good old warrior has been granted many honors and titles, but for his kindness to the poor of New York each year the Hon. John F. Hylan granted to Sir Thomas the freedom of New York; and to crown it all, Police Commissioner Richard E. Enright appointed Sir Thomas an Honorary Chief of Police, because of his kindness and cheerful treatment of the members of his administration.

Dear readers, here is another interesting story, unknown to the world of the private life of Sir Thomas Lipton, that your humble servant is privileged to write up. When the papers published the news item of Sir Thomas Lipton visiting Sing Sing, the mother and sisters of the Diamond Brothers, now in the death house at Sing Sing awaiting execution for their share in that rascally and villainous double murder in the

West End Bank robbery, called upon Sir Thomas and appealed to this good, noble-hearted sportsman to use his influence to get the son and brothers a new trial, or a commutation of sentence, or something similar. Sir Thomas met the ladies good naturedly and invited them into his own private reception room, and listened to their sorrowful story. And after presenting their appeal Sir Thomas said, "My good women, my heart bleeds for you, and you have my greatest sympathy, in this your hour of need, and may the Heavenly Father assist you, at this unfortunate time. But you know, ladies, that I am only a visitor to your lovely country, and while I love and respect your country and her people, it would be ill-becoming of me to attempt to interfere with this country's laws, rules, and usages, particularly in a case of this kind. I visit your country every now and then to meet the many thousands of good friends I have here, and incidentally to lift the America's Cup, but my dear women, if I never lift the cup, I will never do anything to lose the love and friendship of your lovely people, and I would deserve condemnation and the loss of this friendship if I ever dared interfere with their courts or their honored judges' rulings."

I stopped off in County Kildare for a day to see the famous Curragh of Kildare and other points of interest in Limerick, paying a visit to the famous "Treaty" Stone, the Golden Vale, and other patriotic shrines, then on to Cashel to visit "Goold's Cross," the famous "Rock of Cashel," and other points of interest, and then I made my way into County Tipperary, for I had promised my good friend, Police Lieutenant Matt McGrath, the champion weight thrower of the world, that I would sure go and visit his old home and folks, and I was given a right royal welcome staying there a week, and lordy, how pleased they were to have an ex-policeman, a life-long friend of their fond son, Matthew, visit them. Of course, I had to tell them all that Matt was doing in America, breaking records every year, and what a grand position he was holding in New York, bossing the famous New York traffic squad with the power of a king, inasmuch as that all Matt had to do was to raise his big strong arm and all of New York had to stop. My, how those poor good-natured people did chuckle when they heard all this good news from and about their broth of a boy, the hero of many "Olympiads," yes, the champion of them all in the past and still going strong.

But when it came time for leaving I had a wild time breaking away from those decent good old Irish folk, but I had to go, for I was past my time due to call upon my own folks, the few left of my own family in far-off County Cork. Arriving at Mallow, I then had to change cars for the county seat of the Hickey's Newmarket, County Cork, and again I was in for a good time, two weeks to fill the bill.

I visited the family of Philpot's, the descendants of the celebrated John Philpot Curran, the great barrister at law and Irish leader, and father of Robert Emmett's sweetheart, Sarah Curran, whose remains lie buried in the pretty little churchyard of the town of Newmarket, Christ's Church. It was my mission every morning, while stopping there, to visit Sarah Curran's grave, and to drink of the wishing well that overlooks the famous river by "Hook or by Crook," the only way that Cromwell could get into Ireland.

There is nothing that I know of which would afford me more pleasure than to give to my readers a detailed account of my itinerary in Ireland, but as I have stated elsewhere there are so many books on the subject that it would be like taking coals out of Newcastle, which being translated into the vocabulary of New York's polite society means, "don't crowd us." So instead of proceeding in an orderly fashion from town to village and from village to city, I have tried to introduce you to the prominent people that I have met dropping off here and there in my travels. My cousin being the steward of the Altworth Estate it was a simple matter for me to procure a permit to visit this historical place, which, by the way, is never opened to the public. Among the many features of the estate is a museum. Naturally the collections are by no means large or extensive but what is shown is authentic and well worth seeing. There is, for instance, a geranium which they claim is more than three hundred years old, and I should say it was, if size is any indication, its box was fully as large as a packing case and no specimen that I have ever seen was one tenth its size. I was permitted to take a piece of it, thinking that perhaps I could get it to grow when back in America.

Another curio which they cherish highly is the masonic apron worn by Lady Mary when she was initiated into freemasonry. The story is told that Lord Donneraile, the father of Lady Mary Donneraile, or as she was titled Lady Mary St. Ledger, was grand master of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, and it was his practice to call all meetings of its members in the castle. At the time Lady Mary was but sixteen years of age, full of life and curiosity, and the idea that she was excluded from the room in which these gentlemen held their meetings did not please her at all, and accordingly she busied herself thinking of some way that she could find out what they were doing. Fate seemed to be on her side, for in the room stood what we call today a grandfather's clock, so she removed the pendulum and stood up inside the clock, closing the door.

Lady Mary, however, overlooked the fact that it required endurance beyond her strength to see the thing through. Her position within the clock's case was unnatural and confined, and while she might endure it for an hour or two, beyond that was out of the question, the con-

sequences were that before the meeting was half over Lady Mary was forced to reveal herself. After the surprise and consternation were over and the members of the lodge had satisfied themselves that Lady Mary was alone, they at once called upon the grand master to appoint a committee to try her. Lady Mary was then placed on trial, and after a given time a verdict of guilty was brought in against her and she was sentenced to death. Colonel Alworth then a young man and a member of the lodge, appealed against the decision and so eloquent was his pleading that the members consented to reconsider their verdict, so that the sentence of death was withdrawn.

Then the question was what punishment should they inflict upon her as a warning to all other busybodies. After talking over the question for an hour or more, they came to the conclusion that she should suffer to have the index finger of her left hand cut off, and they further ordered that she be sworn in as a member of the Masonic order, and those orders were carried out to the letter forthwith.

And by the amputation of her finger and swearing her into the order, Lady Mary Donneraile became the first Lady Freemason in the world. So goes the story.

Colonel Alworth and Lady Mary became fast friends, and one day the Colonel asked her hand in marriage and being accepted they were married and lived happily for many years.

Queen Elizabeth became very much attached to the Alworths, and often journeyed over to Newmarket to spend a week or two with them, hunting and otherwise enjoying herself on the estate, and among the relics is a pair of stockings and several articles of clothing once worn by Queen Elizabeth, all inclosed in a glass case in the royal ballroom.

There is a notable collection of swords, epaulettes, spurs, guns, and armour that belonged to the Irish princes who had fought with Strongbow in his invasion of Ireland. There is a very large oil painting of Lady Mary, hanging in the royal ballroom, plainly showing that the index finger of her left hand had been amputated.

Every morning I would wander down to Christ Churchyard, and ramble through this grand old cemetery, stopping at the grave of Sarah Curran Sturgeon, formerly the betrothed of young Robert Emmett. My readers no doubt are aware of the fact, that before the execution of Robert Emmett, he pleaded with Sarah Curran to marry Captain Sturgeon for kindness to him while in captivity. The captain being a member of the British army, Miss Curran was not in agreement with young Emmett's desire, but for her loved one, young Emmett, she would sacrifice most anything. Captain and Mrs. Sturgeon lie buried in the grave and I don't know why but I could not for a moment think of anything else but to visit the dead in this beautiful little churchyard,

every morning for the two weeks that I stopped there. My mind was often carried back to the dark days of Sarah Curran's life when she was disowned and ordered from the house by her stern old father, John Philpot Curran, the great Irish barrister.

Sarah Curran was forced to leave her home and fireside and fly to Cork City, forty miles away, in the darkest and meanest hours of night, for "Dark's the hour before the dawn." Sarah Curran was taken in and cared for by some friends living in Penrose Park, Glanmire, Cork City.

But shortly after the execution of Robert Emmett, Captain Sturgeon and Sarah were married. Sarah became reconciled to and lived with her father until death.

Having paid my respects to Newmarket and its people, both dead and alive, I bid the pretty place a long farewell, and took the first train out for Cork City.

Arriving there I booked up at Turner's Hotel on Great George's Street, the busiest part of the city and the stopping place of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Coholan, and the clergy of all Ireland, when visiting Cork City; also of William O'Brien, M.P., and many of the other Irish Members of Parliament, in fact every man of prominence booked up at Turner's Hotel.

I paid a visit to Mr. Thomas Crosby, editor of the *Cork Examiner*, to deliver a message from Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader, and we talked over the topics of the day, both at home and abroad.

I then visited the meeting place of my good friends, Mike Collins, Pat Kiley, J. MacCurtain of the volunteers.

CHAPTER III OF PART V

MY VISIT TO CORK CITY; THOSE I MET AND WHAT I SAW WHILE STAYING WITHIN SOUND OF THE CHANDON BELLS; JOINING THE IRISH VOLUNTEERS, AND ATTENDING THEIR DRILL; MEETING MANY MEN OF PROMINENCE, AMONG THEM MICHAL COLLINS, P. J. KILEY, OF THE CORK BUTTER EXCHANGE, AND OTHERS. VISITING BLACK ROCK CASTLE, THE CORK RACES, KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE, VISITING THE HON. DANIEL F. COHALAN AT HIS BEAUTIFUL ESTATE AT GLANDORE, OVERLOOKING THE IRISH COAST. BIDDING IRELAND FAREWELL ON MY WAY TO THE LAND OF SUNSHINE, HAPPINESS, AND GREENBACKS, LITTLE OLD NEW YORK

While visiting Cork City, Ireland, in September, 1914, I met several of the officers of the Cork City Battalion, Irish National Volunteers, who were at that time followers of the Irish Parliamentary leader, John E. Redmond, Esq., M. P. I was invited to their place of meeting and elected a member of Company F, and I still hold my card of membership.

The Coöperative Society of all Ireland was about to hold a convention in Cork City, and Mr. Kiley invited me to be present and to my surprise I was elected the American representative, and called upon to address the convention, and it goes without saying that I did my best to uphold the supremacy of our own wonderful country, America, and I took my seat amid much applause. A banquet followed and lasted until early morning.

Before leaving Cork I made it my business to learn all I could about this great organization, the Coöperative Society of the Emerald Isle, and I learned that it is something much needed in Ireland, and is doing a wonderful lot of good work, and accomplishing a feat never before dreamed of. Every county in Ireland was represented at this convention, and there were many ladies present, the wives and daughters of the delegates. This was the only holiday they had had during the entire year, and they took mighty good care to make it a good one.

Ireland was then prosperous and happy, bonfires were burning on all the hillsides in honor of the signing of the Home Rule Bill that was passed in the House of Commons, by the dint of hard work of the Irish National Parliamentary party under the leadership of John Redmond, and signed by King George.

The last person that I expected to meet in Ireland was the Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York. And if it had not been for the Right Rev. Monsignor O'Leary, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Clonakilty County, Cork, Ireland, the birthplace of my father, where I was then visiting and had become acquainted with the Monsignor, to whom I went to ascertain the whereabouts of the Chidwick family, I having a message to deliver to them from the Right Rev. Monsignor John P. Chidwick, formerly a police chaplain, whom I had called upon before leaving New York, I undoubtedly would have missed seeing my honorable friend Justice Cohalan, whom I have known for nearly forty years.

It came about through a remark that I made concerning the late Right Rev. Monsignor Luke J. Evers, Pastor of St. Andrews Church, Duane Street and City Hall Place, New York City, and the founder of the working people's midnight mass, and my esteemed friend of many years, who died June, 1924.

"Are you from New York?" inquired the Monsignor, and on being told that I was, he asked me if I knew Supreme Court Justice Daniel F. Cohalan. I could hardly believe my ears, and I answered, "Yes, Monsignor, I have had the pleasure of knowing the honorable gentleman for many years."

"Well," he said, "Justice Cohalan is living but fifteen miles from here and you must not leave until you call upon him. Where are you stopping, Mr. Hickey," asked the Monsignor, and I told him at Turner's Hotel, Cork City, sixty-five miles away. "You had better put up at Donovan's Hotel just up Sovereign Street a short walk from here, and after high mass tomorrow you will ask Mrs. Donovan to have a car ready to take you out to Glandore, where you are to meet Justice Cohalan and family." I followed the instructions given me by the Monsignor and spent a very fine day on the west coast of Cork.

My calling of course was unannounced, but nevertheless the Justice was very glad to see me, and he did all in his power to make my visit a happy one. We strolled around the beautiful estate, inspecting the lawns and buildings, the flower beds and tropical plants, and a number of the finest palm trees to be seen in the British Isles, and many other things of interest. But before starting on this interesting tour of inspection, Justice Cohalan said, "Mr. Hickey, I am glad you came. The Court finds you guilty, and the sentence is that you follow the Justice of the Court about his place and listen to him without comment." I followed out to the letter the sentence imposed upon me and I never passed a pleasanter couple of hours in my life.

Justice Cohalan had come in possession of this beautiful estate through a fortunate chain of events. The Rev. Bishop Doane, the

former owner, having been transferred to Cork City, some sixty-five miles away, was forced to sell this grand estate that he idealized and spent many happy hours cultivating and beautifying, making it second to none in all Ireland. But it was of no use. He was the Protestant bishop of Cork, and he like all good soldiers went wherever he was ordered to go and no questions were asked of his superiors either, but it was a sad blow to the bishop to leave his happy hunting ground, overlooking the beautiful harbor of Glandore, one of the prettiest sights in all Ireland that presents itself to the delight of all, and from this lovely place on the top of a mountain some three hundred feet high can be seen the big ocean steamers going backwards and forwards to America and England.

The Cohalan estate commands a view of the Irish Sea that is unsurpassed, but if the sea view is entrancing the land vista is equally so. To the south, west and north, as far as the eye can reach, was the beautiful emerald, that soft pleasing green which has caused the poets to call it the Emerald Isle. The meadows, the fields, and the trees were still green; no signs of the coming autumn were visible, and I could have stood there for hours admiring the natural wonder of the surrounding country, but the Honorable Justice had other things in store for me.

He wanted me to see what could be done in Ireland if one set about doing it. His collection of exotic and tropical plants was surprising and how he managed to remember their names and places of origin was bewildering to me.

He would say a couple of words which would measure at least a yard and a half in length and follow them up by saying it comes from Hindustan or some other place where cocktails don't grow.

Bishop Doane, it seems, was a man who had a great love for plants and had devoted much of his time to their cultivation. Some of the specimens, so the Justice informed me, were almost priceless owing to their extreme rarity. The Bishop also had a natural taste for landscape and the way the big estate was laid out proved it, and allow me to add here that in Justice Cohalan, Bishop Doane has a worthy successor; he is every bit as enthusiastic as the Bishop, and if anything prouder of his possession, than Bishop Doane could have been.

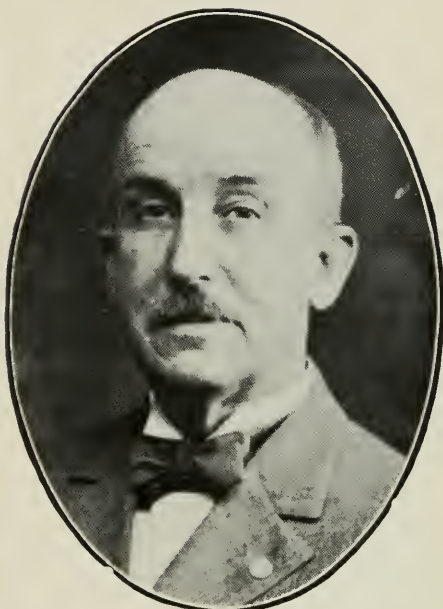
At luncheon, which followed the survey of the estate, we discussed New York from the Battery to Harlem and talked seriously of our return to the big city.

At the begining of our conversation I was for staying in Ireland for a much longer period, but when Justice Cohalan informed me that the ports of entry were to be closed October first and remain so until the close of the war, I saw matters in a much different light. I had with me

ROYAL ARCANUM, STATE OF NEW YORK.



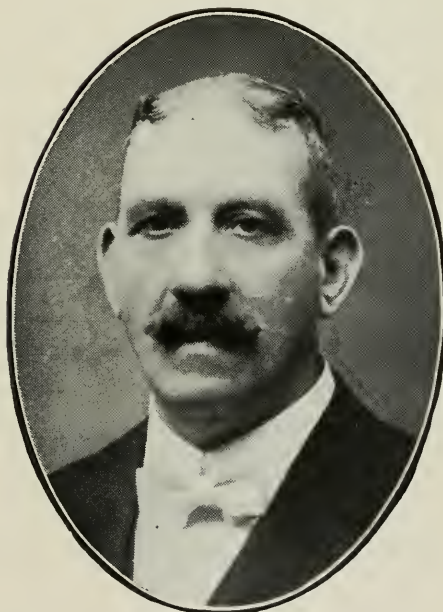
HAROLD C. KNOEPEL,
SUPREME REGENT.



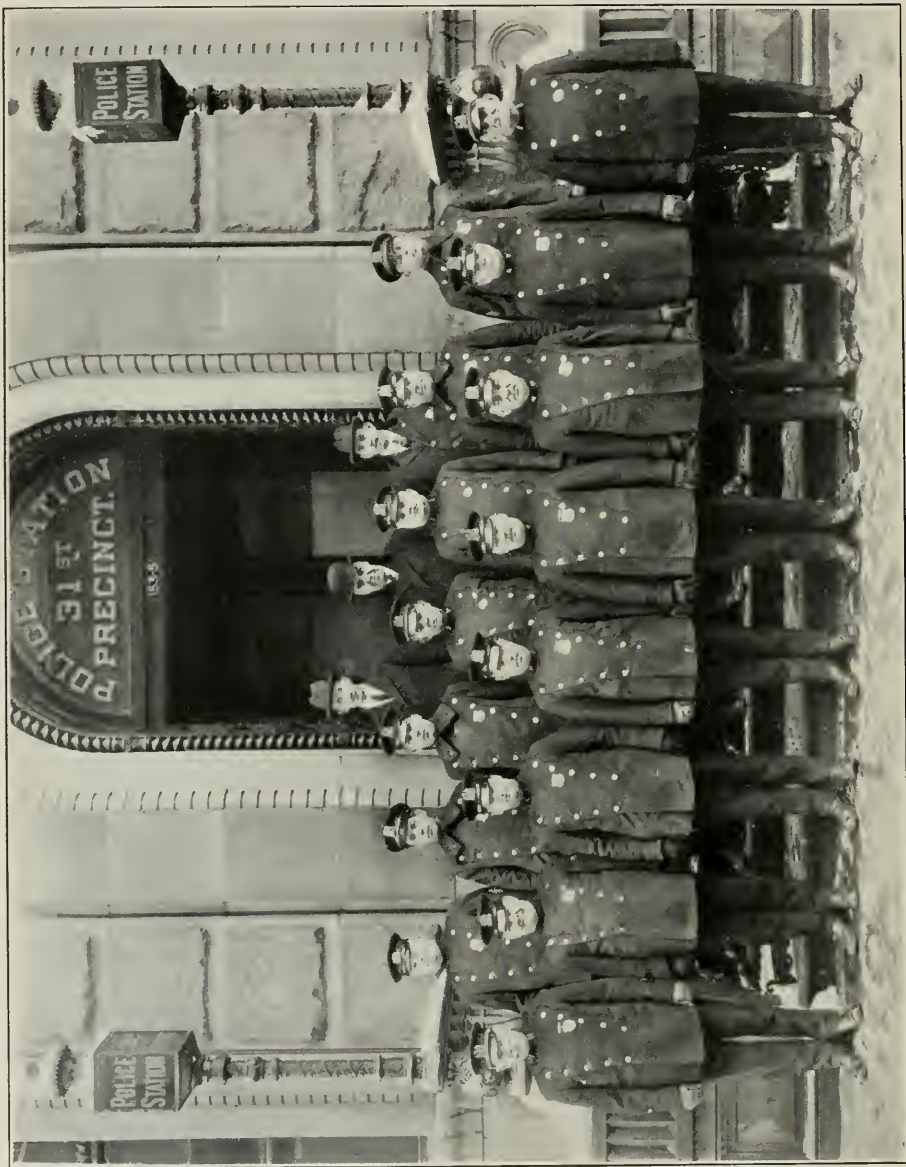
STEPHEN C. GALLOT,
PAST GRAND REGENT, SUPREME TREASURER.



JESSE T. MOIR,
GRAND REPRESENTATIVE AND SUPREME REPRESENTATIVE.



JOHN J. HICKEY,
PAST REGENT, CHAIRMAN OF GAMES COMMITTEE.



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enough money to carry me for several months, but if I could not get any more, what could I do?

Common sense told me to get home as quickly as I could, but inclination fought it at every turn.

I was in Ireland, fulfilling my dreams of forty years, and I wanted dearly to stay for at least one year, but without money it was impossible and out of the question. So when the time came for me to leave Glendore and return to my hotel in Cork City, sixty miles away, I told Justice Cohalan that I would meet him in Queenstown, now known as Cobh, on the morning of September the twenty-third, the day of sailing of the *S. S. Cedric* of the White Star Line for New York.

I had made up my mind that a part of my duty in Ireland, in fact I pledged myself to my friends of the John F. Ahearn Association in New York, before leaving that I would kiss the Blarney Stone or die in the attempt. Others before me had done it, or at least they said that they had kissed this famous stone, and they lived to talk about it, then why not I; but whether they were any better off for so doing I cannot say, but I do know this much that I kissed this stone, and at the risk of my life, and I suppose that if I went back to Ireland again tomorrow, I would go again and kiss this wonderful Blarney Stone, so that I may obtain all of the charms and blessings that follow those that have undertaken to kiss it, and believe me it is no easy job, but "More power to them" that undertake the contract.

I am very much pleased to state that the Hon. Daniel F. Cohalan and his fond loving family spent the summer of 1923 and 1924, at his beautiful estate in Ireland. Owing to the unfortunate trouble in Ireland for the past few years, and the manly stand that Justice Cohalan took in behalf of the struggling of poor old Ireland, it was not safe for him to visit his estate. But now that Ireland is free and once more prosperous under the able management of her own, the FREE STATE GOVERNMENT, may God in his divine wisdom restore Ireland and her people to happiness and prosperity forever more, so that the unfortunate troubles of the past shall be once and forever forgotten, "WITH THE WOLF DOG LYING DOWN, AND THE HARP WITHOUT THE CROWN, AND THE SUNBURST OF IRELAND BETWEEN."

So one morning, bright and early, I got into a jaunting car and drove to the famous Blarney Castle, paid threepence for admission which gives one the right to walk through the castle grounds. Blarney Castle is a glum-looking place, but to kiss the famous Blarney Stone, it is necessary to enter the old castle and climb the many stairs before arriving at the top among her battlements from which many a shot was fired in the days of Strongbow.

Indeed to climb this old castle is enough to drive a fellow to drink,

In fact, I think if some enterprising American opened a barroom on the roof of old Blarney Castle, he would no doubt soon make a fortune, for while his customers would not be so plentiful nevertheless those that go there would be very well satisfied to pay a dollar for a good drink of Irish potheen, a little of the old cratur to help him over the road, as it were.

When I arrived at the castle roof, a young couple were just leaving. Oh, yes, Blarney Castle is a great place for lovers, and I was sorry that my presence had perhaps driven this couple away, but that could not be avoided under the circumstance and I went about my business thinking to find others on the roof when I got there. But no, it was deserted and I was alone, there to think back to the days of the fighting Clan McCarthy and his men, of the stormy days of Ireland in the long ago.

The stone, as you undoubtedly know, is so placed that in order to kiss it one must be held by the ankles, and as I was without companions, I had to wait and depend on strangers to perform that duty for me. I had waited fully an hour and it seemed like a week or two, when at last I heard voices of a lady and two gentlemen approaching. They had seen me without my seeing them, and the young lady called up saying, "Hey, mister, is the Blarney Stone up there?" I called down "Yes." "Well," she shouted again, won't you please kiss it for me?" I answered, "I am very sorry, but that is one thing that you certainly must do yourself," and soon the party joined me and I sure was glad to meet them. The young lady took one look at the stone and said it was enough; there would be no kissing for her, she was satisfied to let it go as it was.

Here was my opportunity and I proceeded to grab it and after a great deal of persuasion on my part I succeeded in getting the two gentlemen to consent to hold my ankles and let me down so that I might kiss this world-famous stone, and it only goes to show to what extent a matured man, a man of responsibility, will go to gratify a whim which even though he is successful in the gratification, profits him absolutely nothing, truly as the poet says: "Men are but children of a larger growth."

For fear that these gentlemen would repent, I, instead of taking off my coat and vest buttoned them and quickly as I could began to wriggle through the opening and this of itself is no small task for a person of my size. I have read somewhere that the human race is gradually growing smaller in stature, but if the hole in the wall of the old castle is any criterion by which we can form some idea as to the size of the people when it was built, I would have ranked as a giant and yet I am not quite six feet tall. It was not an easy thing to do by any

means, but by sticking to it I managed at last to perform my osculatory mission and as soon as I did it I looked down. "Ye Gods, what fools these mortals be." There I was suspended in mid-air, trusting my life to two downright strangers, men I did not know in any way and who knew less of me. If they should happen to fail there was a fall of at least one hundred feet.

The return is more difficult than the going down owing to the fact that the arms must be kept extended and my coat fell down over my head, leaving me in darkness. There is absolutely no way of aiding your supporters, but luck was with me and I got back all right; never again, though, will I attempt such a foolhardy trick. Man alive, if I was to be paid for doing it I would demand at least a thousand dollars, and I know that no insurance company would assume the risk. Of course, I was more or less profuse in my thanks to the two gentlemen whom I found were both sweating freely from their task, and on asking them their names the younger one said his name was Craig and his companion's was Judge Brown.

They were somewhat surprised to learn that I was a retired member of the New York police force as they, too, were Americans, and if this should ever meet their eyes I would be pleased indeed to hear from either of them.

The enjoyment of travel in Ireland lies not so much in going from place to place and revelling in the beautiful scenery, but in the people themselves, the sons and daughters of the soil.

They are a free people, if I may be allowed the expression, and friendly beyond comparison; in fact it would be nearer the truth to say to a fault. I would that I could tell you in detail the grand times I had with them even in my first hour's acquaintance. They open their hearts to you at once and it would be a mean character who could find it in his heart to take advantage of their simplicity.

Unfortunately many of them are illiterate to an alarming extent, being unable to either read or write and knowing little or nothing about any place except through hearsay. I met many a man and woman much older than myself who had never been two miles away from the place where they were born, but what they lack in education they make up in memory and I have often wished that I could tell a story as well as these poor simple folks.

There must be something in the soil and the climate that imparts to them this wonderful gift, for gift it is, as it cannot be taught, neither can it be acquired, yet even the children are natural born tellers of stories. I quickly realized this condition and I made it a practice to seek out some elderly man for a companion, knowing full well that I would be the recipient of something worth while.

The professionals, as you might term them of Ireland, such as drivers, jarveys, guides, and hotelkeepers, differ only in degree from those of their calling in other lands. They have a stock in trade which they rehearse whenever they think they will be paid for their recitations, and each and every one of them stands ready to embellish their stories to suit their audience; but with the country people it is different, what they tell you they know of or they repeat exactly the story that has been handed down to them from generation to generation.

One story in particular I remember distinctly, for it spoiled the whole afternoon for me, so I will repeat it here. I had strolled away off the beaten paths, perhaps a distance of two or more miles around the lakes of Killarney, and seeing an elderly man in the field I went over to him and engaged him in conversation. We had been talking for at least an hour when he told me the story of a girl named Nora who had lived in his village some hundred years ago.

Had an orator recited the story it would have had no more than the usual result of a sad tale, but this simple child of Nature so told it that in spite of myself the tears ran down my cheeks and I was depressed for the balance of the day.

On the other hand they can unfold tales which will make your sides ache from laughter and could I but write them as I heard them I would be crowned at once as the greatest humorist in the land.

While in Queenstown I visited Roche's Island and there I saw a very handsome monument erected by an Englishman in memory of his wife. This is, of course, as it should be, but when I read the inscription carved upon it I was so struck that I had to copy it for the benefit of any of my readers who collect such material.

"Sleep, darling, sleep, beneath this mouldering sod,
Hoping to get one better, I gave you up to God."

In many ways my visit to Ireland was marred and interfered with by the war. The Honorable John E. Redmond, to whom must be given the honor of succeeding in passing the Home Rule Bill, had kept his word to Lord Kitchener and the grand little island was feeling the effects more and more every day. Lord Kitchener had asked for twelve thousand men, but Redmond promised one hundred thousand and to the amazement of all England he raised them and more too. Ireland was now beginning to feel the strain and realize the drain.

Her young men had gone to the front and it had its effects in every branch of trade and industry, but the people were, nevertheless, cheerful and decidedly optimistic; never did I hear a complaining word or even an intimation of discontent.

Sorrow to the Irish is no stranger; it is a much more frequent guest

than the world at large is aware of and only to their intimates do they let it be known that the unwelcomed is once more a visitor.

Perhaps at this time there was no man in all of Ireland better hated and better loved than John E. Redmond. Redmond occupied no middle place with the people of Ireland; he was at either end of the road or may be it would be better to say that he was at both ends at the same time. To some he was almost a god, while to others the only thing he lacked from being a perfect devil was cloven feet, and I'm not sure but many thought he had them, hiding them from view by the shoes he wore.

It was ticklish business to begin an argument or only a conversation about John E. Redmond even when you felt you were on safe ground. It is an old adage that says, "Great men make enemies," and if this is true, J. E. Redmond must have been great indeed for his enemies abounded everywhere through it did not seem to affect him very much.

On the contrary, I think it acted as a stimulant to him, but God knows he did not need it, in fact it would have been much better for him if he had allowed himself to cool down. Indefatigable is the only word which describes the man, rest and idleness were to him utter strangers.

I watched him night and day in the House of Commons, and I can say in all truth that I never saw such an untiring worker. It seemed to me that he was at all times afraid that he was neglecting something, leaving something undone, or overlooking a matter of great importance.

Alert and watchful as he was, he yet could always find time to greet his many friends. Democratic but never demagogic, magnetic and sympathetic, he was a man fitted for the place, but it is all passed now and John E. Redmond lives but in history, his place is among the immortals and while Ireland's history lives he will live with it.

There is one place in Ireland that were it in or near New York I fear its existence would be short indeed if they continued their practice of receiving guests at no fixed charge, and that is the Monastery of Mount Mellery, the home of the Trappist's monks. It is a beautiful place and looks inviting to the traveler, but it is only in looks and these, as the saying is, are often deceiving for unless you are fortunate enough to meet Brother Robert you will get no response either to question or salute, for every member has taken the vow of silence.

With Brother Robert it is a little different; he will speak if it is necessary, but he will never under any circumstances volunteer the slightest information.

He will also show you a room which will be yours as long as you choose to stay, a day or a year, it makes no difference to them, they

will serve you with food and if you feel like going away without putting a donation in the little basket which hangs on the wall you can do so and that will be all there is to it.

I am told that a great many people try the experiment of staying there, but rarely last more than twenty-four hours, seldom that long. The spectacle of men all about, every one attending to his duty and not one of them ever speaking is too much for the average person and he cheerfully drops his donation into the basket and gets away as fast as politeness allows him.

I had never until my visit to the monastery fully understood what our ex-President Theodore Roosevelt really meant when, after I had been talking to him for some time said, "Hickey, you'll never make a Trappist," and now I am sure that he was right. I like to hear people talk and how could I managed to keep silence all of the time?

The riparian right of Ireland are something which should be thoroughly looked into by any one thinking of buying a place, if there should be a ruin on the property and perhaps it would be policy for the investor to look up the question of river especially if he comes from America.

Many of the Irish rivers would not even be dignified in America by the name of creek yet the law reads that any one may fish where the river flows and this leads up to the experience of Mr. Charles F. Murphy, no, not C. F. Murphy of Tammany Hall, but C. F. Murphy of Cork, the great brewer of porter and stout. Mr. Murphy, so the story goes, and my informant was one of the leading actors in the affair, decided to buy a castle facing Black Rock Castle with grounds and possessions.

One of the greatest salmon rivers in the world is near Queenstown. He had finished the transaction, and with Mrs. Murphy was on a tour of inspection around and about the property when upon looking up they saw two men fishing from a small bridge which spanned the river.

"Hey," shouted Mr. Murphy, "what are you doing there?"

"Fishing," was the response.

"Well you can get out of here as quick as you can travel. This is my property now and I forbid fishing," said Mr. Murphy.

"Your'e a lucky man, Mr. Murphy, you've bought a fine place, but don't you know the law says we can fish wherever the tide flows?"

"Nonsense," shouted Mr. Murphy, "if it was to run into my bedroom you could fish there could you?"

"We could," I said and at that Mr. Murphy went back to the castle and called up the police and in a little while along comes the sergeant and orders us off the place.

I laughed at him and told him to go back to his masters and look up the book and he would find that it said what I had told Mr. Murphy. He went away and after a pause he added, "We have been fishing there ever since."

Ireland still retains much of its primitiveness. Progress as we consider it is unknown in many parts of the beautiful island and from what I could see and judge it is likely to remain so for many years to come especially if the villages and hamlets are some distance from the railroad. Repeatedly have I walked through the principal street of a town at night and only found one small oil lamp lighting the whole place. Curfew would have to ring some time in the afternoon if the people of these places were expected to observe it. Sundown puts a stop to all regular business and it's time for good people to be in their homes. My life as a policeman had made me indifferent to hours and if I am on the street I seldom notice the time.

I was walking along a lane in Newmarket, it was only a little more than a path, consequently it was not paved, and it was impossible to hear any one coming up on you from the rear and twice I had been slightly touched on the arm and had stepped a little aside. But at last I was given a more forcible push and thinking it was some woman on her way home, raising my hat, I said, "I beg your pardon," and stepped off the path. It was a female all right, but not the kind that I was taught to salute, it was a cow. I had several experiences of a like nature, but I kept my hat on my head.

One Sunday morning I had the pleasure of listening to one of the finest patriotic sermons I have ever heard. I shall not attempt to recite the sermon, but will give you a few excerpts from it and from them you can imagine what the whole was like.

"In going my rounds through the parish for the last two weeks I have heard nothing but tales of worry and woe about this dreadful war brought about by a wild man that thinks he should rule the world.

"We all know that there is a war and we know who will be the victor, but victory is not to be had for the asking, we must fight for it.

"If it comes here grab your guns like men and fight like the devils you are.

"Don't let me hear of you running under the bed to hide away.

"I have been listening to your shoutings for more than thirty years and time without number I have heard you say that this is my country and if she is in trouble I will fight for her, aye and die for her, so be men and when you are called upon respond in a body." This sermon was preached by Father Corbett, Newmarket, County Cork, Ireland.

Is it any wonder that Ireland sent the men she did, when from every pulpit in the land came such messages. It was all I could do to refrain

from cheering, but remembering where I was I kept my voice quiet, but my heart beat in full accord. The appeal had its immediate effect for the very next day the men of Cork began falling into line every afternoon and were drilled for hours, but this is all history now. At the time, however, it was tragic and it has been proven, as I have always contended, that the mental attitude towards a future possibility of suffering and calamity will more often than otherwise exaggerate and overestimate the actual liabilities.

Perhaps, in a way, it is right for it is much better to be excessively careful than to be indifferent, yet the danger of a panic arising from such thoughts is great indeed and is prone to work more injury than good, and which is much more to be feared and dreaded. But Ireland was blessed with many cool heads at the time and despite the weakness of some they carried her through the struggle with honor and credit.

What a perverse character old father time is? Only let him think that you are looking forward with regret and dreading the arrival of a certain day and the way he will hustle himself to get you to that day is almost beyond belief, but change the program and get him to think that you can hardly wait for the happy day and he'll slow down until you will feel like getting out and punching him, minutes will seem to be hours and the day will never end. And thus it was with me; the time was fast approaching when I should have to leave Ireland and not one twentieth of what I had planned was accomplished. The weeks had seemed but days and the days but hours, and yet every one who was with me at the time will tell you that I tried my best to make the days longer.

Up early and to bed late, if at all, was what I was doing all of the time. I did not want to leave, my passage was bought and paid for or I think I would have risked it and stayed.

I am still of the belief that I acted hastily. I could have easily kept away from the larger towns, and who wants to see them anyway, all cities are alike and the people in them are as indifferent to the stranger as they are to the dogs running their streets.

Aside from the buildings and the monuments what matters to you what city you are in; but the country, Ah! how different! The people friendly and the ever changing landscape warms your heart and even the trees seem to welcome you as they bow to the breeze.

Of course the city speaks of enterprise and progress of wealth and what is derived from it, while the country and the uplands take you back to the days and times long gone.

It tells you what the city will be, for from it come the people who make the town. It is the heart of the nation supplying it with blood and vigor, brains and sinew.

The country is natural, the city artificial, and he who learns of the nation must go into the highways and byways; he must leave the monuments of man and seek the resorts of Nature, and what country affords such material as Ireland, rich in history and overflowing with tradition and, to what in my mind is more important, free to them who will seek and ask. It is not necessary for one to go there and live amongst them for years in order to have them open their hearts to you. They have nothing to be ashamed of, therefore they have nothing to hide.

Are they poor? Who knows it better than themselves; it is a misfortune, but no disgrace. Do they lack education? Who shall judge between the knowledge of letters and the simplicity of heart and mind. Are they uncouth? Tell me the difference between honesty and sham and I will answer the question. Life is nothing but a mix up, a little flour, a few drops of water, a lump or two of sugar, and a shake of spice, then comes the baking.

I left Ireland on the afternoon of September 23, 1914, and returned to New York without incident. The U boats had just commenced their dirty work, so the trip was what could be called an adventure. Justice Cohalan was of course with me and his good fellowship helped to drive away my gloomy feelings.

I do not remember ever doing anything in all my life which affected me more than leaving old Ireland at that time, all my plans had been upset, for I had met a sweet singing charming Colleen from Dunmanway, and we were talking of marriage, on our way to Glandore that day.

Justice Cohalan, introduced me to Father O'Hea, of Courtmacsherry, and the good Padre, now gone to rest, peace be to him, said that he would have a fine house for me to live in if I decided to stay in Ireland.

Glory be, can you blame me for cursing the mad Kaiser, and his terrible war, but what's the use, tomorrow the sun may be shining although it is dark and cloudy to day.

My return to New York was almost an ovation, for I was surprised to see so many friends awaiting me on the pier, I was quite certain on the point of relatives, there were some two dozen or more of them and not a soul was missing at the dock to greet me; but the many friends where they came from and how they knew that I was on that boat is a mystery to me.

My hand and arm was sore for a week shaking hands and when and how I rolled into bed that night is purely personal history and not for publication.

But it made no matter what I did the slogan travel appeared to me

and while I did not see America first, for it was my intention to travel in my own country later, so that if increasing age came on me I would at least be happy at dying in my own country, and off I went on roving bent paying my fare and making all square, I sailed for California.

CHAPTER IV OF PART V

LEAVING FOR THE PACIFIC COAST

I sailed from New York on the S.S. *Creole* of the Morgan Line, March 17, 1915, for the puprose of visiting the expositions of San Diego, and San Francisco, California.

I also wanted to meet the police of each city that I was to stop off at and learn something about the different police systems in America. I was well supplied with credentials and letters of introduction to the chief of police of the larger cities, and to satisfy my mind I dropped off at some of the smaller places and was well received by the officers and men.

After spending a very enjoyable five days in the company of Captain Jacobs, master of the S.S. *Creole*, and members of his family, we landed in New Orleans, and after booking up at the hotel I went out to look the place over and incidentally locate police headquarters, so that I would have no trouble finding it next day. Having obtained the necessary information, I returned to the hotel to get a decent night's sleep, as one cannot get that aboard ship, that is if situated as I was among new-found friends, who left nothing undone to make every minute of my time aboard ship one continuous round of pleasure.

Next morning I was at police headquarters bright and early, as I wanted to be present at the line-up of the crooks captured the day before, thinking that I might identify some traveling crook who, at some time or other, had visited New York City. And sure enough, I ran into a bad rascal who was wanted in New York, so that the police officials in New Orleans, who did not know this man, at once got in touch with police headquarters at New York and got this crook's pedigree, and I assure you that it was a long one and a bad one at that.

Having sent in my card to Chief of Police Reynolds, after watching the line-up in the company of the Chief's special aid, James Grady, born and raised in the old fourth ward of Manhattan, I was received right royally.

I was introduced to Captain Boyle and the headquarter's staff, and stayed in New Orleans ten days seeing everything worth seeing in the company of those good fellows of the headquarter's command.

There were others that I was asked to call on in New Orleans as

well as my police friends, for a member of the late Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan's family asked me to call on their cousin the Hon. John P. Sullivan, and I called on this gentleman and found that he was one of the most prominent citizens of that southern city. Yes, I found that Counselor Sullivan was known and respected by all and a prominent candidate for lieutenant-governor of the state.

Mr. Sullivan was a prominent athlete and a former all-round champion of the Pacific Coast, so that we talked athletics in all its forms since the earliest times, and the good name of our old athletic friend, James E. Sullivan of the A.A.U., who unfortunately is now past and gone, came in for much praise.

Mr. Sullivan is one of the most prominent lawyers in New Orleans, and consequently a very busy man, so he called his chauffeur into his office and told him to take Mr. Hickey all over the city, and leave nothing unseen, and to be at his house that night and take dinner with his family and himself, after which he would take me to see a little girl from the fourth ward of Manhattan, a native of little old New York. It goes without saying that I complied with the request, and we went to see Blanche Walsh, the celebrated actress in "The Woman in the Case." Of course, I knew Blanche Walsh from childhood and on up in years. She used to take part in the schoolroom theatricals held in the basement of St. James Roman Catholic Church, New Bowery and James Street, New York City, with such noted characters as Governor Al Smith, Congressman Dunphy, Alderman Andy Noonan, and other celebrated men of today. After the show we spent several hours together talking of the old days away back in New York. Blanche Walsh was very happy that night to meet a man that had grown up with her father, Fatty Walsh, and her uncle Congressman Tom Walsh, and other members of this celebrated family. We separated to meet again, but unfortunately Blanche was taken sick and died before we could do so.

I spent several happy evenings with Counselor Sullivan and family before leaving for the coast.

Upon the request of an old friend, Mrs. Annie F. Curry, I called on her cousin, another bright New York boy in New Orleans, the Hon. Harry C. Donerhee, a prominent member of the Board of Trade of New Orleans, and this meant more entertainment, for Mr. Donerhee requested me to call at his office at five P.M. and we motored to his home, quite some distance from the city, there to meet his pretty wife and young son. After dinner we again got into the machine and rode back to the city and to the same theater, but not to meet Blanche Walsh, for she had gone.

Next day I called upon Captain Boyle at police headquarters, and while talking to him a poor unfortunate young fellow came in and

related a very pitiful story, and that good-natured old gentleman, Captain Boyle, with tears in his eyes aided him and gave him besides money a letter to a firm not far from police headquarters, requesting that he be put to work. The captain told me the story and it certainly was a pitiful one, too long for me to relate at this time.

Have you ever given it a thought that there is no provision made for the recording of a kindly act, or the doing of a kindness to an unfortunate? Let a policeman do a hundred kind acts and no one but he and the recipients know of it; but let him err ever so slightly and the whole world is told in less than twenty-four hours. There is no balance here, the weights are all at one end of the scale ready to be dropped into the pan at the first opportunity.

New Orleans is a grand old city and speaks volumes for its founders. I felt as if I were in fairyland. Less than a week before I was where it was cold and bleak, the air raw and heavy, overcoats and goloshes were the order of the day; but here the trees and flowers were in bloom, the air soft and mild, and the most perfect gin fizz that ever sweetened the lips of man was to be had at a nominal cost, for be it known to you, my readers, that it was in the city of New Orleans that gin fizz had its birth, and while we may drink them in New York and even in London they are never like those to be had there. They are intoxicating; so are the lips of a pretty girl, and who, let me ask, would be satisfied with one half per cent of them?

I would like to write you a first description of New Orleans, but I know better than to attempt it. Hundreds, yes thousands, much better qualified to do so have preceded me; enough said.

I have found it a very good idea to leave a place just when everything is going at its best, when your friends and acquaintances are looking for you, then is the time to depart, and the departing leaves behind you pleasant thoughts and memories on both sides. Never overstay a welcome and you will be sure of another when you return, and with this idea in mind I resumed my travels towards the setting sun early Sunday evening.

I stopped off at Galveston, Houston and El Paso, Texas, staying three days, but believe me I had a very hard time to get away from El Paso, for the following reasons:

I had no intentions of stopping there for I knew nothing of the place or anybody in it but for a commercial traveler that I palled in with on the train. In fact the commercial travelers were my guides all the way from the time that I left New Orleans. I would meet them getting on or off the train and they are a good-natured lot of fellows who would say, "Where are you stopping off next, Mr.

Hickey?" and I would answer, "I don't know." "Well, why not stop off at such and such a place?"

I would ask, "Are there any big fat policemen there?" "Why, yes." "Then where will I stop?" "You go up to the main street and ask for Mr. So and So, and tell him I sent you. Here's my card."

I would take their advice and was not sorry, for I learned of and saw many things that I, like others passing along, unless told of them would not know. For instance I stopped off in Yuma, the hottest place this side of where the fires are said to be burning all the time. I also stopped off in San Antonio, met the police officials, visited the "Alamo," the hot wells, and the old Missions.

But the greeting that I received in El Paso was more than I ever expected, and it happened in this way. I was walking through the town and seeing a traffic policeman working, but not very busy then, I thought that I would go and introduce myself to the officer as I had been doing since I left New York for the trip across the big pond to Europe. For as a matter of fact men and women of all trades and callings like to hear of the successes or failures in their particular line of business, and we policemen are the same. When I told him that I was a New York policeman looking for information he looked at me in astonishment. "Gee, but I am pleased to meet you, for you're the first man that ever I saw here coming from New York, a policeman in particular." I told him that I had never known there was such a place, and if it had not been for the commercial traveler I, too, would have stayed right on the train bound for Los Angeles. After exchanging statements on the workings of the departments, their pay and hours, he said, "Here comes my captain, at present acting chief." With that the captain walked up and the officer said, "Captain, meet Mr. Hickey, a New York policeman." "Well, well," said the skipper, "How in h—l did you happen to stop off here? Why you fellows from the East when riding to the coast just pass us by as if we were a pack of lepers.

"Come with me, you New York cop, and I will show you that the cops of El Paso are not dead ones." He took me to a very fine hotel, ordered dinner for two, and phoned the station house to have his car sent over with his two specials, that is his two wardmen, and after dinner he took me all over El Paso, through Fort Bliss, introducing me to all the officials in charge. This kept up for three days and nights, and the captain said, "Now Officer Hickey, you have seen everything in this little city; cross over the bridge there and you might be in time to see a bullfight in Juarez, old Mexico. It would be worth my life to attempt to go among the dam greasers over there."

I went over and just missed the bullfight. I felt very much out of

place, for I did not like the looks of the men or women, but falling in with an American gambler that plays the game over there, often winning the greasers' money, he asked me to go in and see the big gambling lay-out, and I went with him to a large gambling saloon run by a brother to Villa, the Mexican outlaw.

I then went inland about a mile to the race track, saw three races and that was enough for me, for I got a touch of the creeps rubbing shoulders with that ferocious bunch, and longed to be back once more to dear old America.

It was the week of Good Friday and I went into the old cathedral to pray, but for once in my life I cut my prayers short. I was told that only the day before thirty men were stood up outside the cathedral and shot, so I quickly thought to myself, "Well, if I am going to be shot then I want to be shot in America," jumped onto a car that crossed the bridge and circled around and back again over the bridge.

That's fine company to be in, the company of those dirty bandits that would shoot an American down just as soon as looking at him, that is on the one side of the small bridge, but when the worst of them are on the other side of the bridge, why a child can handle them, and Captain Greet at dinner that night told me some queer stories about those desperate bandits. "Why," he said, "Mr. Hickey, they are a lot of damned cowards when alone and off their own dunghill. Why I have walked the worst of them to the bridge and kicked their behinds and drove them before me, and not a word out of them, but of course if they ever got me over there it would be all day with me and I don't go." "Well," I said, "Captain you surprise me. I thought to read and hear about those desperate rascals that they were all the time desperate." "Why, no, Mr. Hickey, I wish you were here sometime when I have our cells full of them; they are abject cowards."

It being time for me to be making my getaway I said, "Captain, or as I should say Chief, I thank you very much for your kindness to me, a stranger, and if ever you are in New York give me a ring, and I will be only too glad to come and meet you. I have heard so much about shooting that I am in a hurry to get to big Jim Jeffries' saloon in Los Angeles, my stopping place there to get half shot."

Chief William S. Greet and his men took me to the railroad depot, and in saying goodbye the Chief said, "Mr. Hickey, when you go back to New York just tell those people there that when traveling to California, not to ride past El Paso, for we are all good red-blooded Americans here, and ever ready to greet our friends from the East, it makes no difference, police or citizen, El Paso will always hold out the right hand of good fellowship to any good American, from the East in particular. You might also say the same thing to your friends

in California, for they, too, pass us up on their way to the East, and we have nothing here to be ashamed of. We are a little off the main trail between the East and West, but that should not count against us. Goodbye and good luck."

I will never forget my visit to this pretty place and the reception I received, and I am living in hopes of again visiting my good friend the captain or as I heartily hope, Chief Greet, and his fine body of policemen.

Our train soon pulled out of El Paso on her way to sunny California, and when we arrived at Colton the writer was a happy man. In passing through the orange, lemon, and walnut groves one would imagine he was in fairyland. It would take too long to tell of all the wonderful things one meets with on this beautiful trip to the coast of California; suffice it to say that we were soon in Los Angeles. I, having made Jim Jeffries' saloon my mailing address hurried there and with the assistance of my old friends, Jack Jeffries and Jimmy Kelly, the Jockey, I booked up at one of the hotels on Spring Street, and I visited police headquarters to meet Chief of Police Sylvester and his men, and after a pleasant evening I went back to the hotel for a good night's sleep.

If I were to be asked what city in my estimation came the nearest to being New York I would say unhesitatingly Los Angeles, California, and if you asked me to explain I would have to refuse to answer as it is something I cannot do. The climate is in no way like that of New York. The plans of the two cities are very far apart, the surroundings are distinct one from the other as they can well be, yet there is an "at home" feeling which imparts content. Perhaps the likeness is in the people, I cannot say, for the more I try to make myself clear the deeper I get into trouble.

My stay in Los Angeles was long enough for me to get acquainted with every phase of its life, day and night. That the people are wide awake goes without saying, but there is something else which they possess that makes this wakefulness count double, and that is their love for hard work.

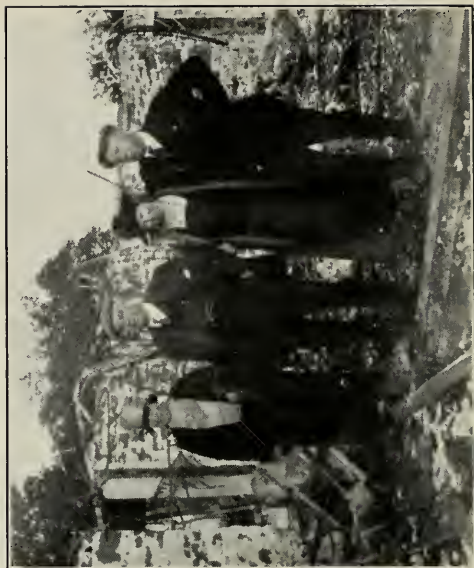
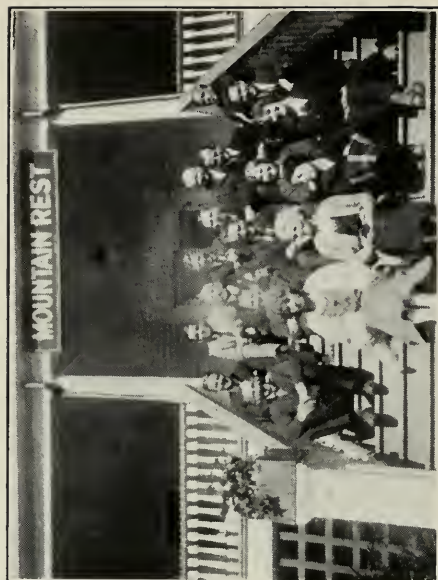
From the office boy to the president, from the scrub woman to the mistress, all are alike imbued with the willingness to buckle in to it. Do not think that I am trying to convey the idea that these people are strangers to pleasure; far from it. Neither do they take their pleasures seriously or, in other words, make a business of it as I have repeatedly seen it done in New York and London.

A holiday crowd with long faces is about the sorriest thing you can meet with, but in all my stay in Los Angeles I never met even an individual who looked as if he was asking himself, "Is it worth while?"



Courtesy of Police Magazine

THE CHAMPION REVOLVER TEAM OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT OF 1924.



POLICE RECREATION CAMP—MOUNTAIN REST,
BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE OF SEPTEMBER, 1924.



Courtesy of National Magazine

THE AUTHOR TRAVELING THROUGH IRELAND, 1914.

I made Los Angeles my headquarters while in southern California, Going from place to place but returning to the city within a day or two and always pleased to do so. In San Diego the exposition was running in full force so I made it a point to visit it. I also had another motive in visiting San Diego. Over the line in old Mexico, at a place called Tia Juana, there was to be a bullfight and I wanted to see it very much. My record as a sport-loving cop is open to all who may look, and I was anxious to know everything about bullfighting. From boyhood I had read of it in the papers and books and my curiosity had been excited and when this opportunity came so neatly to me I thought I would almost be committing a wrong to neglect it. Saturday afternoon I visited the exposition. It was a grand affair but poorly patronized; visitors were few and far between yet in every way it was worthy. I spent several hours wandering from place to place and was well rewarded. For the Sir Thomas Lipton exhibit was wonderful and took first prize.

Sunday afternoon I attended the bullfight and my usual good luck followed me for a neighbor on my right not only understood Spanish, but he knew the game from start to finish; he was also very sociable and ready to explain the fine points as they arose. Had I been alone, in my ignorance, I would have declared the game a poor imitation. As it is I am still not what you could call an enthusiast. Though if I were to see it a few times and could master its technique I have no doubt but that it would appeal to me. I think Alexander Pope, the poet, fully describes the feelings of the stranger towards a bullfight in the following lines much better than I could in prose. The reader, however, should substitute the word bullfight for vice.

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated, needs but be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The game is played in three parts. Some high "monkey monk" gives a sign and the bull is let out of his stall, and right off the reel the crowd knows at once what's coming off. If the bull has had things going wrong with him he sees his opportunity to get square and starts in at once, and then the picadors, they're the fellows on horseback, have to get busy. They have long lances with which they prick Mr. Bull first on one side then on the other, and things soon warm up and when a horse is wounded or a picador thrown, in runs the banderilleros. They are all toggged up in gay ribbons and bright cloaks and it's their job to get the bull to think about them and forget the picadors, and if they are successful it's a ten to one chance that

the banderilleros takes to the audience by a high running jump over the palisades. In round three the ring is cleared, the bull master of the situation, and the matador, the star actor, appears. The bull no sooner sees him than he wishes to greet him. The matador has, besides his cloak which he is all the time waving at the bull, a long sword and the fight that now takes place is to the finish. There are plenty of chances for the matador to show not only his skill but his nerve as well, and the crowd is impartial to a wonderful degree, ready to shout their throats sore and blister their hands for the victor, be he man or beast. My neighbor was emphatic regarding the matador that we were watching that he was not only clumsy but brutal as well; in fact, more of a butcher than a matador and to tell the truth that was just what I had sized him up to be. He seemed to take it to heart that my first view of a bullfight should be conducted by such a poor specimen of a matador; in truth I think he would have been better pleased if the matador had been killed instead of the bull. We left the ring-side stopping once or twice to get something to moisten our throats and he left me with a wish for better success next time. I hardly think that there will be a next time; I have had the satisfaction of seeing one bullfight and I do not care to see another.

Sport, I am inclined to think, is greatly a matter of birth. For the Spaniard the bullfight is the king of sports, men, women, and children of all classes revel in it and many a poor fellow will pay his last cent to see it, trusting to luck to get something to eat. We of Anglo Saxon origin are prone to look upon it as cruel, but if I am right it is much less than a hundred years since bull baiting was abolished in England, and from what I have heard of this game I should say that bullfighting is a parlor game compared to bull baiting, but I am as usual getting away from what I want to say regarding sports. In England cricket is the national game while in the United States baseball is proclaimed to be the only game worth playing or seeing, and I am of that opinion, too, but what do our opinions amount to? Tell an Englishman that cricket is slow, that it is lacking in action and requires little or no skill to play it and you will get a dose of sarcasm that will last you for a lifetime. Likewise tell an American that baseball is no good, and it is fight or take it back at once. So you see it is as I say, sport is greatly a matter of birth, every country having its own national sport which must be thoroughly understood to be enjoyed. The game itself matters little, it's the players and the playing of it that counts. Boxing, for instance, the game itself is of little moment, but let two skilled boxers come together and then you will realize what is in the game and what I am driving at. Speaking of boxing my headquarters in Los Angeles were at Jim Jeffries and

who in America of forty years of age or more does not remember him? He certainly was some boy with the gloves and his place in the sporting history of our land will always be high. He was by no means a sensational or spectacular fighter, but when he started in it was time for the fellow in front of him to get out, and he usually did.

Los Angeles is a wonderful place and destined to become much greater as it becomes better known. My old friend, ex-Captain James H. Kelley and family are living there. Many a person with no intentions whatsoever of doing so at the starting of their journey has deliberately terminated it at Los Angeles, and have refused to return to their native place, making it their permanent home. I can understand this feeling for I too was under its influence and I unhesitatingly christened it, "The magnetic city of the West." Another thing about this beautiful city, which my readers may be unaware of, is that it is the largest city in the world when it comes to square miles. New York and London are not in it with Los Angeles.

While in Los Angeles I visited beautiful Pasadena and spent a few happy hours in the famous "Bausch Gardens" among the flowers growing there from every known land. The trees were drooping with the finest of oranges, and a sign that was suspended from these trees read, "keep off the grass." It was a plain case of "You may look but you must not touch." My mouth was watering and I could not get anything to moisten my poor throat, being some distance from the town. I was tempted to throw my paper up at the oranges hanging from the trees and knock a few off, and then make my getaway as quickly as possible.

I also rode out to the old Mission District to witness the famous mission play, and after the performance I had a talk with Mr. McGroorty, the man who staged it. He asked me not to leave, but to wait until the evening performance. I consented and we took supper together. Afterwards he informed me that in the performance that evening there was to be an historical wedding, the grandson of one and the granddaughter of another of the early settlers, were to be united in wedlock.

Mr. McGroorty explained to me that their grandsires were of the party who had fought off the Indians that had raided the mission killing Father John, and after ransacking the place began to make merry. And while they were celebrating their victory, this young man's father mounted a horse and rode post haste to the old town of San Diego to report the matter to Father Junepera Serra at the old Mission, and he with all the men of the place hastened back to the bloody scene where they fought and succeeded in killing many of the Indians and

driving those that were left from the place. This is said to be the last raid ever attempted by the roving Indian bands.

Just before leaving Parkville, Brooklyn, for my trip to the coast, I was told that a family by the name of Mitchell lived on the avenue, and that their youngest son had gone to California when a small boy in order to save his life and that they had not heard from him in many months, so that the poor mother was greatly worried. I called on them saying that I was going to California, and if they wished I would call and see their son wherever he might be; the poor old parents were delighted and greatly to my surprise told me that their James was a Catholic priest, so taking his last-known address I bade them goodby. When I arrived in Los Angeles I learned that San Jacinto, the place that I was to visit to meet Father Mitchell, was about seven hundred miles away, so before leaving for the San Diego Exposition I wrote Father James F. Mitchell that I was afraid that the distance was too much for me to travel, inasmuch as that I was in a hurry to get to Vallejo in Alameda County over in Oakland about one thousand miles away, which was to be my stopping place for at least a year.

Father Mitchell then wrote me, "Please do not leave Los Angeles without calling upon me. We in California do not call this a long distance, it is only you tenderfeet from the East, so you must come to San Jacinto, I will be looking for you." There was nothing else for me to do but write Father Mitchell to say that I was about to leave San Diego for Los Angeles, and would leave for San Jacinto on a train of the Santa Fe railroad at two P. M.

I spent an enjoyable week in San Diego, visiting all the many points of interest, such as Coronada Island, Tent City and its great seal colony, Tia Juana, Mexico, an old town where General Fremont raised the first American flag in California, St. Gabriel's Mission, the first Mission district of the twenty-one Missions founded by Father Junipero Serra, with a memorial in the shape of a brick cross erected to his memory by the men of the old town, eleven of whom were protestants and the other a Hebrew. In the erecting of this cross it was agreed that each one would carry his own bricks and mortar, and lay the bricks in position himself, and this plan was carried out to the letter. And in order that a Roman Catholic would be given credit for having taken some part in the erection of this interesting monument, a Mrs. Murtha, a resident of San Diego, ordered and paid for an iron fence to be built around the monument; the railing built is twelve feet high. I also visited Ramona's garden, Ramona's well, and other interesting features connected with Ramona and her marriage romance, and we are told that such a matter did in reality take place.

Leaving San Diego on a train of the Southern Pacific Railroad at

eight A. M. I arrived in Los Angeles at noon, and having two hours to wait for my train for San Jacinto, I called at the Jeffries café and received my mail that had been accumulating while I was out of town. After taking lunch I hurried to board my train, arriving at the depot as the train was pulling out. We passed through much beautiful country, orange and lemon orchards and massive walnut trees which were backed up by the high rugged mountains, producing a picture long to be remembered.

Arriving at the little one-horse railroad station at the end of a branch line stopping in the heart of the Valley of San Jacinto at seven P. M., I saw a number of men on the platform, if such it could be called. I then jumped off the train and walking up to two men whom I saw looking at me, I said, "I am here to meet Father Mitchell," and with that one of the two men stepped forward and said, "I am the man you are looking for, Mr. Hickey, and I am more than pleased to meet you. My friend and myself have been waiting for two long hours to greet you, I was sure that you would come; how are you."

I was very much surprised when I met Father Mitchell; he had on an old soft hat and a blue shirt, and the other men standing around were his friends. They had just come from the baseball field after playing a game, to greet me. I was introduced to all, and found them to be fine fellows, and while they were not all of the same faith, they respected Father Mitchell and joined him in giving me a splendid reception, making my stay in San Jacinto a memorable one. I quickly saw that the men of the town, regardless of creed, thought the world of Father Mitchell, going to him with all of their troubles, and he would quickly hasten to help them, hence their love and respect for this good *padré*.

Besides being the pastor of St. Anthony's Church in San Jacinto, Father Mitchell's parish extended fully three hundred miles, having under his charge two Indian reservations that he visited alternately every few weeks, and to do this, having no other means of travel, he would borrow a horse and ride over the mountain, laying down to sleep at night with his rifle handy as a protection against wild animals. They were plentiful, for while I was stopping there two mountain lions put in an appearance, and we had to get away lively. In fact one lion that we saw while passing a wheat field on our way to Riverside, we were told afterwards had killed one of a fine team of horses that were driving past, and might have killed the driver and other horse only that he was shot by two hunters who had followed him down from the mountains. I was told that the government pays a bounty of twenty-five dollars for the skin of a mountain lion, and naturally every one is very anxious to kill them.

Father Mitchell treated me royally; his health had been restored and in gratitude he was doing the grandest work that a man can devote himself to. But after all, Father Mitchell's life was not by any means a bed of roses. What little cash he came in contact with went for snuff and tobacco for the old men and women of the reservation that he would be then visiting. He was his own cook and in fact his own housekeeper and man of general work; he was office boy and president but withal he was happy. In order to be accepted by the Indians he had submitted to the transference of the blood from one of the young men of the reservation into his own veins, thus making him one of their own blood, a member of the tribe.

We sat talking about his parents and the old town of Brooklyn until well after midnight, and now and then I could see a longing look come into his eyes. If he had had the money he would have taken a trip back East long before, but this was not to be, for the present at any rate. He had a pretty little frame church with but fifteen parishioners, and he slept, ate, and drank in a small room at the rear of the building. After talking so late we both were tired, so concluded to retire, but where was I going to sleep? That's what bothered me then more than anything else, although I was so tired I could lay down and sleep on a third rail.

There was a young man in the town, and although he was not a Catholic he thought a great deal of Father Mitchell and was with him at all times in his travels through the valley. He was with us all through our long conversation, and at last when human nature was getting the better of us Father Mitchell asked the young man to drive us over to the hotel so that the visitor, Mr. Hickey, could have a much needed rest. Arriving at the hotel, a very fine place, Father Mitchell introduced me to the owner and his wife and several men of the town. I went to book up and before I was through Father Mitchell said, "Now, Mr. Hickey, you go to bed and have a good sleep, and I will call over for you at six o'clock."

Well, well, here it was nearly three o'clock, and I must be up again at six, this was a fearful setback to me, for if there is anything else in this world that I like it's sleep and rest. I had lost so much while connected with the police force of New York, that I was very anxious to get all that I could in retirement. Sure enough, I was awakened and arose more dead than alive. I washed and went downstairs to the dining-room for breakfast, when lo and behold, just as the clock was striking six, in walks Father Mitchell. Walking up to my table he said, "Good morning, Mr. Hickey, I hope that you slept well." "Oh, yes, Father," said I, "I slept very well indeed," jumping up and grasping his hand, saying, "But you know, Father, that back

in New York if the folks could not do any more for a fellow, they would certainly permit him to sleep more than three hours. They are not so mean about their sleep as are you folks here in sunny California." This caused a laugh.

He answered, "I am very sorry, Mr. Hickey, but it could not be helped. However we will retire early tonight, and you will sleep much better after riding over the mountains." He explained to me the reason for this early start that there were several Catholic Spanish families living so far away over the mountains that it was impossible for them to attend Holy Mass, so that arrangements were made for me to see them between the times that I visited each reservation. This call upon the Rawson family in Crown Valley was already arranged, thinking that it would be an experience for his guest from New York, giving him something to talk about when he would arrive home, and with that thought in mind he had called up Mrs. Rawson and told her that we would be at her farmhouse at eight o'clock next morning, so jump in and we will just about get there in time."

I jumped in all right, but had I known what was to happen while riding over the mountains with these two what I call wild men, perhaps I would not have jumped into the old machine so hurriedly. We climbed the mountains at such a fast clip that I was forced to feel that a conspiracy existed in the minds of my two companions to keep old man Hickey from ever returning to good old New York again. Just imagine tearing over the mountains at a break-neck speed, often faster than many of the so-called racing machines that one often sees on the New York speedway. The more I protested the faster they went. Of course there was an excuse for this haste while going to the Rawson farm, but no excuse at all on the return journey. But it made no difference, away she went just the same, and for fear that the young fellow was not traveling fast enough my good friend Father Mitchell relieved him on the way home. Of course while going to the Rawson farm Father Mitchell laid back and never uttered a word, he having to celebrate the mass, but coming home it was not so. He did nothing else but kid the poor eastern tenderfoot, and threw open the valves and let her go. Glory be, my heart was in my mouth the whole journey.

Yes, I certainly did get some experience all right, one that I shall never forget the longest day I live. The mountains of San Jacinto will be ever in my dreams. It appeared to be great fun for my companions, and I often think that the one driving the old machine took considerable trouble to scare me and make me jump for every time we would strike a rut. Up to the roof went I, my straw hat was

a sight, and with my head aching, I was a fit subject for bed. Oh, but it was great fun for them.

Father Mitchell tried more than once to get me to promise to return and stay with him and be his constant companion, helping him in his work and in fact to spend the rest of my life with him, and I must confess that I was seriously thinking of doing so, especially when he had promised me that he would be more careful riding over the mountains in the future. But when I realized that affairs in New York called for my presence I saw the futility of the idea. Then again I had spent some forty years building up friendships and it would be unwise of me to leave them.

After three days of this strenuous life I made preparations to return to Los Angeles, and let me tell you that I had acquired a great deal of useful information during those three days. The life was new to me and the experience was beyond anything I have ever read on the subject. Of course I was not allowed to sleep out in the open but I wanted to and had it been any other but a Rev. Father whose guest I was at the time, or if it had been at all necessary I would have done so, the nights were so beautiful and warm.

The one great need of those missionaries is the automobile, for with it they can save both time and distance. A Ford automobile can travel thirty or forty times faster than a horse can and does not require the attention and care than an animal demands. The life is a hard one with never a chance for what I consider a much desired and decent rest. No hours are free for the missionary; he is constantly going and is always at the beck and call of every one and for all purposes, yet after a little time they get used to it and become so accustomed to it that they do not want to be taken from it. They grow to think nothing of interruptions and disappointments; they accept what they get and are thankful for it.

Father Mitchell learned to love the poor Indians, and they too loved their Father James, and looked upon every visit he made them as someone sent from Heaven to love and cherish them and to attend to their spiritual wants. He told me that he regretted his inability to devote more time to the Indians; that owing to the fact that it took him a full month to make a round trip, he could not give more time to them than he was then giving. "When I first came here," he said, "I thought I would try the company idea with these people and accordingly I divided each section into companies, appointing a captain and giving him special instructions regarding his work and what to do in all cases of emergencies and it has worked out beautifully. It is, you know, only a continuation of their tribal methods of government. Of course it is on a small scale, but it being some-

thing which they understand perfectly makes it an ideal way for the missionary."

"Many of the little annoying details of disagreement never come to me," he continued, "and these are always the most dangerous for the spiritual adviser, for he can never see where they are going to end, and besides his qualifications for a proper adjustment of the quarrels are limited. In a great many ways he is ignorant not only of their customs but of their mental attitude. Often what he considers trivial and of little account they consider serious, and therein lies the danger of a decision on his part. King Solomon knew his people and understood their ways of thinking, but the missionary is at sea for many years and even on his deathbed he will tell you that there is still a great deal for him to learn."

I had an opportunity to not only inspect but to review several of Father Mitchell's companies and while they were not up to the standard of the "Finest" I can say in all truth and fairness that they understood what they were doing and performed in a most creditable manner, especially the young people, that is the boys and girls.

I shall never forget the parting words of good natured Jim Jeffries, our former heavyweight champion, when about to say goodbye on my way to San Francisco. He grasped my hand and said, "Mr. Hickey, you are about to start back to your home in New York, and I will ask you to do me one favor, that is that you will give my kindest regards to all of my New York friends, and they are many. Tell them how much I think of them and the many kind favors they did for me while visiting your great city, and the many times that they went out of their way to make my visit a happy one. Say to them that I would dearly like to visit them again, so that I can thank them personally for the many good things that they did for me, and if the opportunity ever presents itself, I surely will call upon them again, in the near future I hope. I am doing a very fine business here just now, and of course I must stay here to look after it, but I hope to get a vacation next year, and then I will make this long-desired trip to your wonderful city. And let me say to you, that outside of my home city of Los Angeles there is not another city that I have visited that makes me feel so much at home as in your great city of New York."

Yes, I am a witness to the fact that he was then doing a great business. The great saloon was the meeting place of all sporting men and also the farmers from all the outlying districts would stop off at Jeffries Café to wet their whistles, for they all swore by big Jim. I can assure you, my friends, that the Jeffries Café was a good enough meeting place for most anybody, moreover if you were a New Yorker.

Both Jim and his brother Jack were ever ready to serve any one

who thought well enough of them to stop off there, and it was known both far and near, hence the many different faces seen in and out of that drinking palace every day, so that the Jeffries Café on South Spring Street, Los Angeles, was in great demand.

The boys accompanied me to the railroad station and stopped with me until the train pulled out for San Francisco, waving their handkerchiefs and wishing me a pleasant trip through the Rockies, and the last words that I heard was, "Give my regards to old New York." The party consisted of Jim and Jack Jeffries, Mr. McKinsie, Jim's partner, and Jimmy Kelly, at one time a famous American jockey.

CHAPTER V OF PART V

OFFICER 787 ON VACATION AND VISITING THE POLICE FORCES OF THE DIFFERENT STATES EN ROUTE

One of the sights of California which was a revelation to me, was the vineyards. I suppose now that it is more or less out of the fashion to discuss such matters in polite society, but notwithstanding the eighteenth amendment I still hark back to my days on the Pacific coast and revel, as it were, in the memory of those great big grape gardens. I will admit that prior to my visit to California my taste for wine was somewhat plebian. I knew a little about sherry and port wines, but as to what they call dry wines I knew absolutely nothing except that on one occasion I had drunk some claret and the experience was just the reverse of what I considered nice.

This idea of calling a wine dry is away beyond my comprehension. I have repeatedly dipped my fingers into the wine and never yet have I found it anything but wet and just as wet as whiskey. I am told they use the term to distinguish it from the sweet wines, and if this is true all I can say is that they must have been short on dictionaries when they did it.

But I am digressing again. California's vineyards were rapidly coming to the front, not only in America but in Europe, and all due to downright hard work. Grape growing is by no means an easy way to make money, yet there are men at all times willing to risk not only their capital but their labor and time in this important branch of horticulture, knowing or believing that they would be amply rewarded in the years to come. There were thousands of mistakes made and fortune after fortune sunk in the venture, but these were all righted eventually and things were sailing along pleasantly and profitably. At one time the production had become so great and the market so limited that wine was actually cheaper than water. A ship coming in for water could get the wine at a lower figure than it had to pay for the water. This was a serious mistake on the part of the growers and was the means of plowing up many hundreds of acres of vines. As with almost everything in California wine growing was ultimately connected with the church.

The pioneer priests brought with them cuttings of vines which

they planted and later on made the wine they needed. Some of these vines, I am told, are still in existence and contributing their fruit from season to season. I became quite fond of Mission wine, for such it is called, and soon could have lost my taste for the "ardent" had I remained in California much longer.

The eighteenth amendment, I am told, has had a wonderful effect upon grape growing and has given it an impetus far beyond the dreams of the most sanguine. Vineyards have more than tripled in value and the government loses a revenue which it should have. Of all the methods of taxation there is none that equals the excise and none so easily collected. Distilled liquors paid a direct tax of more than ten times the cost of production and beer equally so, yet there were no complaints, the people paid it cheerfully and willingly, recognizing the fact of government need. But why prolong the agony, fanaticism is for the time being victorious, and our taxes are rising every year.

The pleasure of travel, according to what I have experienced, is to be found not so much, as one would naturally suppose, in the meeting of different people and seeing other places, but in the way this is accomplished. Now my pleasure would soon come to an end if I was compelled to ride in any other car than the smoker of a train. In this car I am free, I am under no restraint, and what few rules there are I agree with them. I am not what you would call an inveterate smoker; of course I enjoy my pipe and an occasional cigar, but I have found that men of a social nature frequent this particular car. Perhaps, this is owing to the fact that each and every man is by himself and is not acting in the capacity of an escort or protector to some one to whom he is more or less bound. In the smoker I have found conventionalities are more often than otherwise dispensed with and it is an easy matter indeed to start a conversation.

The knights of the road, as our commercial travelers are often called, are as a rule of good education, bright and up to date in all the news. Generally they like to talk, in fact I sometimes think, too much, but then when it is considered that it is through and by talking that they derive their business there is a valid reason for it. I would much rather take the judgment of any of these commercial travelers regarding places and localities and general directions than the best guide published. They are quick to observe and narratives are to the point. What they miss in a town or city is seldom worth looking for.

Arriving in San Francisco at a very early hour in the morning I soon found a hotel, turning in for a good sleep that I surely was in need of. I arose at one P.M. and went out to meet my friends, arriving at police headquarters in the Hall of Justice on Kearney Street. I sent in my card to Chief of Police White, and after a long conversation on

police affairs, both of New York and San Francisco, I was taken through the great building. Next morning I visited the detectives' line up, meeting all the men of the detective bureau, among whom were Detective Sergeant Thomas Conlon, Captain Jack O'Meara, his side partner, who took entire charge of me while in San Francisco. I met and was highly entertained by the whole Conlon family and there are seven of them, all very prominent in 'Frisco, one a desk sergeant in the police department, another a Deputy United States Marshal, another the proprietor of a large business house, and so on and so forth.

I shall never forget the kindness to me of the Conlon family, for I was but a stranger among them, but the fact of my just returning from old Ireland had a great effect on the Conlon family, who by the way had never seen Ireland or the sky over it, but they were more Irish than the folks that I met in Ireland, for the senior member of the Conlon family had maintained an Irish Man-O'-War, the *Erin's Hope* in San Francisco Bay for many years.

The good old gentlemen, like many others of our race, hoped to God to have the opportunity of going over to fight for Ireland's freedom some day, but death removed him and he did not have the good fortune to live to see old Ireland free as she is today. We still correspond and Larry Conlon, the United States marshal, is constantly asking me to return to the land of sunshine and showers, which I hope to same fine day, God willing.

Another wonderful family that I met was the Walsh family. There were, I think, seven of this great family also. Richard Walsh is United States Senator of California, Jack Walsh is known the world over as the famous honest ring fight referee, known and respected by all. Mr. John C. Walsh was the owner of a very fine Café, resorted to by the best business and sporting men of California, located at Number 2 Market Street, a favorite stopping-off place for the good citizens of Alameda County, for Jack Walsh's Café is right outside the Market Street Ferry, a busy spot.

Jack Walsh was known far and near and had just returned from Havana where he had gone to referee the world's championship fight between Jess Willard and Jack Johnson. I was given a letter of introduction to Mr. Walsh by one of his old friends, a man whom he backed at one time to dethrone Johnny Hergot, alias Young Mitchell, I speak of Australian Paddy Gorman, one of the best middleweights of his or any other day, twenty-five years ago. Jack Walsh was very glad to hear of Paddy Gorman, who was then holding a prominent position in the New York City government, but death stepped in and Paddy Gorman drew his last cheque in 1920, peace be to him.

Jack Walsh's place was the mecca of every sporting and political

pilgrim from the East, and remember that the East does not begin in New York, it crosses the Atlantic Ocean, passes through England, jumps the channel, then by a devious route enters Australia. Somewhere along this line the East becomes West, but just where I am not qualified to say.

San Francisco, California, is most assuredly a hustling city for what it lacks in size it makes up in hospitality. Of course I was visiting it under the most favorable circumstances and every one was on his good behavior. The Exposition was in full blast and the strangers within the gates of the city could be counted by the thousands. The orient and the occident were here in full regalia and on an equal footing; for the time being everybody was American and they carried themselves as such. There was no segregation of races and countries. San Francisco was truly a city of all nations and it speaks well for its people and for its government that during the whole term of the Exposition, and it was opened by the late ex-President Woodrow Wilson, February 15, 1915, no row or even a discord of any importance occurred. Out of the two months spent in San Francisco I visited the Exposition either daily or nightly nineteen times, appearing on the job on every occasion of note, namely the New York State day, the New York City day, Zone day, and so on and so forth. I had a wonderful time.

But let me tell you, my friends, you may travel out that way sometime, be careful how you talk about San Francisco or you will hurt the feelings of the men and women of that wonder city. Of course it made no difference to me; I praised New York in the very highest way, for it was my duty to love her. I recall once making a bad break, so to say, for while talking to the Walsh brothers who, by the way, came from Rochester, New York, to settle in San Francisco, and one day while speaking about it I happened to say that San Francisco was a grand monument to the East. No, I was not killed or seriously injured, but the howl that went up could be plainly heard three miles away. What saved me was that they quickly understood the meaning of my remark, but I would not venture another saying of like nature for a small farm.

But after all any man that would dare to call the late Teddy Roosevelt in his prime a son of a b—, and get away with it, can do most anything. I am told that if you live six months or more in San Francisco you contract the fever, and after having had this fever enter your system there is nothing on earth that can take it away. I guess it is the truth sure enough, for what I saw and heard during my sojourn there confirms it in every particular. I would not attempt to criticize San Francisco if I could, for let me say right here that I

never enjoyed such hospitality as I did there, for they are whole-hearted people and will put themselves to a great deal of trouble to make things pleasant for you.

I had a bed and room in a hotel, but the use I made of them was little indeed. My teaching had been that we should labor eight hours, play eight hours, and sleep eight hours, this accounts for the whole twenty-four hours, but I know that many of my days in San Francisco were thirty hours and on several occasions forty-eight hours long. I was also to call upon a family of old friends that came from the same part of the old country as I, in fact I was to make their home mine while visiting the coast. Yes, my mail was directed there, I not knowing that it was thirty miles from San Francisco. One week was enough for me to spend in Vallejo, not far from the Mare Island navy yard. The bright lights of San Francisco, like the good old bright lights of little old New York, for me, and my old friends Joe Samson, his wife and family, saw but little of me while there.

I being a Past Regent of the Royal Arcanum, and presenting my credentials at several Councils, also kept me busy, for they too gave me a great reception, a visiting brother from the East! Well, well. I was banqueted on several occasions both in San Francisco and Alameda County and elsewhere.

Frequently when whiling away an hour or two in the different libraries of San Francisco, I would turn to the histories of California, looking up the names of the different places, seeking their origin and cause. San Francisco, I found, was first called Yerbo Buena—meaning “good luck herb.” What specie of plant this name designated I have never been able to determine with any degree of accuracy. The cause for the change of name is still a matter of doubt and speculation. Some claim that it came about through the desire to conform to the name of the church and the presidio; others assert that it was due to the action of General Vallejo, who named what is now Benecia, Francisco, in honor of his wife Francisca Benecia, and when the people of Yerbo Buena heard of it they at once realized the confusion that would arise from the similarity of names for the bay and other contiguous territory. So in a spirit of retaliation they changed the name of the town from Yerbo Buena to San Francisco. The story goes that the General became so enraged that he at once called his community Benecia and thus it is known today.

Palo Alto is a descriptive name and when translated into English means high tree—the tree is still standing—a giant redwood and cannot be easily mistaken for it is quite near the railroad station and close to the bridge. Palo Alto is by no means a modern name for it was bestowed upon the town in the year 1776 by the Anza expedition.

Pizmo is an Indian word with more than the usual appeal. The disciples of Izaak Walton should add it to their vocabulary for it means "a place to fish."

Oak trees are responsible for the name of Pass Robles. They were so numerous and luxuriant that Padre Crespi thought it proper to bestow the name upon the Pass for that reason. *Gavista* has a very pleasant sound but its translation robs it of all its pleasantness. It means Sea Gull and came about through a soldier shooting one of these birds at this place. San Jose, named after St. Joseph, has the honor of being the site for the first colony of white settlers in California. Biblical names abound in this state owing to the fact that the early explorations were conducted or directed by monks and priests and others closely related or connected with the church. Madrone is so called after the evergreen tree that is indigenous to the place and also to the greater part of the state. It is a beautiful tree and I saw numbers of them that were nearly a hundred feet high.

Tom Conlon and his brothers, were the means of my missing the morning train out of San Francisco and having to wait over until night when I left there on my return to the East. For more than a month one of the chief topics of conversation was the coming ox roast in commemoration of Jim Conlon's birthday. From what I could gather an ox roast is something worth while seeing. In a way it resembles our clam bakes but is on a much larger scale, calling for at least five hundred people and as many more if you can get them. I am not at all acquainted with the details of it but from what I saw I should say that the ox was of only secondary consideration. In fact, he only lends his name, for I am ready to testify that there were more than two carloads of provisions sent out to the place and there wasn't one ox to be seen anywhere. Though I will admit that I saw several cases marked ox tongue and also some branded with oxtail, perhaps the poor ox was sent out in sections. I had made up my mind to start for home as I had received several letters that had made me feel decidedly homesick. Besides as I have said elsewhere it's a good time to leave when you are at the height of your popularity. The boys, however, did not take kindly to my going away and they set about preventing it. Some one of them, I'll never know who, managed to set my watch back, and not satisfied with this trick another one of them grabbed my suitcase and started on a clear run with it for the boat. But there was where he overlooked the fact that J. J. Hickey had several medals for his sprinting ability and handicapped as he was with the grip it was an easy thing indeed for me to overtake him and get it back.

Just at that time the picnickers came marching down the street,



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REVIEWING THE PARADE

over five hundred strong, and I began to feel sorry for the ox. I could see by their faces what they would do to the poor beast if they ever got their hands on him. Looking at my watch I saw that my time was up, so grabbing my cases I said goodbye and hurried to the depot. I showed my ticket to the man at the gate and was about to enter when he informed me that I was more than an hour late. I took out my watch and showed him that I still had ten minutes. He looked then pointed to the big clock. Well it took me fully five minutes to satisfy myself that I was wrong. I had a wait of more than ten hours on my hands, so checking my cases I made my way over to the Exposition and when the time came along for the train to leave I was aboard.

In almost every way I was treated as if I were an old timer in San Francisco. Tom Conlon went so far as to get me a position in the offices of one of the main steamship companies. In fact I had been accepted, but say what you will to me, there is no place in this round earth of ours that equals New York. I of course am only an adopted son, but my adoption has been complete and I am thoroughly inoculated with the New York germ.

Greatly to my surprise I found that the police of San Francisco were the best paid police in the world. Chief White, to whom I am greatly indebted for many a good time in his city, told me that it was owing to the business men of the town that such was the case. They recognized the fact that policing was a hard job and any man who proved himself able to perform it should be fairly well paid. Another feature of the department which appealed to me was that the older men were kept on day duty, the night work being left for the younger or newer men. This is as it should be, for after a man has been on the force twenty or more years he has naturally lost a goodly part of his initial vigor, and while he would still be able to put up a stiff fight, if necessity should demand it, it is nevertheless reasonable to suppose that his younger brother, who is right in his prime, could be able to do much better. It is always the unexpected that the police must be ready for, and what they go in search of, but like the tramp seeking work, praying he will never find it.

Of course in a way they looked upon me as a kind of authority in matters appertaining to Ireland. I had only recently returned from there; in fact I was the only man among these people in San Francisco who had been in Ireland for several years, but every mother's sons of them were Sinn Feiners, even to the priests, and you can readily understand what was in store for me whenever the subject of Ireland came up. I was one against many and every one of them was just as hot in their belief as I was in mine, but all of our arguments came

to the same ending, "Hickey, we like you, and we'll let you pay for the drinks." "I will," I said, "when the Sinn Feiners set Ireland free."

Some, in fact quite a number of my friends in San Francisco did not know why my attitude on the Irish question was so pronounced. Unlike the great majority of these Irishmen I was where I could get both sides of the question and was always close to the field of action. As a young man in London I was brought in direct contact with the adherents of every political party and it did not take me long to discern the difference between worth and sham. Almost one of the last things I did in London was to arrange a friendly meeting among the Irish men and women of London to present John Gunner Flood with a suitable testimonial in the shape of a purse.

Gunner Flood had just come out of prison, he had been sentenced to twenty years penal servitude with lashes in and out for his love of the Irish cause. His term had expired and he was then at liberty, but naturally without friends, so I with several others called the meeting and raised for him some forty pounds. We gave him the money and the next thing we heard of him, but not from him, he was in America. He had slipped away without having the decency to even say "goodby." We heard that he was in constant communication with General P. A. Collins, at that time mayor of Boston, Mass., and it was the General who had furnished him with the passage to America.

Just at this time, I, being a strong healthy young fellow not yet twenty-one, made up my mind to try my fortune in New York and over the sea I went. I had been in the city but thirteen days when I read in the *Daily News* that the Irish men and women of New York were to give John Gunner Flood a testimonial and purse that evening in Military Hall, 193 Bowery. Against all advice I attended the meeting, and in order to get to the meeting room one had to climb the stairs which were in full view of the barroom on the street floor, so up the stairs I went. To my surprise I saw but a very small number of people present, but John Gunner Flood was there so I knew that I was in the right place.

Not caring for the looks of the men present, I, being dressed in my English clothes, thought it best to wait on the sidewalk for my good old friend John Flood. And with that thought in mind, I turned and walked down the stairs and waited but a few minutes when I saw Flood coming down. I ran towards him and said, "Hello, John." No answer. "Why," said I, "Don't you know me, John?"

"Yes," he said, "I know you, and if you come out here to follow my movements I will blow your dam brains out," drawing a revolver from his coat pocket and pointing same at my forehead, and to this day I imagine I can feel the cold steel at my forehead. Fortunately

enough for me Thomas Francis Burke the one-armed Fenian, Patrick Mellody and Captain O'Meara Condon, just released from an English jail, rushed out of the barroom and took the revolver away from Flood, and drove him upstairs, begging me to go home and forget it. Imagine my feelings, several miles away from my aunts with whom I was stopping and on the wild, wild Bowery, having to ask my way home, alone and unarmed. Heavenly Father, what a predicament to be placed in.

New York was in an uproar at the time, for it was just after the killing of Cavendish and Burke, and meetings of protest of those Irishmen who gloried in the fact were held, and it was at a meeting called at Number 13 Chambers Street, right about under where the marriage bureau in the municipal building is today, that O'Donovan Rossa and his party met to denounce those who were denouncing the men that had committed the murders. And down I went boldly enough and made myself known to Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, and he was furious and swore to drive Flood out of New York. He did, but got shot himself shortly after by Phelan, an English spy. I certainly was able to say which party was right, for my experience both in Ireland, England, and America impressed itself plainly on my mind.

I shall never forget the words of good natured O'Donovan Rossa that night he said my poor boy, no son of Tade Hickey, my boyhood chum will ever be molested while I live, and in after years when I became a policeman my post was visited nightly by Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, who would say, Johnny, my boy, be careful and may God protect you among the devils around here, good night my son.

I like to travel and enjoy it to the last drop and last minute, but the source of all my journeys is the return to New York. I look forward to it, I dream of it, and when at last I place my feet upon its pavements, pavements I have patrolled thousands of times, a feeling of satisfaction arises in me and I am contented, and why shouldn't I be? I worked hard of course but I was appreciated not only in words but in deeds and what more could I ask or expect.

San Francisco, like Los Angeles, has many places of more than ordinary interest within a day's ride. The tourist can keep busy for weeks going here and there seeing new sights and wonders which are to be found only in this great state of California. Think of those wonderful redwood trees, two of them placed one on top of the other would reach some hundred feet higher than the tower of the Woolworth building, and we think that this tower is quite high up in the air. They are not only the largest trees but the oldest as well. I made it a point to look up these trees, for I was at the Exposition on Big Tree day. California had awakened to the fact that man's cupidity

is devoid of sentiment and nothing whatever is allowed to stand in the way of the dollar. What matters it, if there are some who prefer beauty to money? In the last analysis they must come to the dollar, so why defer it. It is thus they argue and on the face of it it looks well, it seems plausible, but do we have to depend on the dollar? Reverse the proposition and you will quickly see that the dollar is the dependent one, that it must look to something else for it to live upon, but why argue; the fact still remains that if California had not awakened to the fact her forests of these wonderful trees would soon be a matter of history. There are two types of these trees in California, the sempervines on the coast and the gigantic of the mountains and they are well worth traveling many miles to see. Today these trees are guarded and protected, and the future generations will have the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing for themselves the results.

A lonesome feeling often came over me but there was not a soul I knew anywhere near. But why dwell upon such things, I had the price in my pocket and it was not necessary to look long before I had two brimming mugs of what is today denied to all Americans, and let me say right here while on this subject of drinking that prohibition owes its existence to its downright absurdity. You may feel inclined to take exception with me but the more you study the question and the closer you analyze it the more my assertion will appeal to you.

It was its absurdity that made its passage possible; our thinking people never took it seriously. They looked upon it as the outpouring of fanaticism and overlooked the fact that honesty is a factor unknown to a fanatic. They little thought that it only required five thousand or less votes from certain bodies of men to have this law put into our constitution. Look up the membership of the different state legislations and you will see that I am right and what have the results been? Can you look for good from evil? Can you expect that a law born as this law was, fathered by deceit and mothered by tricksters, to have any following but of its own kind? I challenge any one to show me an honest prohibitionist. It cannot be done; he or she may be honest in the way of money and goods, but honesty does not cease there. There are rights that God has given to every man, woman, and child, and these have been stolen away from them. A sumptuary law is beyond the jurisdiction of every legislation and the sooner the powers that be realize it and devote their efforts towards its repeal the better it will be for America. Laws are formulated to protect the people in their rights and a sumptuary law, no matter how worded and framed, will never protect even the meanest citizen.

During my stay in San Francisco I came in contact with its mayor, the Hon. James Rolph, a number of times, once or twice on business

but generally in a social way, and when Mayor Rolph came to New York to visit our mayor, the Hon. John F. Hylan, I had the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance, and let me tell you that Mayor Rolph is a live wire in every respect, democratic from the toes up and a good mixer.

Although I was not officially on the reception committee to receive Mayor John P. Mitchel, I nevertheless was recognized as a member inasmuch as that my good friends Henry H. Curran and Frank Dowling, both of whom were prominent members of the committee proper, saw to it that J. J. Hickey, the old New York copper, was never forgotten when anything of an official nature, was on the program. On New York City day on the grounds of the San Francisco Exposition where the ceremony took place, I was given a seat of honor on the platform, also at the banquet at the St. Francis Hotel that evening, after which Alderman Curran and Alderman Bedell and myself hired a car and rode all over the city, seeing the sights of San Francisco by night, and we thoroughly enjoyed the experience.

The weather had been mighty bad for two weeks, one thing after another and every one of them bad, but it's a long road that has no turning, and the very day that Mayor Mitchel and his committee arrived, so came the sunshine and I did not forget to let it be known how happy I was to see it. I came near putting my foot into it, for just when Mayor Rolph was about to take Mayor Mitchel and Mrs. Mitchel out for a drive, I happened to be there at the moment and I said, "Mr. Mayor, I think that God sent you here today so that you would bring with you a little of that beautiful New York sunshine," and I told him that we in San Francisco had not seen a ray of sunshine for over two weeks. Well, Heavenly Father, I shall never forget the look that Mayor Rolph gave me, after listening to my remarks about the weather. President of the Board of Alderman, Henry H. Curran, laughed and said to Mayor Mitchel, "John, this is my old friend, John J. Hickey, an old New York cop, so don't mind his remarks, he is all right." Mayor Mitchel then said, "What are you doing here, Mr. Hickey?" and I said, "Why I came out here to protect our Mayor," and we all enjoyed a good laugh.

My first stop after leaving San Francisco was Sacramento, but I only stayed there one day taking the next train out for Reno. I had a little commission from Tom Conlon to Sheriff Jack Farrell to deliver and see through, and here again I had my own troubles in leaving. The sheriff offered me free board and lodging if I would stay, but to no avail, I was bound for New York on schedule plans.

The ride through Nevada is not exactly what one would call pleasant, there is altogether too much alkali for one that is not used

to it. If the car windows are raised so as to let a little fresh air in it brings with it clouds of this eye-smarting, blinding, nose-irritating dust, that penetrates even your shoes. If the window is closed the air soon becomes stale and foul and there you are between the devil and the deep sea. Reno is a pretty little town and well worth stopping over to see. Its reputation has of course gone before it so I will not attempt any remarks regarding it. What a sight were the beet fields of Colorado and Utah, and what an industry they represented. Much less than fifty years ago even the idea had not been born, but today according to reliable figures 2,000,000,000 pounds of these beets are grown and marketed or sent to the factories where they are converted into sugar. I am told by those whose business it is to know such things, that if the entire sugar-cane crop of ours should be a failure we could easily grow enough beets to counteract the loss. If the ratio of progress is maintained for a few years more it will be beets instead of wheat which will be our leading crop. I am not much on farming yet I have seen enough to realize that we have not as yet arrived at that stage where we can afford to slight the farmer, but as far as I am concerned I think that policing is preferable to farming.

While we are discussing farming perhaps a few words on the irrigation activities of the government may not be amiss. It is a wonderful thing and a great undertaking but in the end it will pay a thousandfold. Water from the mountains is sent through hundreds of thousands of acres, reclaiming the land, making worthless tracts productive, and furnishing homes, labor, and profit to millions of people, besides supplying the wants and needs of millions more. I had never given this phase of agriculture even a thought and when I first saw its workings in Arizona I was dumbfounded, and then when I traveled through the different states and saw what irrigation could accomplish I ceased wondering.

Sturdy trees laden down with fruit, green fields from which two, and oftentimes more, crops are harvested every season, beautiful homes and flourishing towns, and all this where only a very few years ago it was nothing but sand, sand, sand! Is it any wonder that I marveled and speculated as to the future? The possibilities of irrigation are without limit, likewise the benefits, and the more the government spends to advance and extend it the better it will be for every man, woman, and child in the whole domain.

Traveling in this part of the world is not always just as you would like it to be; there are certain elements which seem to predominate here and for which there are apparently no immediate reply. While we were crossing the deserts of Nevada, where the alkali filled the air, we had to stop at a tank and get water for the engine, and in the

period two rough-looking characters boarded the train and tried to hide themselves, but the conductor was on the watch and put them off. I felt sorry for the fellows and while I did not exactly find fault with the conductor, I made it plain that I thought his action was extreme. He listened attentively to what I had to say then replied: "If we were to allow these fellows to ride free there would soon be enough of them to rob the whole train. As it is, there are nearly twenty of them here now." This put the matter in a different light and when we came to Helper I was the first to aid in driving the fellows off the train, and let me tell you for a time it looked to me as if there were going to be serious trouble, but they are all cowards and a firm front soon scares them away.

I was very anxious to see a Mormon and though I stayed in Salt Lake City several days, if I saw one I did not know it. Everybody seemed to be no better or no worse than myself. The ladies were charming and the men were men and the town itself was worthy of any sect. But I had heard such wonderful things regarding the Mormons and had read so much about their multiplicity of wives, Brigham Young, and others, that my curiosity was aroused, but to no purpose. The people were no different from those in New York or London. But Salt Lake City did one grand thing for it gave us Jack Dempsey.

I visited the tabernacle and I must say that it is a wonderful building. We have nothing like it in New York and I doubt if there is another approaching it anywhere in the world. I also had the pleasure of listening to its wonderful organ; words are hardly good enough to describe the grand piece of mechanism and the beautiful notes that float from its pipes. I would cheerfully sit up all night just for the enjoyment of hearing it. Of course if you go to the city you must also go to the lake which is about twelve miles away and the saltiest piece of water I ever tasted. Yes! I tasted it; I went to Garfield Park, hired a bathing suit, and took a plunge, or at least I tried to, but the nearest I came to it was walking out then rolling over on my back. I could not sink. Of course I know how to swim and to float so this knowledge may have interfered with my plunging. I am told that it is more or less dangerous to attempt a dive for the feet being lighter than the head will come to the surface first, but whether it is so or not I cannot say, I am only repeating.

I was unfortunate in my selection of a hotel in Denver, Colorado. My practice has always been to put up as near the railroad depot as possible for it is handy coming and going; it saves time and quite often money, and as I only wish it for a sleeping place for the few days I intend to stay, why go farther away? I am a good one for

carrying luggage and why I do it I cannot tell. On this trip I had with me three suitcases. Two are generally enough for the average man but I am not that kind. I am a New York cop and they run the scale from D.F. to W.G.

The hotel of which I was speaking seemed all right, but when I came to lay my body down upon the mattress it was fearful; first one spring would give a sudden jump, so would I, for the end of that spring was trying to go right through me, which I of course resented. I would get up and kick it back into place, then all would be pleasant until I tried to roll over. This would bring another spring into action and J. J. Hickey was soon out of bed again. This happened two or three times, when I picked up the mattress and let it hang over the side of the bed for about a foot. All was well. The springs no doubt were still growing and had to make new holes and were too weak for the job. The difference between that bed and a board was that the board has level spots in it.

Chief of Police Felix O'Neill, on whom I called, asked me what hotel I was stopping in, and when I told him he roared out laughing, saying, "Why did you stop there, Mr. Hickey, and so many other good hotels near by?" I told him of my custom of stopping as near the depot as possible, and he laughed again and again, saying, "What could you expect from a New York cop they could not run ten miles in any direction without getting into water." He tried to get my goat a number of times, and was near to succeeding until I at last got wise to his tricks and then he quit kidding me. The Chief and his men made everything pleasant for me, and my stay in Denver was very much enjoyed, and I did not want to leave them.

While on the question of bad hotels it reminds me of my trip to California. I walked into a small-sized hotel at midnight, just as they were about to close, and I asked a man whom I learned was the proprietor if I could get a room for the night, and he says, "Well, I will see. You sure can't stand out in the rain all night," and it was raining to beat the band. He lit a candle and took me up three flights of stairs, pointing to a room, "There, I guess that you will pass the night comfortably in thar," and he left me, and I being tired and wet, peeled off my clothes, and jumped into bed. To do my darndest I could not sleep, and when it came to daybreak I got up and looked around this bed, and Heavenly Father, the sheets were covered with red spots of something I could not name but that was still damp and moist. I lost no time in going down to see my boniface and after ordering my breakfast I told him of my experience. He cried out in amazement, "What room did you have?" and when I told him room nineteen he said, "No wonder." He then told me that his brother had

been operated upon and had died in that bed, and Gol darn it he had forgotten to clean the bed and room. So it goes to show what a traveler is up against; one is likely to run up against something like this at all times.

Just as the train was pulling out of a watering station ten miles from Salt Lake City a young man who had just boarded it came and sat facing me in the smoker. There was something about him that attracted my attention. It seemed to me that I had met him somewhere before, but puzzle my brain as I would, I could not for the time being place him, and I then noticed that he carried no baggage. After a while the news butcher came along and this young man bought several copies of the local papers. Instead of reading them, he simply scanned the headlines and with an impatient gesture threw them out of the window, one at the time, and when it came to the last one he missed the window necessitating stooping to pick it up.

I was feeling somewhat lonely and dispensing with all formalities I engaged him in conversation. He was a very bright youth, but I could see in his countenance that there was something wrong with him; his furtive way of looking impressed me unfavorably, arousing my suspicions and before I was aware of it, I had accused him of being a hobo. My remark did not phase him in the least; in fact, he admitted that that was his occupation and grumbled to think that for the first time in ten years he was paying his fare.

I smiled in spite of myself and at that he became downright friendly and talkative. His preference for the trucks of the cars to the cars themselves was genuine and sincere. He described to me in detail how with a board laid on the axles one could ride for hours without fatigue, in truth he said he often fell asleep and only awakened by the stopping of the train. He was a good talker and quite graphic in his descriptions and what he did not know about the place, country, roads, and people was hardly worth knowing. He told me that he had started out as a mere boy more for the fun of it than otherwise and now he could not give it up for a farm. Of course in the beginning his desire was to be a cowboy. What he had read of their lives and doings appealed to him, and one fine morning his home in Detroit lost him for good. He was earnest in his talk and most interesting, and as he pictured his parts step by step I could not help but admire him for his nerve and courage, though I felt sorry to think how foolish he was.

After a while there came that inevitable pause which comes in all conversations and to break it I said, "The papers gave you quite some notice this morning, didn't they?" As quick as he was, I was quicker and I caught the flash in his eye that told me I was right in my surmise, and despite his ready denial I kept to the subject and before

we had gone many miles he admitted that he was the man that the police of Salt Lake City were looking for. A hold-up had taken place there the night before and the hold-up man had as usual gotten safely away, leaving no traces nor clues behind him.

"This hold-up business," he said, "is both the easiest and simplest way of making money and a fine living that one one can find anywhere. All you have to do" he continued, "is to make sure that your man has the cash and you get it every time if you go about it right. The way I fell into it was funny. I was blamed hungry, yes, just as hungry as a wolf, and had asked as many as ten people to stake me to the price of a meal, and every one of them turned me down dirty, and then I became desperate, and I swore that the next one I asked would not turn me down. Just then a man came along and I whipped out my shooter and demanded a dollar but the poor guy was so frightened that instead of giving me one dollar he gave me his pocketbook and started off on a run. I, too, did the same thing but in a different direction. I have no idea as to his speed, but of my own I'll say that in less than five minutes I was a mile away and then I opened the pocketbook. Jumping frogs, but I nearly fell dead. I had never before possessed so much money in all my life. There was three hundred dollars in that small piece of skin. My next move was for the railroad depot, and through the excitement I suppose my hunger had left me. Luck was with me for a train was just pulling out. I was underneath it in a jiffy and on the trucks. After a little while I began to feel the want of food, and when the train finally came to a stop at a station some sixty miles away I had all I could do to drag myself from under the trucks and hunt up a restaurant.

"My Heavens what a meal I did eat; I had to show the waiter that I was good for it before he would serve me. My looks led him to believe that a dime or a quarter at the most would be my limit, but he too was fooled for when he saw my pocketbook, he nearly dropped dead. I had eaten so much I could scarcely move. I took a twenty dollar bill out of the pocketbook and handed it to the waiter to pay my check, and when he returned I gave him a tip, and didn't I feel as if I was somebody. It was the first tip that I had ever given and it made me feel like a different man and now," he added with a smile, "when I need a little ready cash I just drop into a town, look around, spot my man, turn off the trick, and make a getaway at once."

I thought that I would give him a scare and I said to him, "Now young fellow, you are shooting off your business to me, not knowing that I am a New York policeman," but it never had the least effect because he just did nothing but burst out laughing. "Why," he said, "old pal, I knew what you were when I was reading the papers for I

dropped one on purpose so that I could get a good look at your feet. You've got the regulation shoes on now and I have seen too many of them and too often to ever forget them. I work New York as frequently as I do the West. I have to. Small cities cannot be visited more than once a year, perhaps two years, but in the larger places, such as New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco I can go when I feel like it and my way of traveling on the trucks makes it safe. They never look for men who have just made a ten or twenty thousand dollar haul under the floor of a pullman."

In response to my question he said that he always worked alone but was in league with fellow members, as he called them, in every city, town, or village, always leaving a certain percentage of his earnings with them. This was necessary, he explained, for two reasons, information regarding conditions, the last hold-up, who and where and other particulars necessary in a business way, and also in case of trouble, for more often than otherwise an innocent bystander is of great service in misdirecting the police or even making a rescue if matters have gone that far. "Organization," he said with a sly smile, "is becoming more popular every day."

I asked him if he had ever tried his hand at holding up a train, and the way he said no convinced me that he was telling the truth.

"Train work is too risky even if you are masked, for there is always from sixty to a hundred people who have seen you and sooner or later they'll get you, and most often by some little thing that had been overlooked or not provided for. Of course the getting you at the time of the hold-up is a hundred to one shot, for among the passengers may be ten or twenty or even more who are with you, and you are always protected that way and the only risk you run is some fellow shooting on the spot and you know how often that is done. The train men know what they are up against so they keep dark."

The train had come to a stop and before I could say a word he was gone and I was left to my own reflections. What they were I will not inflict upon my readers, suffice it to say I could never fancy his job, and like a flash it came to my mind where I had first met him. The night before I was taking things easy watching the people getting on and off the cars. It was about eleven o'clock, and I being somewhat of a nighthawk, I could not see going to bed so early. I was standing there about ten minutes when a young man came up to me and asked me for a light, and not having any matches to give him I said, "Yes, you can take a light from this cigar if you wish. I have run out of matches," and he took the light and thanked me and walked down Fourth Street. He was dressed in an old blue shirt and dirty-looking cap with an old brown sack coat on him at that time, but when I next met him he was

dressed much different, so that I was misled. I was told that he was seen waiting for a liquor saloon to close, and just as the Italian proprietor had gotten rid of some friends he counted his change and was about to lock the door when the man placed a gun at his side, saying, "Open up or I will blow the belly out of you," and of course there was nothing else for the Italian proprietor to do but obey this man's command.

So he unlocked the door and was ordered to open up the cash register, and at this order he commenced to balk, and again the gun was pointed at his body, and it did not take him long to unlock the register, and Jim Cole from Detroit grabbed the cash, and after tying the man to the icebox he quickly made his getaway. In answer to my inquiry of how he came to locate this man, and in such a busy part of the city, he answered, "Why that dirty greaser, I have for some weeks tried to get him, for he and his gang passed some crooked money on a friend of mine, and I declared that if it took me a year, I would get him." I then asked him what he done with the gun. "Oh," he said, "I put the gun inside suitcase and shipped it off to where I am going now. We never carry anything with us after turning off a trick. We sent all that on ahead." I asked him how much he got from the Italian and he answered, "I got all he had, two hundred and fifty dollars, and I am going to meet the gang where I am getting off, and we will have a good time tonight."

We were slowing up and he prepared to make a quick getaway, and he said, "Well, goodbye old New Yorker, my name is Jim Cole, and I would like to meet you sometime when I next get back to New York. What is your name?" "Oh," I said, "You don't want my name, but if you do, it is Jack O'Meara."

"Oh," said he, "is that so. Tell me, are you any relation to Captain Jack O'Meara of the San Francisco police." And I said, "No, but I met Captain Jack, and I found him to be a fine fellow." "Oh, yes," he said, "I have met him also, and while he had two of us right in San Francisco, one night nevertheless he gave us both a square deal, and with the assistance of that little organization of ours we beat the charge and Captain Jack was ordered to put us on the next train leaving Frisco." And jumping up from his seat, he said, "Well, here we are at Helper, and I will be on easy street in a very short time. So goodbye, you will be here perhaps an hour waiting for an engine to help you over the mountains."

It goes without saying that my bandit friend, like all such crooks, wound up in jail, but Jim Cole of Detroit certainly had his nerve with him. One can never tell whom they are riding with nowadays. I afterwards learned that my bandit pal was sent to jail for two years, leaving

jail in 1917, just after we had declared war against Germany, and joined the army, going to France with the first division, and poor Jim Cole was killed in action, and the lone bandit of the Rocky Mountains gave up his young life on the bloody battlefields of Flanders, so that the world might be free and liberty loving to all mankind.

I had another reason for stopping off in Denver, and it was to shake the hand of that grand wise man, the friend of children, Judge Benjamin B. Lindsey, the founder of the Juvenile Court. I know full well that there are some who will take exception to this remark, but to all intents and purposes he is the one man who should be given the credit for this grand work. Others in a way may have thought of it, but Judge Lindsey was the one that put it into operation and perfected it and let me tell you he had no easy job of it either. It was a hard fight from the start, and if any one can tell me why his ideals were opposed, I would like to listen to him. But I guess that is the way with most everything in life that is worth while, there will be found people everywhere who would rather obstruct than construct, people who are no good in anything that indicates advancement either morally or physically, and I have noticed quite often that these same people are the ones who stand the highest in their churches. Judge Lindsey's idea of protecting the children instead of punishing them, has even today many enemies and for the life of me I am not able to tell why. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow and to him we must look for the preservation of our country in all of its many ramifications,—political, social and commercial. They are here to take our places and any effort, any movement or idea that aids in the perfecting of the younger generation should I think and believe, receive our heartiest support, financially as well as morally. What Judge Lindsey has accomplished is now known not only to us but to the people abroad and where he was laughed at he is applauded, where he was jeered and derided he is greeted and welcomed by all the best people of the community, his reward is complete and he deserves it. I was sorry indeed that he was not in Denver for I would have appreciated meeting him, but better luck next time.

The last I heard from this grand man was that he was reëlected December, 1924, but the dammed Ku Klux Klan were trying their darndest to throw him out of office. The Judge won out April 15, 1925.

From Denver I jumped to Chicago, and again I was up against it, for a strike was just then called to take place at midnight, and you can rest assured that I had no desire to be mixed up in any more strikes, for I had seen enough of that in New York and Brooklyn in the time that I was a policeman to last me all of my life, and I can say to my readers without any danger of future consequences, never willingly,

for a strike, in my way of looking at it, is like tearing down the house you live in and the more successful you are in the job the harder you have got to work to build another.

I am opposed to the strike for the simple reason that it always, without exception, opens the way for the crooked. If it could be held within bound it might be of some slight benefit, but this does not seem to be possible. I have had too many details in this branch of policing not to know what the results are going to be. If labor would only take the pass-word from capital which is "build up" and act on it, she would quickly find other and more effective means of gaining her ends than by striking.

If I had not been a policeman it would have given me a start to meet in my hotel Detective Sergeants Billy Rohan, John L. Sullivan, Jack Moffit, and Jim Shaunessey. But I knew at once that they were there on business. It was not however my part to ask questions, therefore we made the meeting a jolly one. It was fortunate in more ways than one, as I had in my pocket letters of introduction to each of them from my good friend, Detective Sergeant Tom Conlon of San Francisco, and it saved me the trouble of looking for them, so that we spent that day and evening very pleasantly, they of course knowing that the car strike was to begin at midnight, were prepared for it.

It was only overnight for me in Chicago and the train the next morning for Buffalo and where, of course, my first call was upon Police Chief Michael J. Regan, better known in his city as Fighting Mike Regan, and for once the nickname is true to the subject. Chief Regan is a fighter, but he must know what he is fighting for first, then when he decides that he is on the right side of the cause, he goes in and woe betide the other fellow. Policing in Buffalo is no sinecure and the reason why Buffalo bears the good name it does is because of its police.

The Chief made me his guest at once and took me around the city in his own car showing me not only the better parts of the city, but others as well. Chief Regan, was a good story-teller and I enjoyed every minute of my stay with him, and between telling stories and asking about his good friend the late Martin Sheridan, the once great athletic policeman of the New York police force, we spent a happy two days together.

Perhaps what impressed me the most in Buffalo was the fish. At one time my post in New York while connected with the police force took in the great Fulton Fish Market, and there one will find fish both in quantity and variety, but in Buffalo what I saw were the white fish, boat load after boat load, thousands upon thousands of them. They say that the catch is from thirty to fifty millions of pounds every year, and that the demand is always beyond the supply. Looking at

their unloading on the dock one wonders where they could possibly go to, yet New York state alone has nearly ten millions of people and if they should take the whole catch it would only mean five pounds of fish per year for each person, less than a half pound per month. Not very much when it is brought right down into units.

The nations food bill, let us see to what figures does it lead us. One hundred and ten millions of people averaging fifty cents a day calls for the expenditure of fifty-five millions of dollars every day or the sum of more than twenty billions of dollars per annum.

Where does it all come from?

And while looking at this great market of fish carried my thoughts back to the good old days around the old Fulton Market, when young Alfred E. Smith, the present governor of New York state, worked there both late and early, and a good boy young Alf was, ever ready to do a good turn then just as he is today. I could tell many a good story of Alf Smith's boyhood days and I saw him today weeping over the body of his one great boyhood and lifelong friend and companion for the last thirty-five years, Andy McDonald, a detective sergeant of the New York police department, and the body guard of his good friend and companion Governor Alfred E. Smith.

Yes, dear readers, my thoughts once more flew back to the dark waters of the great East River, on the borders of which Governor Smith was born. It might seem strange that I should take it upon myself to write up this story of my dear good friend, Governor Alf Smith, whom I have known ever since August 27th, 1890, when I first turned out to do police duty in the old fourth ward of Manhattan, and young Alf Smith was one of the first of the good boys who were the pupils of Father John J. Kean, former Pastor of St. James's Church on James Street. Young Alf Smith was not only a Buff, but he was a policeman's friend also, and in after years he took one into his family.

It was told to me on my first night out on patrol that if ever I had an occasion to send for assistance or anything of that character, look up the Smith boy, and you can trust your life on him, and ever since I have at all times found that I was given some good advice that first night out. And where is there a better place to mention this little story about Governor Alfred E. Smith, than when speaking of Fulton Market and its fish.

Naturally being in Buffalo I had to visit Niagara Falls and with my good friend Chief Regan's card in my pocket introducing me to Chief of Police Michael Lyons, I made the trip. Watching the world's famous cataract known from land's end to land's end, the finishing up point of thousands of happy brides, it is at Niagara their romance finishes, and they then bid goodby to all pleasures.

My swing around the continent could with truth be said to have ended at Niagara Falls, for my next and last stop was New York City, the fairest spot on earth to me, the land of my adoption and the home of my children, and holding all that is most dear to me.

It's a little Island is old New York;
In acres it is few;
But its heart beats right, its greeting warm,
Cheering you through and through.





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